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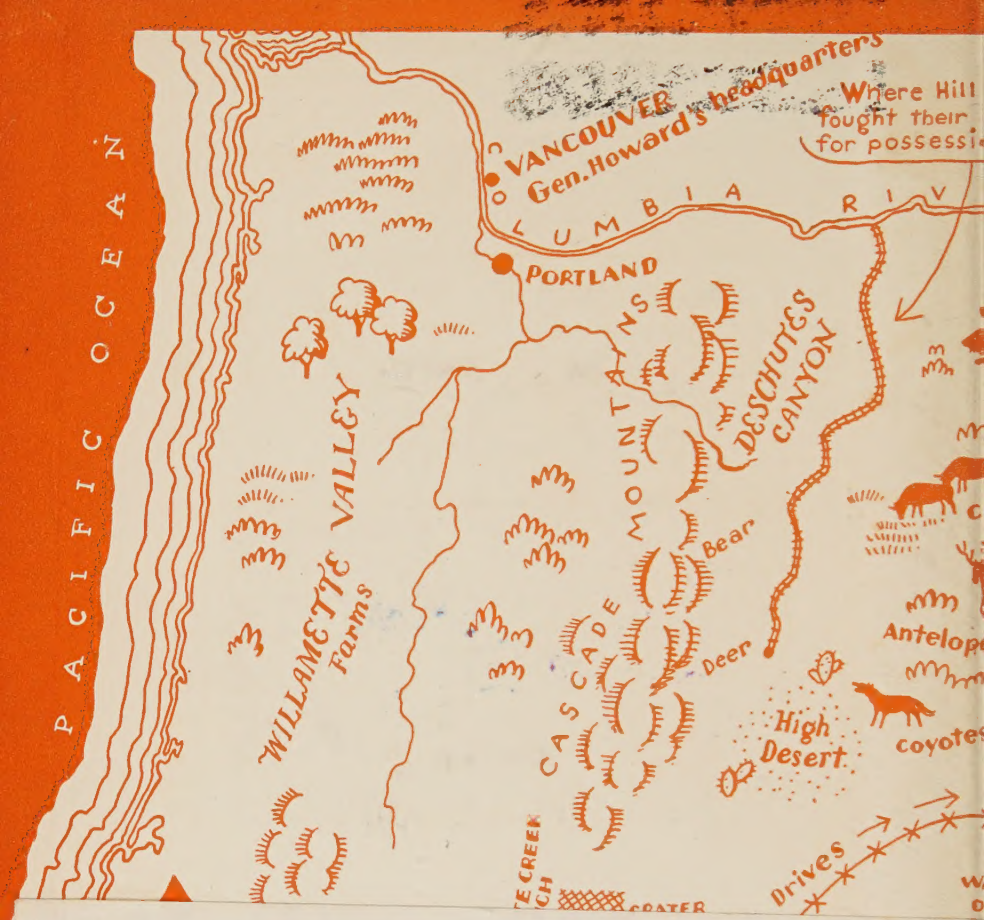
by Anne Shannon Monroe



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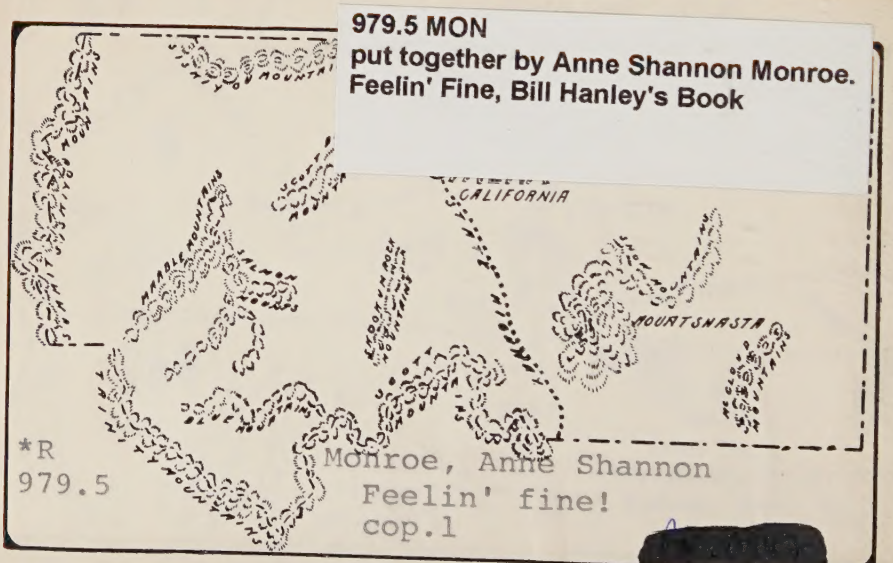

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FEELIN' FINE!

BOOKS BY

ANNE SHANNON MONROE

EUGENE NORTON

MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN

HAPPY VALLEY
A STORY OF OREGON

THE HEARTH OF
HAPPINESS

BEHIND THE RANGES

SINGING IN THE RAIN

THE WORLD I SAW

FEELIN' FINE!

FEELIN' FINE!

BILL HANLEY'S BOOK

PUT TOGETHER BY

ANNE SHANNON MONROE

Author of SINGING IN THE RAIN, ETC.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY

WILLIAM L. FINLEY

AND OTHERS

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1930

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FIRST EDITION

FOREWORD

A GREAT *tree, deep-rooted, in a sunlit land. . . . Leaves fall; one picks up what one can. Here is a leaf of tender green—it tells of youth; and here is one all sere and brown—it tells of a season's weathering; and this one speaks of the wild wind's tossing, and this the pests of earth, and this the frost, and this the rain, and this the noonday glare; and here is one so perfect it speaks of the peace of starry nights. . . . Each leaf is as a heartbeat of the great tree. Perhaps we may know the tree's heart only through its leaves.*

A. S. M.

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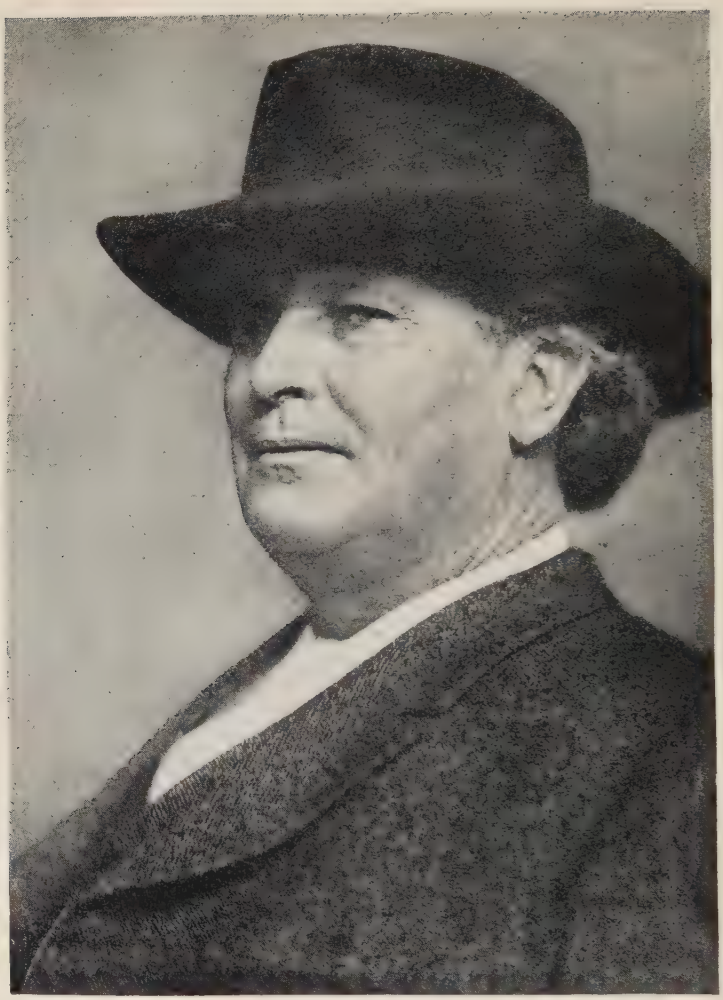

BILL HANLEY

THE PICTURESQUE SAGE of Harney County. Cattleman, rancher, and all-round genius. His stories have made him famous, and his wit brings smiles everywhere.

INTRODUCTION

In America we generally think of the story of the covered wagon as material for our greatest national epic. But following the covered wagon in the "on to Oregon" move of the late forties and early fifties, there was a second wave of heroic wilderness conquering—the turning back of the sons of these first pioneers to the great rolling plains east of the Cascade Mountains, with bands of cattle, in quest of a still larger, more untouched country than that on the rim of the continent, where they might graze their stock unmolested. This marked the beginning of the cattleman's day—the day of those men who later became known as cattle kings and land barons, with their vast uncounted herds, their ranches running into thousands of acres, their hospitality—the latchstring always out, the stranger always welcome. Their greatheartedness became proverbial, their generosity was unbounded; and the by-product of the cattleman's life, the picturesque vaqueros—or "buckaroos" and cowboys, as the vernacular has it—have become familiar figures of romance all the world over.

But I think we have never until now had the cattleman's own story, the story of the man behind the rider; the story of what it meant to him to adopt the

great plains as his home in his youth; and there, without help or advice, or the support of mass thought and action such as one has in a settled community, meet, virtually alone, the strange and difficult problems of such a program of living. He has been the subject of adverse criticism, at times, for having in his control great tracts of land—but land that none of his critics could have been induced to live upon and develop for the sake of owning; he has been a subject of admiration—even of envy, for his apparently free and easy life in the open; but rarely, perhaps, has he been understood.

In Oregon there has always existed a peculiar situation: Though one of the earliest of the Western territories to be honored with statehood, nearly two-thirds of its great area—a space sufficiently large to contain several Eastern states, and almost completely hemmed in by mountains—has remained through the years unrailroaded and its resources undeveloped, the last of the Western plains countries left to the stockman as an open range.

Always, for us of the Northwest, there has been a glamour of romance over this great shut-in empire; a glamour wrought of its inaccessibility, perhaps—and its sunshine, its clear winy air, its mirages that ever beckon one to farther horizons, its great springs that have made watering places for deer and antelope from time immemorial, its deep blue lakes that are the nesting places for millions of waterfowl—and above all the old-time cattle ranches here and there in lonely isolation, with everywhere roaming herds of

cattle, and bands of horses that, startled, lift their heads at the first suggestion of man's approach, wild as the very deer of the hills. Then, too, this was the favorite roaming ground of the Indians, and battles were fought here for its possession. People who have lived in this country and felt its charm and its mystery are seldom content elsewhere. Something draws them back.

As a boy in the early seventies, William Hanley, known to-day as "the sage of Harney County," struck out for himself from his father's ranch in southern Oregon, driving a small herd of cattle across the mountains into this golden land—a blanket for his bed, the mess wagon for his food. Just a boy taking his chances with Nature, trusting her, learning of her, becoming in time first brother to all her native life—this his school, and this his university. . . . "Riding the range and raising cattle, listening in the stillness as I rode along—that's been life, mostly, as I have lived it," he says; and again, "Cattle's led me into lots of nice life."

The open-range cattlemen, even in this last West of the old Oregon country, are fast disappearing; their great ranches are being cut up into smaller farms, their cattle trails and camps replaced by railroads and towns. But something has come out of their way of living that cannot pass, a something that comes only, perhaps, to one who lives much in the still places, who dwells much under the stars; a Something we may call Life Comprehension, that seems to bring to its possessor a rare sense of spiritual calm. For

years Mr. Hanley's utterances have been repeated, his epigrams passed from one to another. "As Bill Hanley says——" is a commonplace of Northwestern newspaper comment, of conversation among men. His robust good humor, his ready wit, his infectious chuckling laugh—not unlike that of the late Chief Justice Taft, who was his good friend—have set him apart. But it is this other that I value above the story told in these pages—his insight into life. He seems to have learned much under the stars—much that we do not find in books.

Some years ago I heard a famous English novelist who had just dined with Mr. Hanley exclaim impulsively: "If only I could remain for awhile in Oregon and study that man, I would have material for a book that the whole world would read!" She couldn't arrange it; but her words burned in my brain. I took upon myself the rôle of a Boswell, and began collecting his utterances. Also I have come into possession of jottings made by him through his later years at the close of days among his cattle and horses and birds on his great ranches, and in the thick of men in busy city streets, concerning things a man may think but seldom speak; sometimes serious, sometimes humorous, always deeply penetrating, and at times so poetically beautiful that I have had to pause in awe before the scribbled sentence found on the back of an envelope, on a telegram blank, on a hotel bill—any scrap of paper across which the stub of a pencil chanced to travel.

It has been my great pleasure so to arrange this

material that others may enjoy what has been a keen delight to me. *Feelin' Fine!* is a man's book that I believe all women will love.

A. S. M.

Portland, Oregon,
July, 1930.

FEELIN' FINE!

FEELIN' FINE!

ON THE BACK TRAIL

PORTLAND, OREGON: Spring. Have billed myself to get back to the ranches. Must get a better driver. This boy I've had was given the form but never wired up. Old Nature seems to make a lot like that and just turn them loose on the world. Suppose she is like all the rest of us, gets tired doing her best and just plays with her power to do, getting ready to rise to her best when it has to be done.

Started out with my new car. It is a dream. Looks like going all over the country. A real home over wheels, with a perfect little room, everything except running water, plenty lights to write by and read by. Got a little writing table. Feelin' fine!

Found a nice boy, Clem. Wants to go out to the ranches like every other boy. Think I'm going to like him. Ain't got one of those leaky mouths—just drives.

Down the old Willamette Valley, Oregon's valley of the Nile, where the first settlers headed for. Many cars on good roads, few on ordinary ones. After you manicure people, you have to manicure all the conditions . . . takes away from their power to originate.

Over night in the Rogue River Valley, where my father had his home ranch—the old Hanley home.

To-day up at Father's old Butte Creek cattle ranch in the Cascade Mountains. Nothing changed. Earliest boy memory is the roaring of Butte Creek . . . comes down like a cataract, pure water from Mount McLoughlin . . . looks like old John McLoughlin, always a white head, white hair streaming down his shoulders. I would lay out in boy days, and listen to the never-ceasing, rumbling water. . . . Feelin' fine!

On across the Cascades, following our old cattle trail. Lots of yew . . . Indians used it for bows: a hard wood, fine-grained, with a spring in it. They got the feather and glass from the plains—obsidian, a whole mountain of it over there, used it for arrow points.

Could hardly get through the brush in those days . . . cattle would string along for miles. Just as pretty to-day, and as wild, trees all hung with druid moss —pines, firs, hemlocks—undergrowth of maple and Oregon grape, all shiny-leafed.

The big soda springs by the roadside where we always stopped for a drink . . . not changed any—best water in the world. Lots of history goes into that spring. Just set and thought about it. All quiet in the forest—nothing to break the silence but the life that lives in it. Feelin' fine!

Just riding the range and raising cattle, listening in the stillness as I rode along—that's been life, mostly as I've lived it. . . . A pretty experience, life.

Lake of the Woods, Four Mile, Fish Lake—all lost in the big silence. Fish Lake was always filled with fish in schools. The old kingfisher with his shrill, cluttering voice—he always carried the atmosphere that the lake was his.

On east of the Cascades . . . change from humid to arid. Humid covered with a cast of darkness; arid, light. In the humid the fir dominates; in the arid, the pine. Tall yellow pines with sunlight flickering through . . . tall straight pines with a scattering of fir.

All the time going brighter, more sunlight, a butter-

fly now and then. My first long drive comes back. Father was taking mules and grain over to the Klamath country. It was the commencement of fall, the Modocs' season to hunt and gather berries. Father kept Cayuse George out for a scout—old George with his gant face, and bony figure and big long mustache, riding a pinto horse. He was some fellow, could shoot a chipmunk out of a tree any time. Carried a Henry rifle, the first magazine gun ever made. We would never see him from morning till night. It was the Modocs we were afraid of. The whole outfit was armed. We were passing through one of their roaming grounds, and were in danger of being captured for our supplies and outfit.

This road barely had the trees cut out then . . . looked in its youth . . . the forest looked in its youth. I was a little boy, round the fire at night with Cayuse George telling about the pony and moccasin track he'd seen during the day, how many deer he'd seen and didn't shoot on account of the noise it would make—the Modocs mustn't know of our approach.

Then the old miner's story, the lost cabin . . . Jimmy McGuire, the cook, with his Irish imagination, full of stories—all good will . . . always plenty cooked round the camp fire, and a bigger fire to one side for council talk, getting instructions from your father, what to do in case of attack . . . every man armed, ten

or fifteen, with side arms and guns stacked in the camp. You had to be a pretty tired little boy driving cattle to go to sleep quick. We just cut some brush and spread our blankets on it. Always slept in the open.

Wonder what a little boy gets out of his life nowadays to give him a thrill? I always feel contact with the little fellow when I see him dressed up in Indian uniform and riding a stick horse—no show to get the real thing. . . . Ten days we would be on a drive, just horseback, driving cattle . . . always happy trips with Father. Feelin' fine!

To-night in Klamath Falls, a thriving city. It was known as Linkville in those days, because it linked two lakes, and it had just one store. Been thinking back: George Hirsh was the storekeeper and blacksmith, and when he would shoe a horse he closed the store. Can see him now, taking a bar of iron and making shoes, all by hand, the nails run out and cut off in rough lengths. He would set down with a little hammer and anvil and play a little tune as he hammered them out. . . . Seems like I hear that little tune now.

Father was raising grain in the Klamath country then. Began by raising it in Rogue River and hauling

it across the mountains, delivering it to the soldiers at the fort. But he quit that after a while, and just raised it where he wanted it. Put a flat boat on the Klamath lakes and made a landing at Klamath Agency. Hauled his grain from there to the fort. In his grain raising he developed the appetite of the blackbirds for oats . . . some years they came in such numbers as to be a hazard on his crop. It was no trouble to shoot into the air and get four and twenty blackbirds . . . made the old rhyme awful real.

To-day drove across to Father's old grain ranch. Looks just as it did in my little-boy days. Remembered the Hicks camp on the edge of the tules, and the long Indian canoes, dugouts. The native always interpreted a country's life in some piece of art—the canoe stood out. Can see Hicks's squaw getting into her canoe, taking a paddle and just flying through the water. Can see Hicks coming from his happy home for his day's work in Father's fields, not trying to get away from his squaw and his children, a band of little fifty-fifties, all his.

This was the commencement of the squaw man's day. Several were living round the lake with their families, the squaws making tule hats and mats and the men helping raise grain. Not bad men, had more than the average knowledge of agriculture—ex-

soldiers, some sergeants and corporals, a few West Pointers. Their offspring made good little playmates. Used to have lots of fun with little half-breeds brought over from Rogue River. All sorts of white-boy games for them . . . learned some of theirs.

Funny about the squaw man—he never neglected his Indian family. Always had his tepee in an Indian camp, and every evening went to it—just adopted their life and went to raising Indians. Never knew a white man to desert his Indian family or disown them in all my period of time. The squaw would get clear out of shape, just a big fat old squaw, but he was always with her. These were the Klamaths, friendly Indians—not the Modocs.

The squaw was always the ruler and the white man accepted it. The native buck left off his robe of skins and took to a blanket, but the squaw clung to her moccasins, her tule and bead work. Never was prettier baskets than she made, setting there by the lake in the midst of all that beauty . . . beauty got into her finger tips, and just run out into her work. She was forever the provider, made the home, and when moving she would be setting on top of most of the family belongings, on an old trusted pony.

Tepee fires at evening . . . that whiff of sagebrush with its clear odor which gives out the mystery of the plains . . . many little fires, with the Indians setting

close up . . . little dogs everywhere . . . the squaws visiting and talking with one another late at night in that guttural whisper with a woman's force of sound that carried all over the grounds: I hear it now.

At the end of the day comes night, but it's not night—it's only day resting. Feelin' fine!

CAPTAIN JACK IN THE LAVA BEDS

It's like old history, going over the boy-days trail. Have looked at so many old camps with so many memories of little incidents—and big. Was down in the lava beds to-day with Frank Adams, about the only white man alive who remembers the winter Captain Jack with less than a hundred warriors stood off a couple of thousand soldiers and volunteers. He was a scout. Afterwards, Frank brought irrigation into the Klamath country, irrigated the country, but lost everything he had doing it. We visited his old horse ranch with the buildings that marked his days of big vision and prosperity. Had a fine big house, great horse barns, corrals, everything to make an old-time horse ranch perfect, all on a big scale. All gone now . . . some people that can't speak English have it. Frank and the horses he has left are camped over by the lava beds, just living there in a little cabin, raising grain enough to feed his crop that no

market wants. Broke and old now, but hopeful . . . filled up with joy over what he's done in the past, and the future the country's bound to have . . . dreaming all alone, like an old miner. Says he'll make it again, horses will come back . . . cheerful and sunny.

Wonder how many people know the Modocs' history—how they fought and were destroyed for their native land and food. They talk about a friendly tribe and an unfriendly, but all that made the difference was treatment. The Klamaths, always friendly, had not been moved from their own country, and were having their accustomed food, wocus, camas roots, berries, and fish. Wocus is a pond lily found in the shallow waters of the Klamath marsh. It has a big, broad, beautiful leaf, and a white flower that lays on the water and grows a big pod full of seed. The Klamaths gathered these seed and dried and parched them. It was an old saying when the Klamath would no longer eat wocus, he died.

But the Modocs, always dangerous to the white man, had been moved from their old home on Tule Lake and Lost River, where there was an abundance of game and fish, to the Klamath Reservation. Tule Lake, drained now, and diverted for irrigation—just a big grain field—was then the largest fish pond of pure water in the West. At the fish's running season in Lost River, which emptied into the lake, the fish

would run so thick they scared the horses when you tried to ford. The Modocs had always dried these fish in large quantities, for their stored food supply. This was the chief reason why they refused to adopt the Klamath Agency as their home. The Tule Lake region was a rich farming country, with plenty of water and grass. Whites had settled around the lake and the Modocs resented their being there, regarded it as their inherited land, claimed, the same as Joseph, that they had never given it up by treaty or otherwise. Every tribe had its own tradition of a country that belonged to them . . . as fixed with them as titles that we record in offices. Patriotism was awful strong in an Indian. He was ready to kill and die for his country, his tepee fires, and his fathers' graves . . . and did.

It was all plain to the Indian, but the white man, coming into the country, didn't see anything that gave the Indian special title. Didn't see any great buildings, or bridges, or roads, or churches, or monuments, or schools—all that to him marks a country one man's and not another's. Didn't fully understand the Indian being first brother to all natural things. Didn't see any physical expression of his right to live there. So he didn't fully get it—what it meant to drive an Indian off his home lands. With an Indian, everything in the country filled a special purpose:

COURTESY OF WILLIAM L. FINLEY AND H. T. BOHLMAN

CORMORANTS on Tule Lake, now dried up.

COURTESY OF WILLIAM L. FINLEY AND H. T. BOHLMAN

OLD-time freight wagons.

the animals gave flesh for food, skins for clothes, sinews for bows and arrows . . . the birds were the messengers . . . they all decorated with feathers, which meant dreaming—bead work representing birds in flight or flowers waving meant plenty of life. Every design had spiritual significance. Everywhere among the rocks were old paintings, many that went far back beyond the memory of any tradition of a living Indian. Then there were Indian writings, showing where they worshiped with tribal ceremonies. But the white man, coming in, after all the ages, saw only barrenness. Lots of waste in this world, from the wrong people handling the reins—people that just don't understand.

Maybe, if we are all judged by the wrongs we do, knowing they are wrongs, but not for those we do in ignorance, it won't go quite so hard with the white man for what he did to the Indian . . . maybe it won't.

Went all over the old lava beds with Frank Adams, he pointing out things: there was Jack's stronghold . . . there was where the squaws and supplies were on the highest place in the center . . . there, a little better than a mile away, was the soldiers' camp. Captain Jack and his band had refused to live on the Klamath Reservation—had left and come back to their old home lands around Tule Lake, were living peaceably, the men working on the ranches of cattlemen, the

squaws busy in their tepees among the tules. Then an order came out from Washington to the Indian agent at Klamath, telling him to return the insurgents to the reservation, "forcibly, if necessary." When Jack and the other leaders were given the order, they rebelled, declared war, and fired on the soldiers. Then they ran to the rim of the mountains, got their horses, divided, and started off around the lake in both directions, killing every settler they met who was living on what they considered their own land. They meant to drive the whites off and take back their homes. So they killed all but the women and children, and came together again in the lava beds, making this their permanent battleground.

The squaws living around the lake got into their dug-outs and canoes and flew through the water to the lava beds, joining their men. The soldiers arrived —a thousand—and nearly another thousand volunteers from Rogue River and northern California, and the siege was on. Their job was to get the Indians out.

Anybody that ever landed one of those Tule Lake fish and broiled it over a camp fire can sympathize with Jack's rebellion. Here he and his people, used to fresh fish and venison, were asked to go live on a reservation and take their rations as they were handed out to them. It meant changing their whole

mode of life. We like to think we are a spiritual people; but try switching food on us and see how long we stay spiritual. When you unbalanced the Modoc's food, you unbalanced him spiritually. Besides, the Klamaths were their traditional enemies, and of course, being just human, they had never missed any chance to taunt the Modocs with having lost their country, having to move in with them. They regarded the Modocs as outcasts—didn't admit them to their society.

White settlers who had moved into the Modoc country, around Tule Lake, had pretty well adopted the Modocs' way of life: trapped, had dogs, hunted deer and bear, and went down to Sacramento with meat to sell. Captain Jack couldn't see why he and his band couldn't go on living there, too. He was fighting for this privilege.

The outstanding leaders were the Indians that had been trained on cattle ranches, had worked for men like Jesse D. Carr, John Fairchild, Pres Dorris. The principal ones besides Captain Jack, a sub-chief, were Scarface Charley, a born fighter, Shacknasty Jim, and young Chief Schonchin. The Modocs, in earlier years, had got a bad name from attacks on emigrants but these particular ones, living around Tule Lake, had given no trouble before this, except by running away. On the whole, they were peace-

loving and industrious . . . just wanted their homes.

No one can realize the soldiers' job that hasn't seen those lava beds: roughest battlefield ever fought over . . . ten square miles of lava rock, all criss-crossed and cut up with ridges from a foot to eight or ten feet high. They could have hid ten thousand in there, easy. Modocs would creep along and fire at the soldiers, protected on every side by walls of rock. Nobody ever knew exactly how many people Jack had—less than a hundred, counting squaws and children—but everyone had turned into a red-hot fighting rebel. There was grass in the narrow little trails that made grazing for the ponies, and plenty of water and fish handy.

For four months they held on, with the soldiers attacking spasmodically, then in January came a month of continuous fighting. It was a heavy-snow winter, and there were those Indians on that high, wind-swept plateau living in tepees. To start with, they had been poorly gunned and clothed, but the longer the war lasted, the better off they were, for whenever they killed a soldier they slipped down and got his gun and ammunition, and stripped him. Often soldiers would escape running, with neither hats nor guns—and the Indians got them. At night they would give war dances, screeching demons against the red flames of the camp fires and the black lava rock, dancing

in and out among the jagged peaks, whooping and yelling.

The squaws and children were all into it, as they got more guns from the dead soldiers. The soldiers had only rim-fire cartridge guns, so they had to move up close to fire, creeping in and out among the scattered rocks. As they approached, a Modoc would pick out his man to kill.

Frank was telling how old Fairchild, a stockman and volunteer, was creeping in close and looking around, when the soldier behind him yelled, "Keep your head down!" Just then a Modoc shot and shattered the rock Fairchild dodged behind, yelling, "Stick it up again, Fairchild, so I can get another shot at it!" They were that close to one another.

Fresh recruits were coming all the time, and more volunteers. "Bring all the soldiers in the United States," the Modocs would call out, seeing new ones. "We can whip you all!"—they were that sure of themselves.

Another old rancher Frank told about set right down in the open range and began to clean his gun. He had gone plumb crazy . . . would groan out every time a bullet hit him, but he wouldn't move, went right on cleaning his gun till enough shots landed in him to kill him.

It was a wild time . . . trenches full of dead soldiers.

At last, after many efforts, a council was arranged to talk peace terms. General E. R. S. Canby, in command of the department of the Columbia, had been thirty years on the plains, and he understood the Indians and their point of view. He had never in his life dealt unfairly with them, so they had every reason to have confidence in him. He was to be a member of the council with Judge Rosborough of Yreka, L. S. Dyer of the Klamath Agency, A. B. Meacham, an ex-Indian agent, and the Reverend E. Thomas, of Petaluma, California.

The difficulty in arranging a conference was that superstitious fear the Indian had of the white man's hanging—and those who started the trouble by killing settlers all had sense enough to know they would be hung. Spiritual-minded, the Indian . . . really believes it, and he's got a heaven just as beautiful as anybody. Now, his belief was that, if he was hung, his spirit would be strangled in his throat, could not get out, and he'd never reach the happy hunting ground. It was this horror of the white man's hanging that held them back. And another thing: they had confidence in General Canby, but not in his power to carry out his wishes. Captain Jack knew he was often overruled, and he feared the white chief might be, too. The Indians had instinctive fear of any sort of a council with the white man, a fear based on experience . . .

the last council that had been held with Ben Wright some years earlier, under promises of friendship, resulted in the massacre of forty Modocs out of forty-five. Many of these were related to those murdered Indians; one of them was Jack's own father. Some years previous to this, the Modocs had been the aggressors, waylaying and killing emigrants . . . and so the trouble had gone on, making and leaving bad blood.

But at last a council was arranged. Toby, the squaw wife of Frank Riddle, General Canby's interpreter—she was a cousin of Captain Jack's—came on for a visit with Jack, and found out that treachery was intended by the Modocs. In Captain Jack's band were two parties, a peace party and a war party. For some time Jack had been wanting to make peace, but he was overruled at every turn by his war party, and now, apparently, they had got the upper hand. His heart wasn't bad at first, but it must have got bad with so much suffering and killing. Anyway, Toby hurried to General Canby and warned him not to go to meet the Modocs, that the white men would all be killed. This was in March.

"I am an officer, and I have promised," was his answer.

It was understood on both sides that there were to be no guns. Meacham and Dyer each hid a small

pistol on his person, for they expected treachery, but General Canby went unarmed. He believed he could manage Captain Jack.

And so they set out for the meeting, in a secluded place in the lava beds, taking Frank Riddle and Toby with them.

The conference grounds were marked by a small tent and a smudgy fire, about which was a half circle of stones for seats. The Modocs were represented by Captain Jack, Schonchin, Shacknasty Jim, and two others.

The white men accepted the seats, and Captain Jack opened the conference by stating what the Modocs wanted: they wanted the soldiers taken away so the killing would stop, they wanted their old homes back, along Lost River and Tule Lake, and they wanted the lava beds for their stronghold forever.

General Canby explained that he could assure them a new reservation, to themselves, but it wasn't in his power to say where this reservation would be. That power lay with the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, and he could not promise them the lava beds. There was considerable parleying back and forth. When this point was finally made clear to Jack, he gave a guttural equivalent to "All ready" (*Ut wih kutt*), whipped out his gun and shot General Canby. Instantly there were other shots, Toby

screamed "The soldiers! The soldiers!" and the Indians cut and run.

All the white commissioners were killed but Meacham. He was shot seven times, but none was serious. Then an Indian began to scalp him, but left off with Toby's scream, and he was found half scalped among the dead men. He recovered, but ever afterward carried the scar around his head.

This massacre roused the whole country and settled it that the war must go on to a finish. There was special indignation over the killing of General Canby, who was a standing-out man of quality, and had always been a friend of the Indians. But he only paid the price of the white man's treachery sixteen years earlier. Indians never forget. Also, he paid the price of rule by force instead of rule by understanding and sympathy.

Seems the Modocs had assigned a man to each of the commissioners. The one who was to have killed Meacham said afterward, "Meacham outrun the bullets"—kind of cute about explaining why he didn't do his job.

The soldiers now got the assistance of friendly Warm Spring Indians, and by adopting their methods, capturing their ponies and guarding the water, they finally forced the Modocs to surrender. Jack had figured that if they got the white chief, the war

would be over, as is the case with them, for the Indian has no second officers. But he was to learn that the white man never quits. He only gets more expert assistance.

That little loyal Toby . . . wonderful what a help the squaw men's wives were to the white men in all early Indian warfare; makes something to be said for the squaw men, what their wives did for the whites. Met Toby's grandson yesterday—had a nice talk with him. He lives around here, Jack Riddle—a good man.

The leaders were hung, of course. The scaffolds are gone now, but they stood for years as a warning. All the Modocs that were left were sent to the Indian Territory, for already there were rumors of fresh Indian troubles, and the warring factions must be scattered. Most of them died of broken hearts and lonesomeness. A few rambled back. Forty years later they were petitioning the government to be allowed to return and die in their old home lands.

Remember it all as a little boy. All Rogue River was stirred up, and every available team was on the road hauling supplies to the soldiers. Just one question when traveler met traveler: "Any news from the lava beds?" Every day or two, volunteers were killed and names would get to us. No way to get news except by a runner on a horse with relays. They were detailed from headquarters to carry messages—just

OLD PIONEERS of Rogue River Valley, all "covered wagon" people.

started and rode till they got through or were captured or killed. Took two days to go a hundred miles. Noted riders, good shots, and good fighters. Knew every little cut-off.

Every boy's dream in those days was to be a runner.

When the Modocs were settled the order came out from Washington to the Indian agent to make police officers of the Indians. . . . The Indian is a lot like the white man—when he dare not be a law breaker himself, he gets his greatest kick forcing the law on someone else. There was Little John, a noted hunter, a spare, skinny little black Indian, with the skin drawn tight over his face. Whenever he went to get a bear or anything he always came back with it. So he was made a police officer to administer the law.

Little John was sworn in, given a gun, and his authority explained to him—how the last extreme in arresting a man was to kill him.

Right away some Indian committed some little offense, and John was set out to get him. He had been gone two days when here he comes, carrying the renegade's head. "All balance of him didn't want to come," he reported to the agent.

Seemed there had been a regular Indian hunt, and the man had been hard to find, so John just used the

extreme of his privilege first—didn't order his man to throw up his hands or anything, just killed him. . . . So they had to depose Little John—after he got a few they wanted.

THE GREATEST HORSE DRIVE IN HISTORY

The country was hardly rested from the Modoc War till trouble began with the Piutes. It was the same old Indian complaint—they had been given reservations, but they wanted their old home lands. A lot of them had always lived around Stein's Mountain in central Oregon, a section rich in game with pasture for thousands of head of cattle. In all their period of time this had been the Piutes' central meeting place; and now they wanted the Stein's Mountain country included in their reservation.

The Modocs were a small tribe; but the Piutes were the biggest of all, black plains Indians like the Modocs. The Sioux were the finest looking in all the Northwest, the Nez Perces the most superior, and the Modocs and Piutes the blackest—got more sun.

Their head chief, Winnemucca, withdrew from the rebellion, and Egan became the war chief: he was a Stein's Mountain Indian, and was intense, personally, in getting back all this rich grazing land. Winnemucca's home was in Nevada. Sitting Bull, the

noted war chief of Montana, was planning to drive all the whites out of the Northwest, and establish an Indian commonwealth covering Montana, Idaho, eastern Oregon, and Washington. It was an ambitious plan, but they were big men, saw things big. Sitting Bull had lived through the tragedy of being put off his own inherited lands, and was now planning a last desperate stand to get them back.

Now, while Sitting Bull had been fighting settlers right along, Chief Joseph, over in the Wallowa country, who was joining in this last fight, had always been a man of peace. He didn't want to fight. His people had promised Lewis and Clark that they would always be friendly with the whites. Lewis and Clark had been good ambassadors to send out, for they gave the Indians a slant in the white man's favor. That first good impression of the white man went in so deep that it colored all their relations for generations afterward—in fact, till the white man, by his own acts, began to create the slant the other way.

Now Joseph had an inherited regard for the white man, and it had taken considerable harassing from newcomers to overcome it. But he had at last begun to realize that the white man would always be coming back and wanting him to give up more of his territory, so he had finally joined in with Sitting Bull to get rid of the whites at one final blow.

Joseph was a born general, with native genius for leadership, and it might as well be added that he was one of the West's greatest men. His father, the first Chief Joseph, who had given the word of everlasting peace to Lewis and Clark, heard, later in his life, that the soldiers were coming to subdue his people: he went out unarmed to welcome them. So this second Joseph, while born a chief, was a peace chief, not a warring one. But the beautiful Wallowa Valley was all he and his tribe had left, he had never given it up by treaty—his father and all his ancestors were buried there—and now here were the whites demanding it. It turned him at last into a fighting man.

Very patriotic, Indians . . . never needed propaganda to raise them up to it . . . they just was. Love of homes and tepees and old burying grounds was the strongest thing in them.

That Wallowa Valley . . . probably no other spot in all the West exceeds it for beauty. It is everything in one country—the mountains are painted with snow, the valley is full of green feed, the running streams are full of fish, the hills are full of game . . . and then there is the ever-quiet beauty of the lake with its tree-clad surrounding mountains. It should not have called forth war . . . just another case of blundering.

Joseph had been shrewd: would never accept anything from the government that might be construed

as an exchange for his country; wouldn't be tempted or let his people be tempted by the gaudy gifts the whites dangled before their eyes. Took a lot of native wit to think that out, and never take a blanket when you remember them cold winters in the Wallowa. . . . Smart, Joseph.

But now the big modern consolidation had taken place and he was on the warpath with Sitting Bull and Egan. . . . There may be many ways of spelling that name, but it was just Egan, the accent on the last syllable. . . . With Egan down in our country, as with most tribes, there was a war party and a peace party. The peace party kept out of it, and stayed on their home lands in Nevada with Chief Winnemucca, but it was the chief's daughter Sally that was really the one that caused it. She was a very intelligent young Indian woman who had had white association and spoke English. She became an interpreter for General Howard. She was a power with her father, and had got him out of the fighting early—overruled him, took him home. So Egan, now the war chief, got all the fighting, revolutionary factions together, and he was assigned by Sitting Bull to the task of gathering up the horses needed for the great final sweep of Indians across the country, driving out the whites. All this country had been settled—in a scattering way—by cattlemen from California and Mexico, so there were

lots of good horses to be had—real riders' horses.

The plan was for the three chiefs to meet in Big Hole, Montana, and from there make their concerted drive through the Northwest, driving everybody before them. It was always a mystery how Sitting Bull communicated with Joseph and Egan—something psychic about it. Here was a country from 1,500 to 2,000 miles across, with no railroads or stagecoaches or wagon roads, and yet they communicated with one another and all knew the plan perfectly. It was something in them like the sense of birds that fly from north to south, or of animals and game, a sense of space, of knowing without knowing how they knew. All early Indians credited their chiefs with this supersense, with being able to communicate with other chiefs through the air. An Indian was never elected to be a chief, he just grew into the position of leadership through his own super-wisdom. "Go ask *him*," they would say to one another, when in doubt over any matter, and thus he just grew to be the wisdom of his tribe. . . . Other peoples might try this plan.

And so Chief Egan, down in our country, started his drive, gathering up the horses with his army of about a thousand, including the squaws and children. He had regular army equipment, but nobody seemed to know where he got it. They were good shots. Egan

was a very fine-looking Indian, fiery in his make-up, all warrior—and over six feet tall.

All through May and June they were sweeping north, gathering up horses, with the settlers wildly galloping before them, moving their families and abandoning their ranches under the cry: "The Indians are coming!" Most of them made for the nearest forts, Fort Bidwell in California, and Camp Harney in the center of the Oregon plains. Mostly they made for Camp Harney, as it was nearer.

The only place to draw soldiers from besides Bidwell was Fort Vancouver, on the other side of the Columbia River in Washington. They had to keep enough soldiers at Camp Harney to protect the settlers, as there were many more Indians in the country now than whites.

General Howard, who was in command, adopted the plan of letting the Indians go on, not agitating them, till they got themselves into some position where he could handle them with strategy. A very wise plan, as it saved lots of killing, but this made much complaint among the people. They thought him dilatory. Here were the Indians moving through the country unmolested, burning and pillaging as they went. But General Howard didn't think this mattered so greatly, as long as the people were getting safely

away, as most of them did. Once in a while, though, one was caught.

In the meantime, knowing that the Indians' strength is in their chief, he posted a reward of $5,000 for Egan, dead or alive. The offer went everywhere, and everyone in the country knew where Egan was, for he had a big camp now, with plenty of water and grass, and when he moved, was just moving quietly along—but no settler seemed eager to go after the money. A common salute was: "Huntin' Injuns?" And the answer, "No, I ain't lost any."

And so the Piutes swept on, with General Howard keeping close tab on their movements. The Piutes didn't kill as a rule, and it was against Egan's order, for he knew the whites would retaliate—both sides seemed trying to make it a humane war—but he couldn't always control the fiery spirit of his young men. Had the same trouble as white officers—had the same human nature to deal with. At each cattle ranch they would take clothes and supplies, then go into the corrals and take the best broke saddle horses, turn the others loose, add the new bunch to their drove, and move on. What they couldn't carry away they burned.

Must have gathered together several thousand broke horses—the greatest horse drive ever known, but history don't know much about it. The country was full of Indians, coming in in little groups from

everywhere, with their squaws and children, to join Egan. And there was Egan, sweeping north in all his war paint and feathers, with a feeling of glory—riding north to make justice for his people.

When he first entered central Oregon he split his drive and sent part on the west side of Stein's Mountain. They were to move on through Catlo Valley and along the Blitzen River, gathering up horses, while the main body was to come on east, through Happy Valley and Diamond, heading for the Rock Ford on the crossing of the Blitzen River, and from there they were to go on to the OO Ranch, where the two divisions were to come together again and move on to the Blue Mountains and join Chief Joseph. With him they were to go on to the Big Hole and Sitting Bull.

But this program was broken.

The first conflict came in Happy Valley. Little Coon Smith, a settler, came riding hard from Happy Valley to Diamond, carrying a needle gun and one box of cartridges, and shouting the alarm: "The Indians are coming!"

He was followed close by a band of young scouting warriors. Pete French, one of the earliest of the California cattlemen who had moved his herds up into Oregon and made a settlement there, was making his spring round-up with his vaqueros, and was working

in a corral when Smith came riding in. As he got out his message, French caught sight of the Indians coming down Diamond Hill into the valley.

French had no gun handy but he grabbed Coon Smith's, and slipping down behind a rock, he watched till the Indians got close enough to get them, then he began to shoot, with Coon handing him one cartridge at a time . . . French was an emergency man, all leader, quick thinker, and a wonderful shot. His idea was to open fire on them first, throw the scare into them. While firing he gave orders to John South, his foreman, to catch horses and mount his men, including the Chinese cook, and head up the trail to the P Ranch, which was twenty-five miles distant.

There is a low saddle in the ridge there, and French knew the Indians would make for it and shoot his men as they went up the steep trail. So, after he had opened fire, he jumped on to his horse and ran past his men up on the McCoy Trail, and opened fire on the Indians again as they showed up on the divide opposite. When he got his men safely out of McCoy Canyon and on to the trail, he followed them. His idea had been to suggest strength to the Indians.

When he overtook his men, the Indians had reached the top of the divide, and had shot Coon Smith's horse from under him, and had shot the Chinaman who had fallen off his horse. French saw the China-

man's horse come running, dragging a long rope. He grabbed the rope, and told Coon to mount. So Smith got the Chinaman's horse, and the Chinaman crawled under some brush and died.

It was never known how many Indians French killed but it must have been a good many. They didn't follow the Indians any farther but made the best time possible to the P Ranch. John Witzel, a boy, had been wounded—rode through with a bad shot in his hip, losing much blood, but no bones were broken.

At the P Ranch they got fresh horses and continued on to Camp Harney that night, seventy or eighty miles to the north. They hadn't gained time by going to the P Ranch, but they couldn't cross the Blitzen at any other place but Rock Ford, and they knew the Indians would be in command of that. French and his men got into camp the next morning with their news, and General Howard made him a courier.

That night Egan camped in Rock Ford Lane. General Howard now left Camp Harney and, with his soldiers and C. E. S. Wood—now known as poet and painter, of San Francisco—as first lieutenant and Pete French, got on their trail. When they reached the OO Ranch, they found the Indians had been there the night before, got supplies and horses, burned down the buildings and corrals, and had gone. . . . Egan was smart and quick, hard to follow.

The next day they located him in the Dunn field, where Silver Creek opens into the upper valley. The Piutes had made a camp on an island made by a creek running clear around a piece of land. General Howard's main command now moved on and took a position at a point now known as the Battleground, on the OO, and the following morning opened fire.

Funny little stories got around. While the shooting was going on, French, who was here as pilot and scout, and not as a soldier, suddenly saw a young Indian riding his favorite saddle horse—running him, turning him—a well-broke, clever little horse, and here was this wild young Indian putting on a show with him for his own amusement while the battle was going on. French went galloping up and down back of the lines, offering to reward anybody that would shoot that Indian off his horse . . . but they didn't get him.

Chief Egan used wonderful strategy. While General Howard was trying to crowd down upon him, Egan made a flank attack that drove Howard back; then, while Howard was counciling with his officers, Egan began packing up his army—getting his squaws and children busy and keeping his good yelling, shooting young Indians creating camouflage—and began to move on up the creek—moving like a circus while the fighting was going on.

This was the only pitched battle. A few soldiers were killed and one stranger. No one seemed to know where the stranger came from, but he was big and fat, riding a mule. Anybody ever lost a man like that, maybe this was him. They had tried hard to keep him back of the range of fire, but he insisted on getting in close, and he was killed.

It was estimated at this time that the Piutes were driving more than two thousand head of horses.

The end of the drive came with the shooting of Egan. He had gone on to Snake River, and was making his final preparations to cross, when along comes a Umatilla chief with a little bunch of renegades—ten men, maybe, and twenty or thirty horses—and he offers to join Egan.

The Umatillas were not in this war, but all Indians were supposed to be at heart against the whites, and even in the most peaceful tribes there were always renegades on the warpath. So Egan took the chief at his word, which was only natural. Egan was a big-thinking man, and a big-thinking man is not generally suspicious. He accepted the offer.

The next morning when they were breaking camp, with Egan mounted and ready to start, up rides the Umatilla, and he says: "We big men: we chiefs—ride on ahead and talk plans."

So Egan rode on with him, and when they had gone

some little distance, and were in the shade of a bunch of willows, the Umatilla drew his gun and shot him. Then, jumping down, he cut off Egan's hand, which was well known, as he had several fingers missing, then jumped on his horse again and rode away to claim his reward.

When the Piutes found their chief dead, they just quit. Broke up in little bunches and scattered, eventually finding their way back to their homes. That ended the Piutes' part in the big war. For years we had Piute war horses roaming over the country, never getting back to their original owners.

The Umatilla carried the hand to General Howard and got his reward.

General Howard now turned his attention to Chief Joseph. Egan's death had got the war out of central Oregon, farther over to the northeast. We didn't feel it so close, but we still had its atmosphere.

Old Sam Herron, my buckaroo boss at the OO—a West Point man—was in the fight with Chief Joseph's men at Big Hole. Many a time I've heard him tell about how the Indians set fire to the woods above the soldiers to burn them out—fought two days and killed half the volunteers, then the wind changed and started the fire the other way. General Howard got Chief Joseph's surrender, and General Miles got Sitting Bull's at about the same time. When Chief

Joseph heard of Egan's death, he packed up and hurried north, for he knew Howard would be coming after him. Have heard C. E. S. Wood tell the story of Joseph's surrender, setting here on the OO porch. Everybody in those days had sympathy for Joseph—but they were glad he was taken.

After the surrender the government followed its usual policy and scattered the Indians on different reservations in countries strange to them. The idea was to break them up, take away their tribal power, make them lose their identity. But their hearts broke . . . they knew only defeat and tragedy.

Could have fathered a great race, that Joseph—fine, honest Indians—but we killed them off instead. . . . Most everything native to the soil that the white man, coming in, has killed off has been found, later, to have had its purpose, had it only been used for what it was there for. . . . They are raising bats now, I understand, and freeing them in places where they were so busy destroying them a while back.

But from the Indian extermination dates the going ahead of central Oregon as a white man's country. Before that it was all Indian country.

The Piutes in Nevada that stayed out of the war were left in their own country in good shape. Old Chief Winnemucca lived in security on his home lands till he died. His daughter Sally was mostly re-

sponsible for his good fortune, a little black Indian, but important as a chief's daughter. She was against the war—was perhaps the first American woman to stand out against her tribe for peace . . . never gave up till she got a good part of them with her . . . brave about it. She became interpreter to General Howard . . . always loyal, faithful to the white men like all those Indian women that married them. She married a soldier. But she was a modern girl in the end, not very good at staying married—married four or five times, but kept her own name through it all, just Sally Winnemucca. After the war she was frank to say what she thought about Indian agents—wasn't very flattering. But she was never against the government, just against some of the men acting for it . . . pretty fine distinction for a native Indian girl to make.

And then rewards. They don't often reward. There was that Umatilla chief that shot Egan for money. Lived alone at last in a dirty little tepee, bitter, resentful, sick with old age and loneliness, all crippled up. No son, no squaw, no tribe. All he had left from his life of glory was his scalps, white and Indian, that he'd slipped off heads, tied to his saddle, and galloped away with.

Would go to see him sometimes . . . peer in. There he would be, all drawn up back in his smoky tepee, his sunk eyes swimming in red and shining out like a

trapped rat's . . . muttering and mumbling: "Me big chief—brave man—kill Egan. Now die like a squaw. No one to care for my scalps—bugs, moths eat 'em. Put 'em out to sun and air and white man come along and steal 'em. What you think of that kind of white man, uh?"

What an awful world it was, even the bugs and moths taking his scalps . . . just a hero reduced.

OFF FOR THE RANCHES

On the road again this morning . . . off in the big light, for the ranches.

Just desert silence full of things . . . the country of half a century's railroad war . . . engineers coming in every few years making surveys—since '79 . . . settlers drifting in with their little herds, drifting out again; couldn't stand the strain of driving their crop three hundred miles and more to a shipping point. Those that stayed always dreaming of when a railroad would come through . . . raised their children on that hope—their grandchildren.

Old plains never seem so wonderful as after being in towns all winter. It's harmony, where the mountains meet the valley floor. Old Fellow didn't hold out much on you when he wrote that book. It's all there—if you can read it.

Native spring flowers everywhere on Egan's old raiding ground: blue camas lilies—the Klamaths used their roots for potatoes . . . the restful, quiet, peaceful sagebrush with its forever promise of being a friend to man, the assurance that the land that produces it is waiting for him . . . characterless rabbit brush that don't express much except beauty in its yellow flower in the fall when it adds to all the decorations of the plains . . . mad, cantankerous greasewood, always with stickers out to get you, making its home on the mineralized land and giving out a full expression of its hardships . . . then the decorative juniper, giving a touch of bright green to the cheeks of the foothills—juniper, just a quiet painting of its own character—fills the air with fragrance. No wonder the old Bible fellows spoke so kindly of it . . . it's just as dear to-day.

Nearing the OO, first water off the desert . . . right over there is old Egan's Battleground. Feelin' fine!

EVENING ON THE OO RANCH

Setting here on the OO porch, watching, listening . . . evening star shines low over the milking corral . . . geese whir black against a pinky sky.

Ollie, the foreman's wife, out milking . . . got twenty cows to milk, with the wrangler helping. She will milk

fifteen while he milks five. "Cut it," Ollie yells to a little tail-switching heifer. "I can't carry this milkin' stool more'n forty miles!" . . . "'Bout like milkin' a mouse," she grumbles some more, but she wouldn't let anyone else have the job. Might not be gentle enough with the little young heifers, all scary . . . that's Ollie. Can hear the buckaroos talking among themselves over at the bunk house. "Don't like chores," says the wrangler, coming in with his full pails. "It's early and late." . . . Pretty, setting here. Feelin' fine!

When I left the ranches it was snowing, then hail. Hail is just the season playing with the change between winter and spring . . . Winter throwing little frozen bullets at the baby Spring. Ain't got it quite settled between them even yet . . . some cool nights.

Ollie with her full pails coming in, burned as black as a gypsy, grinning at you, her white teeth shining . . . always joyous, Ollie. Old George's girl was a long-legged, sunburned, laughing little thing, always running to meet you when you came to the ranch, wanting to open the gate, do something for you . . . then she sort of grew up and got married and I put them to running the OO. Just a little girl yet, with her two husky children and her big husband. Little Sis, with her towhead and blue eyes, is getting right pretty

for six years. Bill, a year older, is growing up into a big, heavy boy like his father.

Had supper at the cook house, then had to go with little Sis to see everything that has happened since I was here last. It's rest to be around among the bummer calves, the dogs, the wild geese and chickens, all trying to get into the cook house . . . but no ill will. Ollie never carries any ballast of worry about the future. Lives to-day and compares to-morrow with the good time she already had. Harmony and purpose, that's the secret. She lives in it. . . . Feelin' fine!

A NIGHT WITH THE FROGS

Was out last night with the little frogs singing out their joy. They are the symphony of the meadowlands. Must have been close to the inventors of music, to know so well about time and rhythm . . . little individuals, all so happy singing to the big world that they are in on a new season. Every one croaking out his own notes to go into the big flow. Their joy now is because the water is over the meadows with the baby sods starting their little shoots of life to make a crop of hay.

But this morning it was all just birds—singing, chirping, calling, squeaking, whistling, making another kind of symphony. Mostly they are mating.

They didn't stay in the country and hibernate, but took advantage of their convenient transportation to escape the winter, same as myself . . . and now we are all back in the big rested country with so much more life than if we had stayed. . . . Feelin' fine!

Still at the OO: To-night walked around the meadows, covered with water. The moon was full, light as day, warm, still, all but the little frogs hollering everywhere. Everyone seemed to be working to get frog singing with a little more understanding, to bring out his own identity. Looked at the sky, so blue beyond the stars. Every little star seemed to stand out alone like the little frogs, as if he was the important one.

It all says there ain't anything but what's important, and that we are all a part of the whole Big Thing . . . happy is understanding. Feelin' fine!

Haven't got away yet. The OO is worth all the balance of the world, with its own way of life . . . so restful . . . where Time and Space meet.

Went to Iron Mountain to-day, and started the cattle to put them through the lane—four of us, and nearly a thousand cows and calves . . . not used to being moved, so there was a mix-up that will have to be straightened out by patient guarding till they get mated. Some of the little young mothers will need another day. It was dark when we got them across

Silver Creek by the big fresh lake in the OO field.

A little after dark a fleet of white pelicans came and lit on the lake, then began the work of filling them big sacks. Like a factory, gathering in supplies by master teamwork . . . no controversy, just taking what nothing else wants.

Then all the different little broods of water birds, no two alike, chattering in their own language, having a happy evening, the new family learning to talk.

It was nearing midnight when we got back to the house, the foreman and me, with a big supper waiting, long overdue.

Went to bed sometime before daylight, then something made me get up. In the east was a bright fire just coming to life. Stood by the window and watched it . . . peeped its eye up slowly, as much as to say, "If I don't like it I'll go back"—but it never has. Then the big red-gold sun. It was a birth, a new day.

It's at the OO you deal with the Big Powers, and live with Life that understands itself. Feelin' fine!

Another day. Been a regular buckaroo, on my horse at daylight, off at dark . . . fields full of little new calves. The country looks fine for a good season . . . the high mountains full of snow to make water for the summer . . . the air and fields full of geese and ducks. A meadow lark announcing spring has come at

last! He is a great little fakir, with his son, for he has been in the South all winter, making the same announcement down there. Lots of humor among birds.

Then there was the old robin sticking his bill in the ground and pulling out a fat worm that had been in the country all winter, locating him by listening close. It all indicates that life that has good transportation has the use of life that hasn't. . . . Feelin' fine!

Just seen a little snail crawling along. He's a nice little fellow, kinda cute with his horns sticking up so straight. But at the first sign of danger he draws right back into his shell. That fellow misses an awful lot of fun doing that . . . but anything with slow transportation has a slow life.

AT THE BELL A, THE HOME RANCH

Can't express what a jewel my new car is. Just roll up in the big soft seat and rest all the way from ranch to ranch. Clem, my new driver, is the most my boy of any I ever had on the ranches, and I've had plenty. Never needed to be a parent—always got so many other people's boys at weanin' time. . . . It's good to be home. Feelin' fine!

Sulphur and molasses in the spring. I'd rather have anything I might get by not taking it than to

take it. Old throat listens to the plan, then just closes up. Always meant a fight with your mother as a little boy—and with yourself as a bigger one.

BACK ALONG THE BOY-DAYS TRAIL

At the Bell A office: Nice and quiet out here, now that everybody that wants something has gone. Been thinking back along boy-days trail some more . . . thinking how wonderful it is for a little fellow to have a father that understands him. Nine or ten, maybe, when I quit school. We had a little log schoolhouse. The teacher was an old fellow that had been a miner—wore a wig and big eight-sided glasses with shafts that generally set on the end of his nose, and his wig was always on one side, especially when there was trouble ahead—and there generally was. Teaching in those days was just trouble. He boarded around among the scholars, but seemed to stay mostly at the Hanley ranch. This stirred the temper of my mother, as she was a very particular housekeeper, and he had rheumatism and used skunk oil for it. The time to take the big greasing was just before he went to bed between a couple of her sheets.

But this school didn't last long; only about three months. Then we had a better one in Jacksonville,

up on Schoolhouse Hill. I got in trouble there, through the big boys getting me into a fight with another little boy. Then when the fight got too terrific they pulled us apart. Next morning the teacher called us up before the school to shake hands and be friends. But I didn't feel friendly, and started in to fight again . . . went right at him; I didn't have any idea of a fight but to go to a finish. After that I kinda dropped school for a while. The next year we had an Irish teacher, and I started, but early in the spring I fell through. Just packed up my books and left. Was riding along on my little white-legged, bald-faced horse named Hornet when I met Father.

"How's this, Son?" he says, sort of quiet. "Why ain't you in your place at school?"

"Father," I says, "it's too slow a way to get it."

He studied some, then he says, "All right, Son. Go on to the ranch and get to work."

The next time I came up against school was when Father Campbell came through the country preaching on Sundays and gathering up pupils. He had come out from Virginia with plans to found a college, which he afterwards did. I had gone up to the Butte Creek stock ranch, but Father sent for me to come home and see about going away to school.

I went to church and listened to Father Campbell tell in detail all about how Noah loaded his ark, the animals going up the gang plank two by two—just wild animals of the mountains, none halter broke, broncos . . . and how him and his boys fed and watered all that stock till the flood went down. He was telling it literally, and I was following it out literally. I was just a little boy, but I knew stock. That brought about my final decision that I was done. If that was all the teachers knew about stock, then school wasn't worth my time. . . . I rode on back to the ranch, and Father didn't try any more.

Mother comes back, mostly through her housekeeping and making her children behave. She was a St. Louis girl, came out in a covered wagon, and she had her own inherited ideas of how life should be lived, and what was proper to think, and say, and do . . . and it was some task to fit these ideas on to pioneer conditions and a growing-up bunch of husky ranch boys in a new country. Her father, Grandpa Burnet, who lived with us, was a dress model of a gentleman, always very dignified, with a high stock around his neck, a white shirt, frock coat, and his hair parted down the middle behind. Wore a flat-topped plantation hat . . . always looked good enough for a party. He had crossed the plains by wagon in Kit Carson's train, and spent a winter in California

"NOTHING could be marketed unless it could walk out 300 miles and over."

THE BELL A: One of the great central Oregon Hanley ranches. The ranch homes in the background; Mr. Hanley (facing camera) among his blooded cattle.

with General Frémont, an old friend. Had been a close friend of Andrew Jackson, was born in Virginia, and served in the War of 1812 under Andrew Jackson, and in the Mexican War of 1846. I can see him yet, riding round, setting up so straight on his little bay horse with the stripe on its face.

Father had been a flat boatman on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and came West by way of the Gulf, Panama, and the Pacific Ocean . . . mined in California for a while, then followed the gold rush on north to Jacksonville, which was a great mining camp for a few years—then married and turned rancher, making a home and raising a family. His parents were born in Ireland.

But Mother always tried to make us live up to her father's idea of dignity and form . . . kept the Hanley house immaculate—a great sprawling house with a log base, one story, with a fireplace in each end and an addition at the back where there was a kitchen, a long dining room, a buttery, and a bedroom or two. The main part was divided into two or three big rooms. This was the birthplace of all the Hanley children. Beside a spring close to the house were two weeping willow trees that grew to be famous all over the country for their size. People came from everywhere and took slips.

My place at the table, as a little boy, was at my

mother's left, where she could correct me easy. One of my earliest memories is announcing at the dinner table that our old horse Mary was going to have a colt. Mother gave me a swift pinch under the table that filled my eyes with tears, but I looked right back at her and said again, "Old Mary is going to have a colt." With that, she grabbed me and took me into the big living room, and I said again, "I don't care what you do, old Mary is going to have a colt."

With that, she reversed herself, and she said, "You should not say such things at the table! But if old Mary does have a colt, it will be yours."

Old Mary was Kentucky bred, and the mother of many noted horses, but now she was old and gentle, and kept for the children to ride. In due time she was brought in with a colt, and this became my first real saddle horse. That strain was long in the Bell A horses, as the colt turned out to be a great mare.

I never knew how I knew it—just one of those psychic things that come to a little boy sometimes.

Another early memory is of the overland Concord stagecoach sweeping into town with such a flourish, the silver mountings shining, and the driver setting up on his high seat with his foot on the brake and his long whip in his hand, the hostler there to take the horses. The earliest impression of the little boy was that if he ever got big enough to be a stage driver

there wouldn't be anything else greater to accomplish in life.

The old stagecoach ran as near on time as trains do to-day. Everything was systematized—on the mountains driving six horses, and in the valleys four, making an average of six miles an hour. This was all the land transportation there was between San Francisco and Portland. Remember when General Grant came through. The word ran ahead that he was coming in a special stagecoach, and the whole community was out to honor him. I saw a little short, husky, burly fellow get off, smoking a cigar—and that was General Grant. He stayed all night at the old French hotel in Jacksonville, and the next morning when his secretary got the bill it was for $1,200. When he protested, the old French madame got indignant, and said that to have kept the great General Grant in her hotel over night was worth $1,200. They finally got it down to six or seven hundred.

This is where Grant's Pass got its name—the second change of stage horses from Jacksonville, going north.

Another wonderful time was when the overland circus would come through with its menagerie and Tom Thumb and all the side shows. My mother was opposed to children seeing the wicked circus, but Father was for it, so we all went.

MULE DRIVES

Been thinking about the time when I was a little boy—maybe seven or eight—and Father took me with him to start a drive of mules from Rogue River to Utah. That was when they hauled freight overland. Father was riding a mule, his head up, going, a wonderful walker. My little horse had to wiggle along in a trot to keep up—mighty bouncy. Father turned me back when we reached the Butte Creek stock ranch, to ride the twenty-five miles to the home ranch alone. Before I got far I was blinded by poison oak. I was riding a little roan horse. He brought me safe home and Mother lifted me down at the gate. Father had gone on with the mules to get his drivers started on their way.

He hauled grain to Fort Klamath then. Had big wagons, with high beds, with rings on the sides for fastening on light freight or hay. Remember his foreman of teamsters, John Davidson, who always rode the nigh mule and drove with a single jerk line on the lead mule. It was an eight-mule team, with bells and bearskin housing. There would be four or five teams and the general supply wagon, with the cook sitting up on the high seat with his four-horse team.

When we reached Silver Camp we always stayed two nights, taking part of the wagons on to the sum-

mit one day, and the rest the next. Silver Lake looks the same now as it did then. Had to be careful about watering the mules in that clear, cold, pure water—it would give them colic.

I generally went along on my pony to carry messages, look out for feed, ride on ahead and notify any team we might be in danger of meeting on a narrow grade. Rode on ahead once and found Crater Lake in all its deep-blue wonder and mystery . . . then rode over to a huckleberry patch where the huckleberries were as big as cranberries, and full of juice. Filled up on them.

When we got to Fort Klamath the bugle was blowing, and I saw them parade in a beautiful spot. It all looked gorgeous, with its officers and soldiers.

After we had delivered the grain—they had a big lot of horses to feed—I rode with Father for several days among his mules on his Klamath ranch. We separated out a bunch to take back to the valley.

Father was the best stockman and agriculturist in the country then—a sort of superman, had instinctive knowledge of so many things. He was the first one to start raising alfalfa. First money I ever made as a very small boy was for sweeping the barn floor on rainy days, after they had flailed out the alfalfa seed. This was a rainy-day job in winter time, mostly for my brother Ed and me. After the flailing, down on

the bottom of the floor, in the chaff and dust, were the little yellow-gold seed—and our job was to get the seed all swept up into buckets and cans before the next bunch of fresh straw was put on to be flailed. We would carry it outside and blow the dust out. This seed brought about a dollar for three pounds.

Back in boy days . . . been a mighty little boy all day. . . . Feelin, fine!

SELLING MULES IN CALIFORNIA

Another drive comes back, when I was a little older, my first drive into California with a bunch of mules to sell—three of us. It was my job as a boy to lead the pack horse and bell mare. We went over the Siskiyous, following along the present route of the railroad. All railroads have followed our old routes. Remember how hot it was by the time we reached Redding, so we turned up Feather River and started out again at night. From Red Bluff it was as hot as an oven, and the road led through grain fields. This put a burden on us to handle the mules. We stopped near Chico, and many buyers came. We were soon sold out.

Then we rode on into San Francisco for a week's holiday . . . stayed at the old Russell House. San Francisco was my first city, and a wonderful place to be. So much to see: the menagerie, the seals tum-

bling over each other on the rocks, the old Cliff House, Golden Gate Park—your fortune told for a quarter. Then the big Central Market where I went for oyster stew and did my principal dining. They'd place in front of me a plate full of raw sliced cabbage, dip another plate into a big holder of shrimps, and all that didn't fall off I got. Just sat there husking shrimps and mixing them with the cabbage, while the stew was being prepared. When it was all over, there were just some oysters on top to fill up.

Then I found Woodward's Garden. I'd ride out and tie up my horse and pay twenty-five cents to get in. There were the seals at the entrance, the Woodward house in the center with a beautiful flower garden around it, and the menagerie on back. Seemed like he must have all the animals there were in the world, with many monkeys thrown in for good measure. Fine place for a boy to spend his time in the biggest city he knew about. This was where Father first landed when he came West, so I just adopted it as mine, and I've never been sorry.

This drive emphasized the passing of the little-boy days. Returning home, I stopped at San José and got my first full-rigged vaquero saddle. Now I was a regular cowboy.

GROWING-UP DAYS

After quitting school, I spent most of my growing-up time on Father's Butte Creek stock ranch. This ranch was on the mountain at the first opening into the valley, and my main company was the natural things that lived all about me.

It was just the time in a boy's life when he has to get on top of the highest mountain and holler, announcing to all the world how good he feels. Riding, roping, breaking horses, getting cattle out of the mountains, prowling around old miners' camps—that was my life. Just a boy, curious, looking into everything.

These were the days when Father was breeding mules. . . . Remember one time when I rode up the canyon to see how a band of horses looked, and followed three or four buck deer all day. The deer led me to some little shallow lakes where the bullfrogs were commencing to sing. Seemed like they didn't mind the deer breaking in on their life as much as they did me and my horse, and I thought they made the most noise. Wanted to see them closer, so, wading, keeping mighty still, slipping along, hardly breathing, came nearer, but they were conscious of my presence and quieted down. Finally I wore them out, and I found, to sing, they would stick their big mouths out

of the water along the edge, or from under a pole, but at a move from me they would draw back under the water again.

First you'd hear the big old frog playing up his base: "Chaunk!" . . . then all would be quiet. Then: "Chaunk - wack - wackety - wackety - wack!" You'd throw a stick in the water and they'd stop like death. Then you'd just set there with them till they got over their scare and would begin to sing again. I caught a big frog and carried him home and put him in a fly trap, then got some shot and pitched it. He'd catch it just like he would a fly. . . . Everything has its ghost and a frog's ghost is a snake. I'd get him full of shot, then come up behind him and go, "Sh-sh-sh," like a snake, and he'd try to jump, but he couldn't get his old hind end off the ground. He'd go plumb frantic till you lifted him by his heels and spilled out the shot. Then he was happy, ready to play some more.

Just a boy amusing himself all alone in the mountains.

Working down toward the ranch one day, I saw a buck deer with one antler off, carrying his head sideways to get a balance and protect the one he had left. His job was just commencing for a new season. The old antler was being crowded off and the new one coming, then the other one would have to be crowded off too. This is the beginning of his penalty for being

a buck deer—that he has to go snooping around among the brush not to let anything touch those tender antlers, so full of blood and new life. Takes all his time through the spring and summer months. In the middle of the hot season, after they are fully developed, he has to go up on to a rocky point where he can get plenty of hot sun to dry them, so he can rub the skin off. Then with everything fresh and new, his head up, full of pride, he's the king buck of his kind, fearing no danger except man, a finished product of his mountain home. But he's got to go through the same thing next year and every year, the antlers all the time getting bigger and stronger.

With the antlers full grown, his running season begins—he's a real runner and fighter now, open to take on all comers. His neck swells, his flesh gets hard and muscley, and he feeds only to exist. The new crop of deer—spotted babies with their little light antlers —stay mostly with the does, who range in bunches in the high mountain glades where there is soft browse. . . . Looks like all the hardships were put on the buck to get rid of him through family-raising time.

Remember one day I went out with a boy I had staying with me to get old Polly and her band, forty or more horses. Found her high on the mountain, her bell tinkling. Old Polly was the best bell we had, always in the lead, a regular general. We put out some

salt, and many began to lick it, but not old Polly. She had understanding, knew it was just the start of getting her down to the corral, and all horses dread a corral.

But after a while she took a lick in a spirit of compromise, looking at me, knowing the contest was coming. . . . Then we were off with Polly trying to beat me to the first getaway, and me trying to close in on her. Got her safe past it, then we were on the long stretch down the mountainside, four or five miles, with a drop of more than three thousand feet. There'd not be another getaway till we reached the salt lick farther down. If Polly beat me to it, she'd begin to back track to get up on the mountain again.

And now she was out of sight, but I could still hear her bell. She had passed the cut-out trail. I had to keep under the break of the hill, a big disadvantage, to get to the foot of the hill first. Polly wouldn't have a new break-away in her mind till she got clear down.

We were now in the steepest, hardest part of the mountain, my horse running foot over foot down the trail like an ordinary horse on level ground. My horse was on my side—she knew we would win. The boy following couldn't do much but keep the slow ones up. We got in ahead of Polly and got her band safe in the corral.

That night Father came up to the ranch and stayed

two days. He was awful pleased with the nice crop of little mules. . . . We had lots of bands out, all over the mountain, but Polly always had the biggest bunch.

The south fork of Butte Creek and its drainage furnished little creek bottoms where small ranchers made homes. It satisfied their demands of life—plenty of timber, easy to put up a cabin and out buildings and make rails to fence it. Never raised much feed or had much stock, just a few hogs.

To the south of Chimney Rock was a good feed country, and the ranchers in there were all good operators. There were the Bradleys, Nichols, and Dolph Carlton. But all the boys on the mountain liked to come to the Hanley ranch for a visit, especially on rainy days . . . old Butte Creekers loved to visit on a rainy day. I would have a big fire in the fireplace, with lots of black oak wood, and little pitchy pieces to stimulate it. No fuel economy.

A day comes back when it was nearing spring, raining, and the weather getting warm. When I had got up that morning I had put a pot of beans on to boil. Lucky I did. By noon eight or ten boys were there. I set one to peeling potatoes, and put on a pan of apples and onions to fry. We had caught a big pan of fish the day before, and I started them frying with bacon, then made sourdough biscuit.

The modern baker hasn't gained much when he don't know the secret of sourdough. When you get the fresh milk in the morning, you fill your sourdough pot, add flour, and thoroughly work it till you get a good thick batter. Then you set it behind the stove where it will keep warm for five or six hours . . . let it raise and sour. When you are ready to make your biscuit, you add salt and soda and some fresh flour, pinch off your big fat biscuits, roll them in melted lard, and let them set fifteen or twenty minutes to make their chemical change, then put them in a hot oven to bake. There's no other biscuit worth bothering about when you've been used to sourdough.

A meal in an hour . . . all ready, come on!

Later on a couple of long-legged mountain boys dropped in from over on Salt Creek. Said they weren't hungry . . . just bashful . . . but got them settled down to eat and left them alone. After they got through the dogs had to get along on what was left. A mountain boy not hungry from bashfulness, with a quieted appetite in the lead, would prove a champion in any eating contest.

Thinking about Fred Downing who taught me to make sourdough . . . taught me the diamond hitch, too. He packed for mining camps with his partner, Tom Anderson. They had a little string of Spanish

California mules, and they used a Spanish rig. A load on a mule's back always wants to creep up to his ears. Their rig let the packer put the load well down on the sides of the mule, with perfect balance; then you put the light, bulky freight on top. Each mule carried from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds. They used a rope twenty to forty feet long, and had a very broad cinch to go under the mule with a ring in one end and a hook in the other.

When the pack was on there was a diamond on top, with the rope drawn from the cinch to each corner. It made a complete basket of rope over the pack with the little mule inside of it. This was called the diamond hitch. The mule would swell up when the pack was put on, then after going a mile or two he would unswell, so the ropes had to be tightened. They would travel from fifteen to twenty miles a day.

A big help to Father in his mule breeding was old Uncle George, an English Hudson Bay carrier of burdens. He was the first to take up land on Butte Creek, but he was with us so much he got to be part of the Hanley outfit, and we all called him Uncle George. He had had all his toes frozen off. He brought in the California mustang mares, and the best jacks from Kentucky. The California mustang at that time hadn't been demoralized with cross breeding, was practically a pure-bred Arabian. Uncle George had a

wonderful whistle. Riding along after the horses with him in the mountains, we would see a bunch, probably three or four mothers, each with a yearling mule and a sucking colt, and Uncle George would begin to whistle. They would hear that whistle a mile up the mountain and come tumbling down, as it meant salt. Old Uncle George loved horses and mules, but cared nothing for cattle—wouldn't touch them.

Another great old character of my boy days was Bob Wade, who ran the Butte Creek ranch for Father a good deal of the time—a long, lanky fellow, all gold and loyal. Could always go out on the mountain and get a deer when no one else could see one—could shoot off his horse and get a running deer at every shot. If he needed an extra team he would get on his horse and go out on the mountain and drive in a bunch. Could take a couple of wild ones and in a day or two have them going in a team. Never tired of doing things.

Then there was a German on a little garden piece of land that worked for my father most of the time —old Michael. He had a sister back in Germany who was anxious to come out with all her kin—this was at the close of the Franco-Prussian War. Father helped with the amount necessary, and they were sent for. In due time they arrived in Redding, and Father furnished Michael teams and wagons to go

get them—about twenty-five in all, and husky-looking. Michael's sister was an old lady and had been married twice, and these were all her sons and sons-in-law and daughters. Later more came from Germany. They made a thrifty settlement—made good. The men had all been Bismarck soldiers, had good discipline, and were always loyal to the Hanleys, ready to help out at haying or take contracts to haul rails to build fences—and they could start any time filling an order for hogs. They always looked upon Father as their American Bismarck, and Father looked upon them as one of his best investments.

"Aw, Villy, Villy!" I can hear one of those good old German mothers exclaim, throwing her big arms around my neck and crying for joy. I had been away and the report had come back that a horse had killed me.

So much of a boy's education comes from the older men he has a chance to associate with. Feel sorry, sometimes, for the boy to-day, herded in mostly with those his own age, not much chance to get seasoned man-wisdom. . . . The most wonderful influence in my whole life, though, was my father—our rides and drives together. When I look back, I always feel there was something kind of super in his knowledge of natural things and how to handle them. He never

talked much, but when he did he always said something. Always had humor—nothing ever heavy with him. Solution to a problem always comes out of humor. Those that have it are fortunate.

I START OUT FOR MYSELF

The time came when I was ready to break loose and start out for myself. Must have been sixteen that summer, maybe seventeen, but just a boy. Had combined with several others to take a drove of cattle across the Cascades to the open plains, hunting grass and water in a new country not claimed yet.

There were eight or ten of us, maybe. Father went with us to the top of the mountain, where we turned down toward the Klamath. Then he stopped to go back.

"Go till you find a big country," he said, "for you will never get any bigger than the country you are in. All this timber will bring in transportation some day." Father was a pioneer, believed in expansion. As I wouldn't go to school, then it was all right for me to do the other thing—make a life's start.

Just before leaving, he said special to me: "If your luck gets bad, Son, find your bad management, and the chances are your luck will get better."

Mother had said: "Wash your clothes, Willy. Keep clean."

Late Seventies, that was. I was leaving the old Rogue River home and the Butte Creek stock ranch with its mountains and lakes and streams, and was off to a different kind of country. We were all little riding fellows, whose parents had come out in covered wagons, mostly. It was natural for us to break out into space—a heritage. But deep inside I didn't quite have the understanding that I was cutting loose, never going back again to stay . . . that I was going into a new country to become a part of its fiber, help dedicate it to humankind.

After we got our herd together it was just steady going. My first night's guard was in the chaparral brush where Medford now stands.

This was the commencement of many nights I was to live in the world alone. Looking to the heavens, singing to the herd, all alone on night guard, all alone in the world, no one else using it.

You just laid there and dreamed over all the nice things in your life, in that mood of whistling, singing, humming . . . you would think of your girl and all the things that meant enjoyment. Up half the night or over if the herd got restless. Everything was alive, even the heavens moved, the clouds, the stars. And when day came it was as though it had never hap-

pened before . . . the new day was just born and the sun came to take care of it. You grew very happy inside, knowing you would have other chances to live through all the night's hours alone.

Every day moving on into new space.

After getting across the mountains into the scattered juniper and sagebrush, we began to take on the life in the big open country. We were a new outfit with only mountain training, going into the sagebrush plains, where all the natural life of the country was still in place, nothing disturbed.

The first fellow to introduce himself to us was the coyote. First you would hear his little short yips, then a howl answering off on another hill, till every hill had answered. You thought he was being mistreated—you didn't understand that it was just his way of paying tribute to the world he lived in. Soon you found he was a good little fellow when you lived along with him, accepting his code—always ready to go with you in his cheerful way, playing along, catching a grasshopper, then a fly. Just the dog of the plains loving a human friend for a companion . . . would travel with you miles, sometimes close, sometimes far away.

He had gone so far in the Indian's life that he was too smart to be just an animal. He was a dead Indian come back.

Then we found the water birds in the lakes and marshes. The magpie with his black and white stripes and sharp bill and long tail, always with the herd for what he could get out of it—a camp robber. And the old raven, with his *w-h-a-c-k*, *w-h-a-c-k*—his tongue out as if he was perishing for a drink. At first you always wanted to give him one, but you soon found he needed no sympathy; he always knows when the taking is good—and takes.

We were just boys moving through the country with force, spurring and riding hard, everyone in a big hat and chaps, driving with long whips, sometimes dragging thirty feet of riata, snapping it under the ones in the herd poking along—there's a science to handling the rope; you never swing it, but have it dragging and throw it—everyone catering to his own high life, with all the big open country to do it in. This put high tension into the cattle, and helped to make our nights in camp working ones. Cattle would get restless, get up and roam.

But the energy had to be worked out of us. Everything we met that presented itself as an obstacle—well, we would be just a little worse than it was.

At Lost River Gap we stayed over a couple of nights, trading horses—getting fresh ones for those wore out crossing the mountains. We would take the buckers, mostly. This gave us another job, breaking.

In camp we would make wagers with each other as to who could ride a big bucking two-year-old, a wild steer, or a young bull. This last is the buck-off of all the bucking you can remember. The rule for riding bulls or steers is with your spurs on and his tail over your shoulder. You always felt you could have stayed on a little longer if his skin hadn't slipped—but after he got rid of you his skin went back in perfectly good order again. Don't take much of this to cure you of the idea of riding a bull. If you had been in a country that took care of you, many a time you would have needed an ambulance and a doctor.

Where we crossed the Klamath River we found an old man living in a little cabin, who braided whips and reins and made rawhide ropes and did cowboy repairs . . . just living there to catch the trade that might come through—Old Man Baldwin. We all bought long bull whips—regular snapping whips—with little shirt stocks. Old Baldwin was just living in a dream of the country and its future . . . had two fine sons, that later became prominent citizens of the state.

Near Lakeview, the biggest place on the whole trip, with all the frontier life of those times in it, we turned our cattle loose at the head of the slash, and went into town. You could get anything or start anything. It was all there to take you on.

When we returned to camp next day our cattle had scattered over the whole valley. After gathering for a couple of days, we started on again. We didn't get definitely counted out till we got to Honey Creek in Warner Valley, and there we found we were out about thirty head. They were big steers out of the old Butte Creek mountains with a few dry cows, which makes up a real roaming combination.

When the meeting was held to decide who was to go back and bring them up, I was elected. I started back over the trail with a good steady old pack horse and a couple of broncos. It wasn't long till I ran into the Goose Lake roundup, which was just starting. I rode with their riders several days till I had gathered all of ours but one or two, then I started on to join my outfit.

After I set out along I lived continuous on a horse, only getting off to sleep when the cattle laid down, and getting back again when they got up and were ready to go. There was no getting any order into them —gant and drawn and on a high tension, and just rambling.

I had camped at the lower end of Warner Lake, and when I packed up to move on I put my pack on one of my broncs instead of the steady old pack horse, and after getting all ready to start, I found I had left out my last can of quince jelly. They were big quart

cans that we always took on drives. This can had been opened, but not used much, so I fastened the lid down as tight as I could to keep the dust out, tied the can on top of the pack, and turned the little bronc loose.

Right away he started in to buck off that pack. I was soon on my horse and out with my riata, and I got him by the fore feet the first throw—but I scattered everything. You never would believe that one quart of quince jelly could paint so much territory. . . . So it was back to the old pack horse again for safety.

We were off now for the long stretch across the high desert without water.

Saw my first mirages . . . sometimes it would be a raised-up herd, sometimes a city, but generally water. So strong is thirst that you'd believe it, and ride on toward it till it just flattened out into space.

When I finally got off the desert—the next night—at Buzzard's Canyon, I had the feeling that everything in the world had died but me and those cattle. In Buzzard's Canyon I had a good night camp in a little meadow with water. All of us were wore out and ready for a real rest. I had been gathering and guarding alone for two weeks.

The next day I went on with my drive to the OO springs. Slept that night for the first time at the OO. Nothing there. The Piutes in Egan's raid had burned

down the buildings. But there was water! It ran out from under the mountain in great quantities, clear and warm. Woke in time to see the sun come straight up out of the desert—the most wonderful sight . . . no mountains to the east, nothing to cut it off. I said then, laying there, "I'll have this for mine some day."

I got down into the warm water and had a bath, the first time in weeks that I realized I had a skin under what was on top of it. Then I remembered what my mother said, and thought, with so much good water, it was time to wash my clothes. So I took a little kettle off the pack and stuffed in everything I had on, including my woolen shirt. It hardly held enough water to keep the things from burning, but as I thought boiling was the only way to wash I put it over the camp fire for a good cooking.

When at last I took the things out, it was plain to be seen I would have to find a smaller boy to wear that shirt. A boy has to learn everything, and I had learned that you couldn't boil a wool shirt and have much shirt left.

I felt kinda compensated, though, as I had destroyed much life. This would give my punctured skin a chance to get well.

Next day, moving with the cattle across Warm Springs Valley, we had water and grass plentiful, and

I saw antelopes everywhere, with their bushy hair and the big white spot on their hind quarters making reflections like a mirror—the white spot flickers and catches your eye. Just the moving life of the plains.

The Warm Springs were interesting to the traveling boy, the horses walking on floating peat. It would sink down two or three feet, and seem like it would break through and let you down to the bottom, but it never did.

We traveled on—the cattle and me—over the wide plains to the break of Sage Hen Hill, that the old government trail fell down over. All the government roads fell straight down the hills—the easiest way. Always you felt like a wagon would just fall over on top of you. They traveled with a compass, those road makers.

And at last I saw the great Harney Valley that I had been headed for so long, the big valley of the Oregon plains country, that the Indians had fought for. I didn't wonder. It seemed a resting place for Space and all that flies or roams seemed to have found it. It was rest for all of Life. I was afire with feeling for its bigness . . . grass and water and everything.

Way across Sage Hen Valley I saw a little cabin, drove my band toward it. There I met Dan Wheeler and his father. It was their cattle headquarters—just a cabin by a spring, and a barn made of willows

with a hay roof. I laid down by the spring and filled up with water. That gets to be your habit on the plains. You can forget food, but never water.

After a little rest and visit, I drove my band a couple of miles farther, and came up with a great cattle camp and a buckaroo outfit that was working the cattle and branding the calves of all the owners of the whole Harney basin.

This was my first meeting with the big cattlemen of central Oregon. They had driven their herds up from the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys in California, when the fence laws there began to interfere with the open range. There were no fence laws in Oregon, and here they were with their big herds and saddle horses and Spanish trappings and customs and names for things, transplanted into Oregon. Pete French was there, and John Devine, John South, Jo Cooksey, Maurice Fitzgerald, Johnny Newman, Tommy Janny, Jo Bates, Johnny Dale, Ike Foster, Tom Allen, Mart Baker—and some others besides Mexicans and greyhounds. Greyhounds were the favorite dogs of both French and Devine, the two masters of the Blitzen and Silvies river valleys.

They were all well-dressed, showy men, wearing bright colors—all roamers of space in light countries love color, for color is the product of light: the best-equipped men for vaquero life of any that ever rode

the plains, and they all had fine, well-trained saddle horses, with silver-mounted bridles, hackamoors, mecates, and riatas. They mostly wore rosideros for the protection of their clothes—a buckskin apron that fits like a tailored pair of pants, tied around the legs with buckskin thongs. These were all the stockmen there were in the whole country at that time. That's what a round-up meant—all the stockmen coming together with their vaqueros and cattle.

Altogether, with their wide sombreros and gay colors and good form and fine horses, with the sun shining over it all, it made a picture.

And there was I, riding up to them, a boy tramp, all ragged and dusty, in his shrunk shirt, with a straggly bunch of desert-worn cattle. When I came close the old camp cook began to beller above the steaming pots: "Come and get it!" and the vaqueros started for the mess wagon. . . . An old camp cook is always a sort of crabby mother to the boys. . . . One of the men then turned to me and said: "Turn your horse loose, boy, and go get a plate and get you something to eat."

And I did.

Such a bountiful mess, and such a good cook. I didn't fully understand their kindness to me at the time, for I had no equipment in the way of a looking glass and didn't realize all that had happened to my

personal appearance. It was just sympathy, for I was on the last edge of being protected by clothes, was sunburned, my lips cracked and sore, and my mount as wore down as I was.

Just a new boy in the country, was their viewpoint. No matter who he was or where he came from, he was welcome, for they had all been like him, at one time or another, when they first got in on a big drive.

I stayed in their camp that night. I had driven something over four hundred miles since I left home. After supper I just set and watched them . . . they all fathered me, made me welcome. They all wanted a boy.

It was here I got my first impression of the dignity of a powerful cattleman. Devine and French were in their prime, with thousands of head of cattle, controlling the range. They had moved the old Spanish land-grant idea up into Oregon, along with their herds. French was to be a history maker in the country. He was a little man with brilliant dark eyes, all power and control, an immaculate dresser. He seemed to have about the same idea as old Chief Egan, to own all the land from Stein's Mountain to Malheur Lake, and control the water of the Blitzen River.

Nobody ever knew how many Indians he had killed in that Piute raid, but it was enough to make everybody feel that he was a power—and he was.

Next morning I made inquiries and found they knew about my outfit, where it was. I went on and put my little drove on the island with the balance of our herd—had to swim my cattle across—then joined my own outfit on Prater Creek. That island out there in the center of the great plains is made by the Silvies River forking into two prongs, always known as the East and West rivers, and staying apart till they reach Malheur Lake. It makes a wonderful home for cattle, with lots of grass and water. It's the Bell A Ranch now.

Then I visited Camp Harney, where the white settlers had taken refuge from the Piutes. It was the only thing in the whole big country that looked like civilization—was located on Rattlesnake Creek on the side of a hill. There was a long row of officers' quarters, soldiers' barracks, and the guardhouse conspicuous—all painted white, shining in the sun. And there was a settlers' store, and big commissary buildings.

The soldiers' job now was to hold the Indians in check on the reservation.

THE FOURTH OF JULY ON THE PLAINS

It was only a few days till the Fourth. The only place to celebrate it was Camp Harney, and the big

event there was to be a horse race, a settler's horse against a soldier's horse. . . . This was the only meeting place for people south of the Blue Mountains and east of the Cascades, clear through to the Nevada line. Everybody gathered in, after days on the road —even the women, what few there were in the country.

A race horse is just naturally a part of the equipment of an army post on the plains . . . a kind of pet, or mascot, belonging to all the officers and soldiers alike. This fellow was ideal for parade grounds, a model for the cavalry, but he was not built for racing. A pure-bred bay, over-pure, with silk hair and little bone, and he had been rubbed by so many soldiers he looked all wore out with care. If the soldiers could have let him have a little rested life, just lay down and roll good, he would have had a better chance. His race would be long distance, if he had one—and this race course was only five hundred yards. But the army post men were all betting on him because he was theirs and was so beautiful—ganted and drawn for the big event.

But the settler's horse, that belonged to Tom Whiting, a teamster who hauled supplies to the fort, and his wife Ione, was a big, stout-looking young sorrel in grass form, with dust in his hair—probably weighing 1,300 pounds. He looked to me to have all the speci-

fications of a winner in a short race, which this was to be.

There were the soldiers and officers all dressed up in parade uniform, and there was their horse ridden by a groomed-up little jockey with all the stripes and colors of a professional. And there were the settlers in overalls and woolen shirts, and Ione in her pink calico dress, wearing a big bustle and a big cartwheel hat that had somehow been hauled into the country, with a whole flower garden on top. She was all decorated up for the great occasion—and there she stood in the front line, looking the part of the settlers' hope on the Fourth of July.

When the horses were brought out, all was excitement, with Ione just a-hollering for her horse that had come in just as he was, ridden by Tom Whiting in his whiskers and overalls and blue-flannel shirt. As the horses came on the track the excitement got intense, with everybody boosting or hissing and betting. I put up all I had.

The shot was fired and they were off. From the start it looked like a race between one of French's greyhounds and a little fox terrier. The settler's horse was so far in the lead, Tom Whiting had no way to know whether the other fellow was coming in or not. There was no contest over who won. The soldiers with their disciplined training showed themselves to

be good sports, but Ione's hat was clear over her ear, and she was just one frantic holler.

This race brought me right in. I knew everybody now, was no longer a stranger, I was part of the game. . . . That's all a game does, warms you up with excitement, and brings relaxed acquaintance with all about you. . . . I had won about a hundred dollars, more money than I had any idea what to do with.

PREPARING TO WINTER ON THE PLAINS

Right after the Fourth of July we commenced putting up feed for winter. We had camped with Tom Prater, and now we got the job to put up his hay. He had a mower and rake, but he needed our outfit, so he took us on. We were good equipment. We still lived in the open, rolling out our blankets and sleeping on the ground. We had put our cattle together to make the drive into the country, so now we stayed together.

Nobody had any title to any land then; you just stopped where nobody else was, and it suited your purpose, and took all the country had to give to help you get your start. . . . Grass was everywhere, of very fine quality.

After we had cut a couple of hundred tons of the native hay for Tom Prater, we went to the island

and put up a couple of hundred tons more for ourselves. We got the use of Tom Prater's mower and rake in exchange for putting up his hay.

The next thing was corrals. We had to have corrals to protect our winter feed against range cattle. We went to the hills for juniper posts, and found willows to make them of. . . . Never was a corral as good as a willow corral. Cattle can't break it down. You tie the juniper posts together with rawhide strings and then weave in the willows. It was just making a great willow basket and putting your hay inside it.

After getting our corrals made, Dolph Carlton and Charley Jones and myself set out on an exploring trip to the Malheur rivers—there were three of them. We took our pack horses and went across from Camp Harney to the middle fork of the Malheur, into old Piute country. Camped a night at a junction known as Calamity Creek, where the Malheur comes off the Blue Mountains and first gets down onto the floor of the valley.

We killed a buck deer which gave us fresh meat. Then we found some big fish in a hole in the Malheur River. The Indians had left all the streams in good shape, hadn't fished them out. . . . The way we planned to get the fish was for Charley Jones and I to get down into the pool and run them out, while Dolph Carlton, a little nervous man, was to go down along

the swift water below the rapids and shoot them with an old government needle gun.

We made it exciting enough for the fish to get them out, all right, and over the rapids, but Dolph, seeing them coming, such great big ones, in his excitement shot away most of our ammunition, but he got no fish. Then he came into the pool with me and Charley Jones went down on the bar with the old needle gun. He got three fine speckled trout, weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds apiece.

We spent some time packing our fish in salt and drying venison. We were much impressed with this Malheur country. It was all tall grass, a rolling bunchgrass hill country, and no stock. We decided we would settle there . . . but we didn't. We went back to Harney, which is such a big valley, next to the Willamette. But that's where the Juntura Ranch now is—in the Malheur.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE PIUTE

After getting back to Harney, and seeing that all was well, I wanted to look the country over to the south, old Egan's favorite country. I had heard of a place down there where there was an old government well, a noted watering place. The road from there led on south, three hundred miles to Winnemucca in Nevada, our nearest railroad.

No one else wanted to go, as it was now nearing winter, so I set off, traveling light, without supplies, as I expected to find a camp; but I found none instead. The first night I laid out on the south fork of the Malheur, just below some lava caves, not the stronghold of Captain Jack, but of the Piutes. I was on one of old Chief Egan's trails. Piute terrors were too recent to feel altogether comfortable camping in what had so recently been a warring Indian country, and there were still known to be renegade bunches of Piutes roaming around.

So I hobbled my horse and packed my saddle up on the mountain under the rim rock . . . it was cold. I started a little fire that wouldn't make much smoke, rolled up beside it with my saddle for a pillow and my blanket for covering, and went to sleep.

Next morning the coyotes awakened me. After due signaling to one another, they commenced to howl on all the hills. Pretty soon I sat up and commenced to howl, too. When you've laid out all night under the rim rock, and then wake up in the cold of early morning with nothing to eat, and all at once you hear the coyotes howling, you find yourself wanting to howl in sympathy with them. It's a pretty big world to wake up in all alone and not know where any breakfast is coming from. . . . He's a dear sentinel, the coyote.

That day I rode over to the south side of Stein's

Mountain, the country Egan had fought for. It was worth it—all fine pasture. Stein's Mountain is said to be part of the original earth formation, where the rest sunk away and left it. Maybe not another place like it anywhere. I rode, and climbed, and looked, but I couldn't locate any kind of a camp, or any chance of food.

That night I made another lone camp at a light seeping spring in the vicinity of where the Juniper Ranch now is. I let my horse have most of the water as the supply was weak.

Next day I wandered into what is known as the Doc Anderson ranch. Old Doc lived there alone in a clean little cabin, and he had a garden, with new potatoes and everything. This was my third day without food.

Probably the reason he was called Doc, was that others in the same condition had found him. He was a quaint old character, living there on his little cattle ranch alone, making the few travelers welcome. He couldn't do enough for me, wanted me to stay and live with him—he always wanted a boy, and now one had come to him. But after two or three days I went back to my outfit in Harney. Ever after that, old Doc's was one of my best stopping places, and in after years I had the opportunity of contributing to the comfort of his final days.

BACK TO THE ROGUE RIVER VALLEY

Dolph Carlton was one of the older men of our outfit. He had a wife and a ranch in Rogue River, and now he was wanting to get home, so after a few weeks I went back with him.

But the Rogue River country looked small to me after the big plains. All the things to do looked small. I told Father about it—couldn't some way settle into the old life again. As I felt that way, and couldn't seem to feel any other as time went on, Father didn't discourage my going back.

So I began getting together another drive of cattle, of my own this time. Part of the cattle-driving business of those days was to gather up all the loose boys and take them out of the country. Every boy wanted to go on a drive—it was going into a new world. So it was easy to get an outfit together.

I went to Josephine County and did some trading, and I found there George McLaren, a Scotchman, and took him on to help me. He was to be in my life ever after—Ollie's dad.

I got together about two hundred head, and I invested in a mower and rake, making my total investment for my start come to $1,250, with Father advancing credit.

That spring I got my outfit together and started

on my second drive into Harney. It was a clumsy load, with the mower and rake and supplies for the summer. Crossing Green Spring Mountain, we would mire down two or three times a day. It was sticky soil, wet with melting spring snows. It had been a heavy winter, and mud was everywhere. We would have to unload and carry out our supplies—and it seemed like you never could find an easy way to carry a mower and rake on your back. Every piece of it was rough when you put it on your shoulder.

When we at last reached Little John's place—he was an Indian—we laid over a few days, resting and trading wore-out horses for fresh ones. An Indian's horse is never very good, and never very bad . . . just good for endurance. Rested, we moved on.

Tom Collins comes back to me—Tom was much older than the rest of us, but he had been associated with us for so long that he had got to be a part of the Hanley outfit. Tom always wore high-heeled boots and a khaki hat, well forward, with most of his head sticking out behind. He loved boys, and was always ready to play; never ran out of life or got sour and cross and sorry about anything that happened. Always an ideal man on a drive. More than anybody else, he had the art of trailing strayed cattle. . . . The herd is not counted out every day unless it's very small, but when you do count it, if any are missing,

you are supposed to know at least some of them, as your association with them is the same as with people. While they are all cattle, every one is an individual.

Funny about a herd—how human it is. It just sort of classifies itself—like people. The better conditioned ones—better fleshed—move off in the lead, together with the cows that have calves and the steers with a little age on them. Then in the middle are those just going along with the others, and at the back is the drag end . . . always some little sore-footed ones, then there are always some new calves on the road, and these have to be hauled in calf wagons. Besides this, there are the renegades off to one side—some pop-eyed cows with one horn knocked up and one down, and a few big mountain steers with rebellion in their minds.

When the animals were analyzed, Tom always knew them perfectly. . . . One of the rules with the man that goes to look for back cattle is that he shakes hands with the others at parting, which means: "If I don't find them cattle you'll never see me again."

On this drive, some had strayed and Tom started back, expecting to be gone a day, maybe two. He was gone five, living all that time on the supplies he'd taken for a short trip. One cow had got a wrong idea about where she lost her calf, and she had gone back

forty miles across the dry plains, then, with her psychic sense, she had crossed a ridge and got water at a place we didn't know anything about, which would have been a great convenience earlier if we had. From there, she had come on back to within a few miles of where she started. Tom had followed her all the way. In tracking her, he had found she had the point of one toe off. In this watering place she discovered for us were cattle native to the country, and her tracks were mixed with them and many others. It had been hard to single her out, but Tom had managed to do it.

IN BIG BUSINESS

When I landed in the country with my mower and rake I was in big business, as I had the first ones in the whole central Oregon country ready to do custom work. I was going to cut hay for other people, as I needed outside support to help me carry my cattle. Tom Prater's outfit was only for himself.

I had stopped at the head of the valley where there were some squatters, Monts and Bill Curry, and my first contract was to cut Monts' hay at so much a ton. The native hay was fine and plentiful, and all the title you had to it was a squatter's claim.

Monts had an idea of starting some kind of a social center, for Camp Harney had been abandoned and

the soldiers had gone. The Indians were staying pretty well on the reservations. So Monts decided he would start a store.

He took a team and went to Winnemucca for his supplies, which consisted of two barrels of whisky, some tobacco, a few blue-flannel shirts, overalls, and other little pretenses at a stock of goods. . . . Monts was a great old character—an ex-prizefighter and a sailor whose main profession was talking. No one could ever call him a liar, for he never pretended to tell the truth.

After he got his store going, which took him a day or two, he just set by his fire and told stories, laying stress every now and then on what he thought of a feller that would go take a glass and draw liquid from the barrel without settling with the top. As there was no bartender, and no service, it was like going to a buckaroo camp and getting your plate and drawing from the pots for your meal.

I started cutting hay. I wasn't running on union hours, and what time was left I was grinding sickles and breaking horses. There were plenty of them in the country, all big and fat.

I had learned by now how to break a horse and still leave in him his idea of getting me off—just turned that into service. . . . A bucking horse is like what is generally called a bad boy—has too much life and

energy for the use he can ordinarily make of it, learns to be bad through mishandling. He ain't bad naturally. Breaking a horse is putting him to school, and a bad horse is just one that's been misunderstood when getting his education. In the earlier days we went too fast with him on the start—all little roughneck boys with no understanding. All you have to do with what is called an outlaw horse is to let him know you're top man, and he soon comes under your government. But he must have many things that give him pleasure for his service.

Soon I was through at Monts' place, and went to Stinger's and Kennedy's, taking another boy with me. The others that came in on the drive had scattered, some went back.

Father Kennedy was an ex-soldier, a sergeant, who carried all the dignity of a brigadier general, with his white whiskers, straight back, and stiff manners.

Mother Kennedy was out of an Irish family that had followed washing at the army post.

They lived in a government tent on a ranch, squatters, like everyone else, with about two hundred head of cattle. Mother Kennedy was big and fat and goodhearted, with a considerable brood of children, an executive carrying out the general's orders. He would just set and rock.

One night one of the little boys ran to him at sup-

per time, and said: "Daddy, can I eat without washing?"

"Yes, my son, if your mother says so," he replied in a very dignified manner.

The little fellow started off jubilant to get his mother's consent, which he thought would be easy, when the old general bawled out: "Sue, make him wash!"

It was always that way with the Kennedys, but happy about everything. . . . It wasn't long till Mother Kennedy had just adopted me as one of her boys.

I cut hay for another squatter, then I went to Poison Creek and cut hay for myself in partnership with Dolph Carlton, who had come back to the country, bringing his wife and their two children, this time. They were squatters like everybody else.

Once I came mighty close to making a failure of my haying. The mower had a kind of wiggling casting in it that it got its power from; and in the midst of the job I broke the casting. It had to be fixed or work stop. I took it over to old Browdy Johnson, a kind of blacksmith and poker player left over from the government post, and in charge of Camp Harney since the soldiers had gone.

He tried to fix it, but he could do nothing with it. He was just helpless about everything but shoeing horses and playing poker.

But he had plenty of files left over from the government supply, so I borrowed one and went to work. With his help, I made a couple of rings that I filed and worked on till I got the casting together. Then I took it back to camp, and to make bearings I soaked up a cow hide, putting the same work on it that you would on a riata, which was much detail in preparation, and then cut it up into rawhide strings.

These I wrapped about the casting and iron rings till it was completely welded. My mower was ready to go again, to the joy of the whole settlement, which had been looking on.

A SNOW-FLOOD WINTER ON THE PLAINS

I lived that winter with Dolph and Mead Carlton, very dear companions. She was one of those large, beautiful women who can do everything well. Little thin, nervous Dolph was always ready for anything, always good-natured, but never seemed to plan things in a big way. But they always maintained an institution of home and harmony, always happy people to be with.

This turned in to a big flood winter, with the whole country covered. On Christmas night it commenced to rain, and by the first of the year a flood was on from

the mountains, and water continued to run through February.

Everybody was out gathering and putting their cattle on high ground. We would find them huddled in little groups, on islands with swimming channels between . . . and we were all swimming cattle steadily from February till April. In the morning we would run and jump on our horses, and ride into a deep river with a scum of ice on it, to get wet all over, at once. We adopted this plan to get the wetting idea out of the way. . . . We were good boys after that, would cross any kind of water.

There was an island in Malheur Lake, a quarter of a mile from the shore, which had probably a section of land in it. One day four or five of us swam over to get the cattle off. We had been riding so much in swimming water that we had developed wonderful swimming horses. I was riding a little blue roan that would swim with his saddle skirts clear above the water. When we got over to the island I went on the inside with the cattle and ran in a circle till I got the tension up, got them to milling, and when the tension was at the highest I plunged into the water and swam for shore with them all after me. Then I had to go back and help a couple of boys that wasn't so fortunate in having good swimming horses.

One bunch we took off had been on the island two

or three years, as they had two- and three-year-old calves unmarked. Strays, belonged to whoever found them.

That year I got to know everybody in the country. There were old fellows left over from earlier days, in little camps here and there—Indian scouts and trappers. There was old Jimmy Gentry who would take a pack and a mule and go out for game, and come in the next day with two or three buck deer. He would get so many, everybody would have to stop work and go to drying them. In Camp Harney days, when they wanted to send a message to the Indians, they always sent Jimmy Gentry, as he knew every pass and every trail . . . knew the Indians and could tell by the appearance of things what they were up to.

Then there was old Trapper Bill. He had been a sort of go-between for Indians and soldiers. Everybody was friendly with Trapper Bill, and he was friendly with everybody. Once when we were gathering cattle when it was terribly cold, and we had come into camp starved down, here comes over from his camp old Trapper Bill with a great big treat for us—a pan full of pickled beaver tails. We'd been on beef and beans and bacon and slough coffee. . . . Slough coffee? That's just coffee made of slough water. Couldn't stop it when it started down your throat. So thick you couldn't cut it off. . . . Well, and here

comes Bill with this new tempting dish; and we just fell on it.

Old Bill had cut the tails up in chunks, with the bones taken out, the meat all tender and jelly-like. There we stood about that pan, a chunk of bread in one hand, and a chunk of beaver tail in the other. Every once in a while old Bill would warn us mildly not to go too heavy on it, saying as much as he could, it being his treat, but a lot of empty boys with such a dish as that before them wouldn't listen to any warning. We were all equipped with a boy's appetite, and had been riding hard all day.

Only one thing kept us all from dying that night: life was just too strong in us. But we completely lost our appetite for beaver tails, the old trapper's chief delicacy.

Never heard anything more about beaver tails till these first boys began to get bald heads. An old fellow came along through the country recommending beaver-tail oil for scalps to keep the hair from falling out. Those that took his advice and used it were the only ones that never had any hair afterward.

But a beaver tail is a magic tool. . . . Would watch the little fellows in the streams. A beaver puts the stick in the water where he wants it, flaps it a few times—and when he's blessed it with that tail, it stays put. Every old trapper knew their ways like

people. "See that beaver house over there?" one would say, pointing to some brush. "There's a father and mother and six children lives there."

One of the special things that interested Ogden Skeen, the explorer, when he came through our country, was the beavers.

GATHERING UP WILD MOUNTAIN CATTLE

In March, word came from my father that he had bought the old Nick Wright cattle in the Siskiyou Mountains, and he wanted me to come home and help gather them and bring them out to the plains on another drive . . . so I went.

They were truly wild cattle, Texas longhorns, brought up from the South in early mining days and turned loose in these mountains to scatter and multiply. Some were twenty years old, and probably not half had ever been marked or branded . . . mostly steers. They had been sold before, but it was one thing to have title to a wild herd in the mountains, and another to get possession of them.

This was one of the big drives of those early days, probably between seven and eight hundred head. They were driven by the whole combination of Hanley boys. The Siskiyous have steep grades, are timbered and rough, and we had to run them to get them. We

would get around seventy-five or a hundred at a time, bunch them at Father Peterson's, one of the old-time circuit-riding, farming preachers of the valley, a good friend to all of us, a fine old fellow.

When we were ready to make the drive across the mountains, our outfit was made up of the same kind of boys we had taken on our other drives; and my two brothers were with me.

I was now beginning to understand the science of handling cattle on big drives, beginning to understand that it was more important to handle their tempers and provide them comforts than to apply force and drive so hard, which only created tension and discontent.

My plan now was to keep them on feed all day, traveling in daylight, and get them to the bedding ground just at dark, thus teaching them that night was for sleep.

It was discipline, establishing a system.

The old way was to whoop it up in the daytime, get them as soon as you could to where you wanted to be that night, then turn them loose. The result was, they'd be mad, excited, all tension.

But let them travel with their heads down, grazing, going at their leisure, and they would feed ten miles a day. I would plan it so they would get to water along toward noon. If they get too dry they won't

eat. . . . I had learned we must all just be cattle together, and not some of us lord it over the others. . . . I was getting a system of management that was to be the operating plan forever after.

When we reached Harney Valley the others turned back to Rogue River, and I was once more alone.

That fall I commenced gathering up my first drive of beef for the market early in September. The starting place was Saddle Butte, on Nine-Mile Slough. The lake was high and the water backed up in the slough. . . . All the cattle people of that region gathered together to work the valley.

From the first day's gathering, we were guarding. We had no fences or corrals . . . the natural corral on the plains is just the fellows standing, making a ring around the cattle. Taking out the steers and the fat cows made a nervous bunch to handle, and this job was to last two months, as the gathering would take a month and the drive out to Winnemucca, over three hundred miles away, or to Reno, still farther, would take another.

After I had been gathering and guarding a week or ten days, generally getting into camp at two or three in the afternoon, I found, one day when I came in, a very dignified, gentlemanly man riding a stabled, grain-fed horse, the kind I had been used to in Rogue River. He had a pair of saddlebags—and didn't turn

his horse loose; wasn't trained to that. I soon discovered that he was the assessor from John Day, out assessing the fellows that had cattle.

Taking my saddle off my horse, I grabbed a plate and got my dinner, then lay down in the hot sun, on my stomach, and went to sleep. It gets to be your habit to take your sleep when you can.

When the assessor got through with the other fellows he asked: "Anyone else?"

Always there's someone in every crowd that will talk too much. One of these spoke up and said: "That fellow laying over there has got cattle."

The assessor came over to me and, taking hold of my shoulder, turned me over. I was rubbing my eyes —just a boy, all sunburnt, tired out, dead for sleep. But I can yet see the friendly face of that old long-whiskered fellow as, letting go of me, he said: "If that boy's got cattle he doesn't have to pay taxes on them."

I laid and watched him get on his horse and ride off, and I thought, "What a fine man you are." . . . No one has ever said them kind words to me since.

Funny thing about that talking fellow, always giving information. He's never so good at anything else. Most men on the plains get the silent habit—thoughts running through their minds, living in a dream . . . don't like to be disturbed, don't disturb no one. There

was a fellow named Arnold, slowest-talking man ever in the country. Leaving the OO one cold morning in early winter, he remarked after he and another vaquero had got on their horses: "I'm going to buy me a new saddle." A saddle is always the main thing on a vaquero's mind.

No answer. When they got to Wagontire and were ready to get off their horses, he says: "And it's going to be a damned good one, too."

Just thirty miles between the first and last statement.

It was a good winter. I kept my headquarters on Poison Creek with the Carltons, always a dear pair. We would play a game of cribbage before dinner to see who would cook. The loser had to, and he was most generally poor little Dolph. But Mead always helped him out—always stood by Dolph. Awful good-hearted, Mead. Good cribbage player, too. She could put me to cooking often enough.

A few besides Dolph had brought their familes in, and we would have our little neighborhood parties. When it was a dance, it lasted a couple of nights. There were half-a-dozen real girls in the country, and it proved to be a mating winter, with them all married by the next season. Music for the dances was mostly furnished by Old Man Jordan, who could play

three tunes, and he would set with his back to the dancers, a-patting his foot and keeping time. We danced only the square dances, as old Jordan didn't have any round ones in his training. . . . Some of the men were ex-soldiers left over from the army post, some were squatters, but most were just young fellows that came into the country on drives.

Nights it would be clear and cold with stars shining down bright . . . when you went to the cabin door and looked out, seemed like you could pick a star right out of the sky, it was so close.

We had some snow. One night I was out in the middle of the valley looking for stock . . . got in with the antelopes and stayed with them all night. The snow was falling quietly and the antelopes were all around me. They looked at me and I looked at them. They were no more strange to me than I was to them. Antelopes everywhere—hundreds of them. So I just became an antelope, for it was dark and no trail, no sky, no light, no noise—just quiet snow falling on snow, and us antelopes. What a beautiful night it was—didn't last long enough.

MY FIRST TRADE

That spring after grass started, Dolph and I were riding out through the valley, and he says to me:

"Why don't you buy me out, Billy?" Dolph and Mead wanted to go back to their Rogue River ranch, to people and towns.

But I had no understanding of buying him out, as I had no money.

He soon enlightened me, said he would take my paper, and before we had gone another mile I had bought him out.

This deal included his cattle and squatter's right to the Poison Creek ranch. With this transaction, I knew I had truly adopted the country. And it taught me something—how to make deals. After that I bought out one or two other settlers who were discouraged and wanting to get back to smaller valleys and towns. No one had any but a squatter's title. . . . You didn't see much real necessity of getting title to land, when you had the free use of all you could handle.

Dolph and Mead packed up and drove out. I missed them. They were a fine pair of companions for a boy to have. . . . But I was a full-fledged citizen now, with responsibilities, and all the big country to ride over.

A ROUND-UP, SETTLERS, AND ANOTHER TRADE

Next spring I started on a big round-up, with Johnny Newman. We were headed for Silver Creek and Wagontire, where it was to start.

On top of Sage Hen Hill we met settlers coming into the country, a covered-wagon outfit: a man with his wife and children. It was George McGowan. He was bringing in merchandise, with the idea of starting a store. We had a little talk, and he drove on, and before long he bought out Monts Curry, who by now had pretty well cleaned up his two barrels of whisky.

We rode on, thinking about how we were to have a real store, with a storekeeper behind the counter, and a new settler. He was a Scot, the man who afterward named the town of Burns.

At Silver Creek we were joined by Ike Foster, who represented Hardin and Riley, big California cattlemen, at the OO. At Wagontire we met the vaqueros from Goose Lake, Chewaucan, Summer Lake, Silver Lake, and the Crooked River and Beaver Creek countries. We camped with them, thirty or forty, all told, in a little meadow by a stream that comes off Wagontire Mountain—a picked lot of fine-looking men, all the riders there were in the country at that time. We were to scatter in a few days, each outfit going back to its own range, but before that we would come to an agreement to represent each other. A man from one of the big outfits who was familiar with their irons always went along with each of the other outfits.

Wagontire was not so much of a center for cattle

as it was a meeting place out of the desert. Here for a week we had feasts, lassoing the mountain sheep that were plentiful around Wagontire and killing mule-tail deer . . . then we had bucking contests and horse races. This was just the social life of the range riders. When all agreements had been reached, we scattered and began the actual round-up of cattle on the open range, working them north and south, taking our own and leaving the others. By the time we got through we probably had a couple of thousand head, belonging to everybody that owned cattle in the valley. We kept adding to our herds from day to day, for they wandered far, in the winter, with no fences or boundaries, but we got them together again in the spring.

After riding the Wagontire country we came off toward Silver Creek and the OO, where we were joined by the big Harney riding outfit of Devine and Todhunter, Pete French, and some settlers. There had been a big calf drop that year, and there were lots of cattle to handle. Our cows have always been the greatest producers when out of the plains in the calm of quiet sunlight, where it was necessary to make long trips between grass and water, which provided them with some struggle for existence. All life seems that way—when the struggle ceases, reproduction goes

down. . . . It was this that made the Harney Valley the natural home of the cow herd.

No grazing country ever made better beef than the high mountain country, but it was not so good for big calf drops. Old mountain cows get interested in the scenery, and don't have so many calves. . . . That sensitive cow nature again. When a cow, like all other life, is too much taken up with other things, such as admiration for the country she is in, she forgets her first duty to raise a family. Our cows never had calves very plentiful in the high, green, beautiful mountains.

We worked around toward Harney, where I had met the big outfits when I first came into the country, a ragged boy. My two years on the plains made me feel that I was now a part of it all. I was associated with all the vaqueros, and knew their ways. The pride of the California vaquero was his saddle horses and equipment. As a rider grew in rank, he got more saddle horses, many having a string of twenty. The vaquero's skill was known by the length of his rawhide rope, some being seventy feet long. There were never any other riders so light on a horse or so skillful as these from California. This idea of the vaquero never got north of the Blue Mountains or across the Snake River.

We who had come in later adopted their code and methods. Remember a big heavy old Mexican called Tolliman who was always present at a horse round-up. If some nervous horse broke out, Tolliman was right there, and that horse was sure stopped with a heavy fall. Never knew another man of his strength and power on the end of a rope.

I had got to know, too, all the big cattlemen. Fine fellows . . . great characters . . . individuals, not like each other, not like anybody else—each one just himself. There was Colonel Hardin, from California, with his main ranch on King River, in Nevada. Had big holdings, though in our country. He would drive up in a buckboard coupled out to ten or twelve feet long, with a high spring seat in the center—could hear him come jingling as far as you could see him. Had chain harness and drove a big pair of horses. Weighed three hundred fifty pounds, maybe four hundred. Set up there in the middle of the seat, no bed on the buckboard, just an iron rail around to hold things on. Always had a jug of whisky with him. He was "Colonel" just because he was the definition of the word. Everybody took his orders. When he stood up he looked over the top of everything—was over six feet six.

Never seemed to grow old, or have anything happen to him that really hurt him. Once he went to

sleep in the caboose behind a train of cattle. There was a back-end collision. When the cattle began to roll out, he just rolled out from under them—was in the second car ahead of the caboose; how he ever got there no one ever knew. A big nephew found him and carried him out—he would have to be big to do it. It never could be explained how Colonel Hardin ever got into that second car.

He put in a claim to the railroad for damages, told them the trouble was in his back. Old Colonel telling about it would always say: "If you stick to it it's in your back, they can put all the experts to work on you, and they can't locate it." . . . The Colonel was ahead of the x-ray.

Riley was the Colonel's partner—they had been partners from way back in time. They owned a store together in Nevada, and Riley run the store—didn't come up so often. A gentlemanly, mild-mannered man, always immaculately dressed, who came in with a driver and a nice rig . . . just the law of averages working in those two partners. Came in once when he'd been sick on the way, got there all used up with dysentery. Ed Brown began doctoring him with somebody's pain killer, and the next morning, very polite, Brown inquires about his health. "Well," says Mr. Riley, in a very dignified way, "my bowels this morning are not disagreeably fast, nor yet stupidly

slow." . . . Those words made you know he was very much of a gentleman—just refined Riley.

Ike Foster was Hardin and Riley's foreman at the OO. Ike was a little short fellow, sort of Southern in type . . . tied a string around his head, then cut off all the hair below it, making a straight bob. Had come in by the Southern route, with Kitchen on the old Creighton trail. He was a born foreman—always handled someone else's outfit and selected mild-mannered, quiet men to work for him—like Tom Allen and Mart Baker. Put up new buildings on the OO—Egan's men had burned down the first ones.

But Pete French was the outstanding one of them all: a little dapper man, with his cane, looked like a dancing master. Slim built, wiry, never weighed over 125 pounds, had very dark hair and skin and very brilliant dark eyes. Was all business, active and quick in decision, always real boss. Knew the country and everything in it. Splendid vaquero, good with the rope, liked to ride an old worn saddle. He had brought up many of the best vaqueros of California, and every one of his men had his own string of good saddle horses and the best vaquero equipment. They were all under his control, but always loyal to him. A hard worker; kept going himself, and kept everyone else going. He was the noted fence builder of the country . . . never saw a rim rock running along a line at the

top of a ridge but what he rode it out with a fence idea in his mind—this was before the day of barb wire. He built rock fences, filling in the gaps of the rim rock; he fenced fields with smooth wire, boring holes in the posts to string it through; he built stockade corrals, the strongest made, by setting juniper posts close together in a trench, then lashing willows on top with rawhide, to basket them—built them round like a basket.

French had been trained by Dr. Glenn, on a Spanish land grant, near Chico, California. They all had the Spanish land-grant idea in mind in settling and developing the country—felt their super-right as discoverers—but were all clean, direct business men. They had a code among them—each had his own camping grounds and fenced fields, but all were welcome on one another's ranches. I never saw one of these men but what he seemed superior, kept everyone's respect, and every one was a prince of entertainers. Always maintained a big table at the ranch headquarters, with from one to two cooks, and travelers were made welcome. The only way news got into the country was from the traveler, and this built up the custom of ranch hospitality.

Always, fellows hunting jobs liked to work on these big ranches. It was organized men's work—not like being a hired hand on a little farm. Everything was

done in a big way. They were all bachelors, and it was a man's life.

The lumber that went into the ranch buildings had to be hauled from the Blue Mountains, averaging a hundred and fifty miles away. But they had good teams and big equipment, with ten to twelve mule teams and three or four wagons each, constantly on the road in summertime. There was always an extra man along known as the swamper—a sort of chore boy for the teamster.

Public opinion has never been fair to these old-time cattlemen. In the cities they were called cattle kings, and monopolists. But they would all have been captains of industry had they located in commercial centers. A big, old-time cattle ranch was just a meat factory where they gathered up the grass, got it into commercial shape, and moved it on to the centers of population to be distributed to consumers. City people didn't have this understanding, however, were prejudiced.

BEST TRADE OF MY LIFE

French and Devine had been busy some time, buying out other cattlemen and smaller owners. They wanted to control the range. Devine was another type—what might be called a sportsman, always interested in horses, specially race horses. It was said

he had taken Todhunter in as partner at Sacramento, to strengthen his finances, after making a big loss on a race horse called Compromise. He always mourned the day that Compromise flew the track. He was a stallion, and Devine had his colts branded "C. C." These were the noted Devine saddle horses, known all over the West—long, rangy, and high-powered. John Devine, himself, was a long-bodied man of unusual height and size, and he generally traveled through the country with his buggy and team. His buggy was built along the old overland stagecoach lines, with rocker springs, very high. He was a splendid horseman, and setting up in his high rig, with picked driving horses, he was a figure to arouse admiration.

Well, on this round-up, when we got to where I first met the big outfits on coming into the country, Devine approached me about selling out. Seems it had been arranged between him and French that he was to get the Hanley cattle. But I wasn't so anxious to sell, and I didn't come to his terms. We jockeyed on trading a day or two, then we all went to the island ranch.

Now, I had ridden a rangy horse of my own to the island, very beautiful, with a bald face and white legs. He wasn't a good cow horse, or well gaited to ride, but he was good-looking, and Devine had a

fancy for good-looking horses—was always watching every outfit for them, always ready to trade.

A field had been fenced off on this ranch, with smooth wire, and it had a high hurdle opening of heavy pole bars. I had met Devine again, and we had had some talk, not getting anywhere; and while we set there, Devine making me offers, me not interested in his terms, making my own, him not interested in mine, what did that little bald-faced horse do but go out and deliberately jump those bars. He had those long round legs, looked like a runner, and he hadn't been in a spring ride, so he wasn't all wore out. At no time is a horse so perfect as when he has just shed and has been on spring grass and rode just a few times to gant him. He's full of horse then. Probably what made him jump the bars, was just lonesomeness, wanting something to do. He never did it before, maybe never did afterwards. It was just like he was putting on a little performance for our benefit.

Anyway, he did it, and with that, Devine jumps up excitedly and demands in a big voice, "Whose horse is that?"

"Mine," I says.

"Boy," he exclaims, "put in the horse and it's a trade" . . . the best trade I ever made on a horse.

The cattle was sold on estimated range count and no delivery. The sale included my interest in the

JOHN DEVINE, his race horses, ranch hands, and dogs. "Devine had a fancy for good-looking horses, always watching every outfit for them, always ready to trade."

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Poison Creek ranch and all my belongings, except my chickens, two dozen of them. I held these out, as chickens was chickens, and they were the only ones in the whole country. I figured I'd want them when I come back, for I was to return to Rogue River now—but I knew I'd come back.

BACK TO ROGUE RIVER

Once more I went to Rogue River, settled up my debts, including what I owed Father, had $7,000 left, and was twenty years old. My father was very proud of me, as a boy that'd gone out to make his way and come home with it made. I was a much-respected guest at all the little parties, but I was not interested in getting into serious complications with girls. A fellow that expects to keep on riding the ranges don't feel serious.

The Southern Pacific Railroad was now building from Roseburg to Ashland, which was a transportation victory for Rogue River Valley, as it had been a big question with the settlers and old miners whether the valley offered inducements enough to justify a railroad. Then there was a question whether the road would follow the old stage route around the foothills to Jacksonville, or go straight through, but Jacksonville refused to pay the price, which was around

forty or fifty thousand dollars, saying, "You go the route that suits you best. We were here first and we'll stay here, road or no road." . . . As history proved, they'd better have paid the price asked.

With my brother Ed I got together another drive to take over the mountains, but Father's health broke, and as his condition was serious, I told Ed to go ahead with the drive and I would stay and look after things at home.

When the railroad was completed to Ashland I turned shipper from Rogue River to Portland, and in this way came in contact with all the packers of that time. In those days the passenger traffic was so light that cattle were shipped on passenger trains.

I was busy at the same time on the valley ranch, trying to carry out the things Father had started. In the beginning of his alfalfa raising he had raised only enough to fill the barns, what was adequate for the stock kept on the ranch, but I wanted to build up a real feed business. So I began sowing more, which is expensive, as the ground has to have extra preparation, and it has to be carried a year without any turnover. You do well if the little plants live the first year. But we soon had the old ranch all in alfalfa. It always seemed to rain during alfalfa haying, and one year we lost a third of the crop through stacks going off from spontaneous combustion and burning up.

Next, I started in, with the remnants of the herds we had in the Siskiyou Mountains, to restock the ranches. We had upwards of a thousand head, all gentle cattle. My main mountain range was Squaw Lake and Big Applegate Creek.

It wasn't long before a couple of sheep fellows came in to capture my lower range. They had been up on the summit of the Siskiyous, but were moving down into my glades. There is never much use fighting a fellow that has as good a right as you have, so I met this encroachment with a kind of backfiring system. I got me some sheep. It wasn't any trouble for me to understand how to run sheep. What strikes at the dignity of the cattleman is the lowness of the service he has to give. They are always a-bleating, working their noise for sympathy, which is a kind of asking for protection. To a cattleman, it is a dreary noise. Then they have to be kept in flocks, and given continual human association. If one gets out, he has no psychic sense to help him get back into the flock, or any understanding of direction. If a dog runs around him it scares him, and he runs back to the balance of the sheep as if he had never been associated with a dog before. Come to a little water, or any little problem however simple, and he won't go across without backing up, but when one does start, all the rest crowd stupidly after him. He has been herded since

before the Good Book was written, and he don't know any more now than he did then.

While the sheep fellows were coming in on my lower pet range, I went with my band of sheep to their high range. . . . It was no trouble for them to say I was the meanest man ever in the business, which of course it was necessary to have them say so I could get on some sort of operating terms with them.

In the breaking up of the ranges, the cattle man generally settled on a creek and turned his cattle up into the mountains back of him, then commenced to make a property. Along would come a sheepman and eat off the outside grass, leaving a bare country all around him, then move on to another good range. This was the cause of the feuds. In time I got a settlement out of my sheep friends, then went out of the business. A few times I have returned to it, but not many.

In riding round the summit of the Siskiyous, a horseshoe ridge, I used to visit one of the old superstitious places of the Indians, called the Bad Ghost, a quicksilver mine where Indians, camping on the ground and building their fires, would get salivated. Some of them had died. I would follow on down what we termed Jo's Creek to the Blue Ledge Mine—and stop and visit awhile with old hermit miners. On all these creeks there was a scattering of old forty-niners

that had followed north as far as the Rogue River Valley and Jacksonville, where rich pockets had been found. The old miner was always cheerful—was always carried off to the poorhouse in the end with the understanding that it was just till he got well, got on his feet again, and got another stake.

Riding one night through an old mining center with big substantial buildings that had been constructed on the idea of the mines never giving out, all deserted now, everybody gone, as I supposed, I rode by one of the biggest old houses, and I saw a little gleam of light and heard something like music.

I got down and went in: there sat a little thin old miner all alone by his dingy light which was furnished by a piece of braided calico in a tin plate of tallow—a big, rough, neglected room. Looked like better days had gone by. But there set the little old fellow dreaming out loud with his flute:

> "*And the Captain with his whiskers*
> *Took a sly glance at me,*
> *Took a sly glance at me,*
> *Took a sly glance at me,*
> *And the Captain with his whiskers . . .*"

Old fellow around sixty or seventy, with the little flute that had been his companion forever, laying around on gravel beds . . . now in this old camp, the

last one, just to stay till someone found him and hauled him off to the poorhouse.

It all showed that his life wasn't dingy, no matter what your interpretation of it might be. The ordinary traveler coming along would say what an awful life this fellow has . . . but it wasn't awful at all, for he was living in his dream and making music to it. It's only with the old miner that hope grows stronger as life grows weaker. His life is a very happy one for his myths are like opiates.

Exploration will go on for many generations in the Siskiyous. Two rivers, the Rogue and the Klamath, cut the mountain range in two to get to the ocean. In between these rivers, Time will never be long enough to exhaust the possibility of fresh discovery. Searching will go on by tunnel, spade, electricity, x-ray . . . man will forever be looking into these mountains. You couldn't blame the old miner for getting fascinated—old Nature put out so many lures.

Not much danger of anything running out in America—except vision.

But at that time all this country looked like the past to me. Everything seemed to tell of a day that was done. The old mining camp of Jacksonville with its excitements was just a little quiet village now, where you bought your supplies. I was restless to get back to the plains where it was all future.

SINGING TO THE WILD CATTLE

I commenced getting together another drive. For very little money, I bought the remnants of the Nick Wright cattle that had been sold so often and delivered so seldom, those wild Texas longhorns in the Siskiyous. I took old Jack with me to get them out this time.

Old Jack was the most wonderful hand with cattle, the most wonderful singer to them I ever heard in all my period of time. He had a nice camp with plenty of feed and a corral a mile up on Elliot Creek Ridge, and he had many dogs.

Old Sage was his best bear dog. He could run down a mountain as fast as a bear could. If a dog can keep up with a bear down a mountain, he can make him climb a tree when he starts up, and this was what Sage was master at. He was a wonderful cow dog in the brush and timber, seemed to have super-knowledge of what the cattle were doing, and was always at work. Sage and a little dog we called Carlo would take a wild bull or cow that was accustomed to slipping out of the herd, and put them back in as good shape as if it was open country. Little Carlo would get the bull by the nose, and the bull would begin to swing him around as if he wasn't anything, but soon he would get his head down on the ground and beg

for relief. Back into the herd was his best protection, and nobody knew it better than he did. One day I found Sage with Jack's red bandana tied around his neck, which was pretty sore. A couple of days before, Jack had been up on the mountain following a big grizzly, known as Realfoot, an old cattle killer. They came up on her and Sage made the attack, but the grizzly got one lick at him with her paw, and came near cutting the dog's jugular vein. Jack finally got where he could get a shot at her, and that was the last of old Realfoot, the greatest cattle killer ever in the Siskiyous.

Old Jack and another fellow and me set out to get those wild cattle that had been gone after so often they were as wild as deer. Boys sent in to get them generally came out with one, and him half killed. I had now gained considerable knowledge of cows on drives, and went at it a little different.

You can generally figure that everything living wants something special, cows the same as men. If you can find out what it is, you can deal with them. Salt was what these cows craved, and salt was scarce in the green wooded country. We would stick to salt, handle them in a different way.

We took their tracks and worked cautiously up to where they were, but immediately they sensed us and broke and run down the steep wooded glades, fifty

to a hundred in a bunch, on a regular stampede. They had been chased so often they would start running at the first sound of breaking brush and go clear down the side of the mountain, then scatter and lay down like hogs . . . smartest little devils.

We would take their tracks again and follow, and when the tracks began to scatter we would know we were in the vicinity of their center, so we would just set quietly with our dogs and horses until we heard the brush begin to crackle, then we would know they were moving toward one another; we would put out some salt, and old Jack would begin that quiet and low singing of his "So-o-o Bossy, so-o-o Bossy, so-o-o Bossy"—a low moaning sort of call, with a little tune in it.

They would all break and run again, then we would do the same thing all over, just slipping along quiet and easy to where they were scattered, putting out more salt, old Jack singing some more.

Finally we would get them to take a little salt. The first steer that tried it gave a lick, then looked up sort of surprised—and broke and run, with all the others after him.

But we kept on following them up, taking our food and blankets with us and camping with them at night, being there when they woke next morning—patient, slow, putting out salt, old Jack singing with

that charm and mesmerism. No opera singer could have done it better. Sometimes we would have to send a man back to get us fresh horses and a little more dried meat and bread, and maybe some coffee, but Jack and I never left them—camped always where we saw the last track.

At last we got them moving down the mountain with us. After getting in with a bunch we never gained any or lost any. We'd stirred up that fear of a new condition trying to break in on their lives, and they hung together against it. We would follow down the ridges and back up again, sometimes thirty or forty miles, till they got all gant and hollow. We would pass by gentle cattle and wild cattle, but all of us would keep together. When we would get into a settlement or meet a stranger they would back away and run up into the brush on the mountain again.

But we would follow, always with old Jack singing. Time came when they accepted us, when they would see it was only us, and they wouldn't be scared any more, were quiet and satisfied. In this way we would get one bunch down into the valley and into a field that had plenty of willows and brush, then we would go back after another and work the same method on them, working bunch after bunch till we got them about all out. They were perfect cattle to handle after that; wouldn't stampede, for they are trained to the under-

standing that when a quiet rider was calling to them so melodiously they were protected from danger.

Nothing is as pretty as to call cattle in the mountains for salt. The old cow will come down a mountain after bawling half an hour with you. "Won't you please bring it up here?" she will seem to be saying. "There's lots of us up here." Getting all the others to bawling, just like a song, "Mo-o-o, mo-o-o, mo-o-o." Pretty soon she will say, "Well, I guess there's others got rights. If I'm to have it I'll have to go after it." And they will all climb down and up the steep little glades, making the sacrifice for the salt.

A cow is most sensitive. When a storm is in the air she will start off down the mountain just a-bawling with her little herd, serving notice on the world that a storm is coming. If you don't go down into that sensitive cow nature she can't make money for you. So many have failed in the stock business that failed to recognize that nature of hers.

And echoes. . . . I know a place in the Siskiyous where you get two, the second a little lighter . . . pretty . . . could get off the train anywhere to-day, in those old mountains, and go where everybody else would be lost, and I would be right at home.

Cattle's led me into lots of nice life. . . . Feelin' fine!

FRIENDSHIPS

Early in drives I became associated with Pon Avery, and there grew up a friendship between us that endured through the years. We were the two principal ones driving cattle out of Rogue River over east of the mountains.

One spring when Pon and I were buying cattle together we made a trip down through Josephine County and stopped for dinner at a little hotel run by a woman who had two daughters. They seemed to consider us two pretty good-looking young cattle buyers—and it took us till after 2 o'clock to get away. We were carrying about $5,000 in gold divided between us in canteens hung over our saddle horns. This sounds like a good deal of money, but it doesn't sound half as big as it felt in front of you on a horse. We really needed a pack horse to carry it. We were taking it to pay for cattle we were going after. We had to have the cash—there was no paper money, and we didn't use checks, so the only way was to carry the gold.

When we left the hotel we separated, to meet later in Kirbyville. Pon was to go along the old stage road to Kirbyville, and I was to go up the Deer Creek Valley by a mountain trail. When I reached my destination it turned out to be Sunday. I hadn't been

paying any attention to time. The minister, whose cattle I wanted, was a very good friend of mine—I had bought cattle of him before—and he was just going into church with all his brethren as I rode up. He took me along in with him, and made me sit up front beside him, and the minute church was over I asked him about his cattle.

He whispered to me, "We can't talk trades on Sunday, Billy. We are all church people here."

Now, I couldn't afford any more delay, and I had to have those cattle. Pon would be uneasy, as it was late and I was traveling alone with all that money. So I apologized for not knowing what day it was, but I says: "Supposing it was Monday, instead, what would you take for your cattle?" In this way we got down to terms and pretty soon he was bought out.

But by this time it was so late the minister insisted on my staying all night with him. I had about seventeen more miles to go, on a horse, and I realized that Pon's nerves would be affected if I didn't show up in reasonable time. So I hurried away and made the balance of the ride in two hours. When I rode into the livery stable at Kirbyville Pon was just saddling a horse and had a couple of men with him, ready to come back and hunt for me.

We pledged ourselves then not to separate again, as the chance of an accident was too great when we

were carrying what might be considered considerable of a reward for a captor. But those were not days when people followed the hold-up business very much. The only way they thought of getting gold in that old southern Oregon country was to shovel gravel for it.

SETTLERS IN THE HARNEY VALLEY

After Father's death there didn't seem to be anything to hold me any more, so I went back to Harney. I had been away several years.

Driving cattle had now grown to be a profession. The fellows I gathered together had been on many drives. It was as natural for them to break away for a spring drive as for birds to go north.

When I reached Harney with my big herd the country showed the beginning of change. The Malheur Reservation had been thrown open, and a settler rush was on for the free land. They came from everywhere in covered wagons, and this brought on a big rush to get titles. It was the last West, and people were flocking to it.

There was also excitement over the prospect of a railroad, with engineers going quietly about with their rods and chains, making surveys but saying nothing.

Coming in with our drive, we saw a covered-wagon outfit, and a little later it stopped at our camp. . . . It was Pappy Bird and Mammy Bird, and more little

Birds in the wagon than I ever saw in a nest—all the way from Missouri. It looked like they would have a pretty hard time making a start, but they were chipper and lively, full of hope and optimism. I asked Pappy Bird if some milk wouldn't help him out. He said, "Yes." So I got him a good string of milk cows from our herd. This proved to be his start to live in the country. Later he taught our first school—he had been a teacher in Missouri—and started our first newspaper.

I drove on with my outfit to the east prong of the Silvies River, which later became the Bell A Ranch. Immediately I began putting up hay and making corrals and buildings for a permanent location. Put up more hay than ever before, as I now had a big herd of cattle and a fully developed conclusion to establish a ranch and operate with headquarters in the country. . . . I, too, meant to make a home.

Next, I went to the island ranch and got my chickens, the whole two dozen.

They had started a town on the edge of Pete Stinger's ranch—one of my first hay-cutting locations —which he had squatted on a few miles from the Bell A Ranch and called it Burns. Stinger had put up some buildings preparatory to moving the town from a couple of miles away, where Monts Curry had started his store, which George McGowan had bought out.

To have the town moved, he had to make it peaceable with George, for they were in mercantile partnership together, and the final demand of George was that the town be named Burns—which was a hard compromise for Stinger, as he wanted to name it for himself.

Among others that had come in was Billy Miller a lawyer, who represented Stinger's interests in the store. One day early in July, a widow drove up in a covered wagon, with a wore-out team and two little boys and a girl. They had traveled to the end of their finances, and now they wanted to sell their canary bird to raise some money. Billy bought the bird, and I took the family home with me for haying, as I needed a cook and could use the little boys.

They proved to be good people, but they were city trained, and the country was too hard on them. This was the case with a lot of those first covered-wagon people. It's not hard to make country people over into city people, but it's hard to make city people into country. They got discouraged and left.

Burns went ahead and was soon a going concern, with a half-dozen saloons, two stores, and a livery stable.

THE POLITICIANS ARRIVE

Next came the politicians. They said our county was too big—it was as large as some states, running

through to the Nevada border—which raised a contest with a little settlement that had grown up on the old site of Camp Harney. After the soldiers left, people had made a little community there, and now they wanted the honor of being named the county seat. Burns also wanted it. The cattlemen were generally for Camp Harney, and the settlers for Burns, which finally won.

The contest over land was next. The government had a big assortment of titles to hand out: the homestead, the swamp act, the desert claim, the timber culture, the state lands—all different ways of getting title. The nearest land office was at Lakeview, a hundred and seventy miles from Burns, and it was always open to accept the findings of the fellow that had the best horse and could get there first over the rough native road. All the second arrival could ever do was to file a contest, then they would fight it out.

When it came to the swamp lands, about all that was necessary was to describe the land. When fully designated, it would cost one dollar an acre, and the buyer must promise to reclaim it. About all the land from Klamath to the Blue Mountains, and from the Cascades to the Snake River, was classified as swamp. The purchaser took his chances on getting title later. The land on the Blitzen was purchased by Pete French, and that in Harney Valley, by Devine.

Then there was indemnity school land, and many thousands of acres of this kind of land was sold to both French and Devine.

The rush of settlers, good, bad, and indifferent, and the trials of getting land in the end brought about conflict and open war. There was always conflict between cattleman and homesteader; between the man that controlled thousands of acres, and had always had the use of the open range, and the man who stayed at home on his quarter section and was raising a crop and a family. The cattleman looked on the settler as someone getting in his way. The settler looked on the cattleman as a monopolist.

CATTLE AND SHEEP, FENCES AND GUNS

The grazing privileges went into controversy between cattle and sheep. Neither could win, as both must finally settle down to the country best adapted to them. Now that we were in the full swing between cattle and sheep, the cattlemen began more generally to fence their holdings. Barb wire was invented, and the hills were full of juniper for posts. No one has yet lived long enough to know the age limit of juniper as a post; the first juniper posts put into the ground are there to-day, in good condition, and a good many of the old fences.

Pete French seemed to have a mania for fence building. Nobody ever built better fences. In his early history he had rode out long strings of rim rock, and had men constantly working on them, stopping the breaks with rock walls and juniper trees. This was back before he had any title. A settler named Ruby had been in there ahead of French, and his brand was a diamond. He had built the quarters for the officers and soldiers at Camp Harney, and had operated the store there. French had bought this man Ruby out, and had given him a big sum of money for those days, probably between twenty and thirty thousand dollars above his price on horses and cattle. Ruby was not cheap—and not a titled acre went with the deal. It was just his by right of occupation.

French could never see a line of rim rock but what he had a fence designed for it. With a lot of the country, he just filled up the gaps between rim rock, which ran for miles.

It was the cattleman that was the master fence builder. The sheepman was weak on this kind of defense.

THE HARD WINTER ENDS IT

What with feuds over towns, titles, cattle, sheep, fences, and one thing or another, the gun days came in.

Everywhere in the country there was the kind of

bitterness that finally brings on the act that leads to a killing. The gunman is just a politician using direct methods. He is always preparing the way to justify his act in the eyes of public sentiment when the big killing comes off. The fellow that gets killed generally gets good and mad, and at last commences to talk wild and tell what he's going to do. This produces tension in the community that increases just the same as in a herd of cattle that's worked up to a stampede. All get under the atmosphere of uneasiness till they are relieved by a tragedy. High tension can't be maintained indefinitely. Something has got to happen.

There were all kinds of secret meetings. Burns was the center. And one killing brought on another. It was a hectic time.

There was a hangover of settlers who had become stockmen, and located on the meander line of Malheur Lake on the Blitzen side. French claimed he had the right to this land under his swamp act title, out to the middle of the lake. This conflict of opinion brought on a feud—and French was shot in cold blood.

These feuds had just about broke both settler and stockman, when a hard winter came on, and between eighty and ninety per cent. of all the stock in the country was killed.

This wound up the feuds, as nearly all were broke, big and little.

A hard winter in a stock country. . . . Nobody can know that inside strain of the stockman unless he has lived through it. You start out in the fall with the satisfied feeling of having enough feed, with stock in good condition and everything fine. . . . Then it begins to get cold and colder. As the cold increases you gather in more stock, and still more. Feed begins to get low. You know you can't buy any, for no one has a surplus. Then more snow comes, and more freezing weather, till life just becomes a matter of seeing how little you can hand out, day after day, and still keep the stock alive. All your hopes are based on an early spring. But after the time for spring has come, here comes along more winter, with another big snow and another freeze-up.

When the break-up of winter finally came, most all were back to where they were when they first arrived in the country . . . not many had stock enough left to pay their debts.

FOLLOWING THE WINTER OF THE BIG SNOW

Dreamers . . . there's two kinds. The kind that rides along and lets thoughts flicker across their minds and the kind that sees a vision and rides off to make it

come true. Got to lift your mind to far off, sometimes, to see things, same as your eyes. With youth it all looks close and quick, but Time develops many problems.

Following that killing winter, many left the country; but those of us that stayed started in all over again, with a full understanding now that stock must be provided for. There could be no more dependence on easy winters. There was only one way in the stock business, and that was to provide plenty feed—and over. When the season produced a prolific crop it must all be put away. When the season didn't it must be taken in hand and made to. Man must help Nature.

The Hanleys were in a better fix than others who were called big operators, as they had a foundation understanding of the necessity of providing for winter. But we had all come to the country where there seemed to be no limit to the feed, and to operate had meant only the skill to catch, drive, ride, make rawhide ropes, hair ropes, quirts, and break saddle horses. After the hard winter we just moved up in our ideas —it was a sort of college course. Began irrigating, draining, fencing. Commenced to make the land into a real property. With land, it's the personal equation always; it's the owner that makes it valuable.

New soil that has laid untold ages and never done any work, according to a human plan, can't fall in line and give results easy.

And all the time settlers kept going out over the mountains in their shabby covered wagons, broke, disheartened; maybe they'd buried some; and everywhere carcasses of dead cattle from the hard winter were whitening into bleached bones—but, in spite of everything, new settlers kept straggling in.

It is wonderful that the government's land policy has worked out as well as it has. Settler booms have come and gone through the years, appealing to the fundamental instinct to own land and be independent. They always appealed—do yet. And always attracted more than the average good citizenship. The idea fascinated the city-sick man; he decided just to go West and get a brand-new home from his Uncle Sam, free, make a fresh start, so the cash assets from past accumulations would be put together, and he'd off with his family.

When they got to the town nearest their chosen home, the first shrinkage would begin with Mr. Locater, who generally took a hundred dollars; then the real grind was on. A house had to be built of lumber hauled a hundred miles or over, a well dug, going over a hundred feet often; brush cleared, plowing done, a crop put in, the place fenced. Getting

poorer all the time; by the time the ranch was in good order, too poor to move, or too full of pride to go back.

Nothing could be marketed unless it could walk out, three hundred miles and over.

The settler had no one to turn to in his predicament but the stockman; and the stockman saved the day for him in hundreds of cases.

And yet, always in the public mind there has been prejudice against the big stockman—and they all seemed big to the homesteader, who had nothing. But when he finally found himself he realized that it was the stockman who had helped him to get feed for his horses, milk for his children, and had provided what work he had been able to get. Land grants, big stock ranches, and all other easy titles have been the support that carried the country to the development it has now. Through the big holdings new life had been able to go into the country and be cared for. If the cattleman hadn't gone in first with his great herds, developing his great ranches, there wouldn't be a settler in the country to-day. A cattle ranch is just a factory manufacturing beef; but the public and political prejudice has always been against it, if the business was big enough to justify its operation.

Pesky laws from the outside began to work in, adding to the settlers' hardships. The outside sports-

men had laws passed virtually awarding the game to them. The settler could no longer go out and shoot a duck or deer, except "in season," and he had stomachs to feed in all seasons. He would sneak out and shoot some game birds, to give his family a little fresh meat. This brought the government's special agents in, peering around, looking for some offender against the law, someone to arrest, make report on.

The first pioneers had all the valleys and all the hills and mountains and their wild life to sustain themselves with till they got a start. But these second pioneers were given the land only. Touch anything else at your peril. And an officer handy to see that you didn't. So all they could do was to stand by and watch the city sportsmen driving in and out of the country, their rigs loaded with birds they'd shot and were taking home to give to their friends.

It added to the bad feeling.

The old-time stockmen left in the country had gone to work at once to build up their herds. They had good winters and feed conditions and it wasn't long till there were plenty fat cattle and steers in the country. Out of confusion came order and better methods. But now there was no market, no way to get money.

This was in the early Nineties, during the Cleveland panic.

Some way had to be invented to move the cattle.

The United States National Bank had just started in Portland with Tyler Woodward as president. Woodward had owned a settler store in Montana, and was trained in dealing with country people. He was very conservative, but he had a feeling for the fellow on the plains. I arranged with him for $10,000 cash credit. I knew this would not pay for all the cattle in the country, but the stockmen were all good friends of mine and had confidence in the Hanleys—they would trust me—and it would give me something to start moving with.

These cattle would have to be driven from Prineville, Silver Lake, Lakeview, John Day, and all the country inside, to Huntington and Ontario, and be shipped from there East. They would be a long time in transit before a turn-over could be made. I planned to gather them up from everybody's ranch and ship them to the cornfields of Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, and Iowa, where they would be fattened for the city markets.

I saw railroad officials who met us with low rates, but to get money enough to pay for the cattle back in the country was impossible. I went to buying, paying a cash advance on closing trades and as little as I could on receiving them, giving a thirty- or sixty-day-due bill against myself as final payment. I bought many thousands of cattle on this plan in those

years. Had drives constantly going, East, out in line with the Blue Mountains through the Harney country to the railroad shipping points at Huntington and Ontario.

On first striking the corn we would commence selling them, and wind them up at Grand Island, near Omaha, or some other point before sending the remnant on in to Omaha or Kansas City to clean up the shipment.

I always had plenty other drives coming, so after delivery would rush back to my railroad station, get my buggy team, and go out into the country to meet them and start others with driving outfits. A case of being everywhere from the Missouri River to the farthest little stock ranch way back in the country.

This built up our big spring shipments, and proved one of the best ways of trading ever established in the West. We would bring the big herds into Huntington or Ontario, and cut them up into classes to supply the different customers from Montana, Dakota, Wyoming, and Colorado. We had yearling steers for the fellow that wanted yearling steers, two's, three's, dry cows, cows and calves, yearling heifers. This grew to be a big business, as we were handling as many as fifty thousand cattle in June. It was just establishing a cattle store. These cattle would go to the grass states and be grown up and fattened. The marketing of

steers off the grass, four- and five-year-olds, big heavy ones, is all out of fashion now. They develop to 1,300- and 1,500-pound steers after they are on the market.

Charley Lane of Omaha was head of the shipping division for the Union Pacific. They ran a train of eighteen cars, most of them thirty-four feet, and just a little string of twenty made a carload. This was as many as an engine could haul then and make time. Sometimes it took two or three trains to haul one of our drives.

I established connections with Hanover and Parsons, cattle dealers, in Salt Lake City; and Iry Tuttle, who was the livestock agent for the Short Line, and Scott Davis for the Union Pacific.

I never knew a cattle salesman like M. K. Parsons. He had selling judgment that only he knew the secret of. It was my business to buy and classify, then M. K. would sell. Many a train we loaded on our reputation.

Iry Tuttle was an important part of all this trading. He was always prepared to fix up the rates for the buyer, which had many different forms of transit and through billings. He was accurate in his knowledge and had power to carry out a shipping plan, which has never been so clear since the railroads got under so many laws. He was a dignified man, a good judge of cattle, and had the respect of all of us.

Old Scott Davis was always present, either repre-

senting his road or some trading combination. Everybody loved Scott. As a boy he had been a messenger on the stage line out of the Black Hills, and knew Buffalo Bill and the history of all the feuds of the West. No one ever knew how old Scott was, but he was always a young man—might as well have lived forever. There was never any history of the plains, it seemed, that he hadn't been a part of. Like a little child in his joking nature. But all knew that Scott wasn't the back-up kind.

It was always refreshing, when my first big drives were on the road, to be met by two or three hack loads of these good friends who would come out from the railroad to meet me, all buyers. The crowd of good fellows grew to be a gang, as representatives would be there from every railroad. This would be the first big spring celebration. They would generally stay a night in our camp.

When we came into Ontario with a big drive the whole town would be turned over to us. Every vacant lot, every little mouthful of grass was ours. It just became a real cattle town.

Funny old story about its first hotel, which it got after we had been driving a couple of years. The world owes a lot to a born wit. There was Dick Huddlin, an Arkansas fellow, always full of good stories, the camp wit. There had been a big spring shipment, and the

herds kept coming in from the country, with the crews all tired of the mess wagon and crowding into the hotel, till everything was just et up, and nothing left at last that anybody could eat. There'd been so many of us to feed that the hotel just give out of everything but the landlord and his bell. He would come out in front and ring that bell; that meant that the meal was ready. Nobody ever had quite the swag he had when he rang that bell. He had a little long-haired, short-legged, shaggy black dog, with cute little bright black eyes, named Rags. When anything excited him he would set right up and begin to howl.

This day a feeling of general strike was in the air; everybody silent, smoking, all starved down. Tired, shipping twenty-three carloads a day. At supper time when the landlord came out with his bell, and was swinging and ringing it as if he had the finest food in the world to offer, the little dog set up and began to howl. With that old Dick Huddlin slipped his toe under the dog, and with a little jerk turned him over and growled out:

"What you howling about? You don't have to eat here!"

The story went everywhere, was in every newspaper, told on every hotel, and at every banquet of men from coast to coast. But that's where it started, right there in that hungry camp, with old Dick.

Ontario at that time had six saloons, two stores, a blacksmith shop, and a big livery stable—plenty of provision for taking care of horses. When a drive got in and the cattle shipped out, and the boys were at last relieved of the long tension, it was common for many of them to get drunk. There would be just one big hollering from joy, getting the relax. They were always great big loyal boys, and when on a drive, whatever conditions they found, they met. So this relax was just naturally coming to them.

That's an awful nice thought to go into, that hardship, care, and responsibility, when they accomplish success, have the right to an effervesce of joy. Responsibility accomplishing success is a strain, and it has to sacrifice joy to do it. So you've got to get joy to make a balance. Reason men break too soon. Too much of one thing. Life's got to have a balanced ration.

True of cattle and men. Remember once when we'd been on a big drive when grass was short—two weeks going through dust and dryness. When we got in and had loaded and shipped out, the boys went on what you might call a big drunk. They'd been awful faithful—the drive had called on everyone for their full powers of endurance—and now they just broke loose. Wasn't nothing else offered.

Well, someone came to the hotel and told me my

boys were locked up for being disorderly. I went to see the judge, and I says: "Now see here, Judge, it's against common human rights that those boys should be punished by fine or otherwise for any little offense you may think they have committed against your town. Your town has taken $400 a year from the fellow that sold them the stuff for the right to sell holler; that's all it is—just holler, they bought holler, and they used it for the purpose it was sold for—to blow off tension—and what if it did go off in a little noise? I ask that you release them."

The old judge scratched his head a little dubiously at first, but pretty soon he says: "All right, Mr. Hanley, your boys are free."

He had understanding, when the case was put to him right.

A spring drive is always a strain, for there's always new horses to be broke, on top of everything else. We had been four days out, and were on Stinking Water, with a big bunch of cattle, stock steers, some dry cows, and beef steers, probably thirty-five hundred. Grass was just barely starting, and the old grass was pretty well et off. It was storming, snow and sleet and hail. It was early spring, the new season trying to get its birth, and there was much discontentment among the boys—had to guard cattle all night.

We were breaking some new horses, and I had been

catching and mounting. Had just caught a long-legged brown horse for Jo Bush, a bronco buster that didn't know much else. He put on his saddle and got on him, and I went on mounting the other fellows. Suddenly one of the boys said:

"Look at that horse buck!"

I turned and looked. He was just going into the air, turning round and round, with Jo getting loose, losing control of his head. Then up into the air Jo went, turning over a couple of times and landing in a rock pile.

I ran over and picked him up. He was limber. I took out my handkerchief and commenced wiping his face. I thought I had a dead man in my arms, and it didn't make much difference what was broke inside of him. But pretty soon he commenced to blink his eyes. While still petting him with my handkerchief, as if I was taking care of some mother's boy, he came to enough to recognize me. First words he spoke were: "Well, if I had $500 I'd give it to you for that horse, just to take him around and let some of these sons-of-guns ride him that think they know what a bucking horse is!"

I said, "Jo, never mind the $500. If you ain't hurt, that horse is yours."

Another time before the spring drive, the boys had been coming in from over in the Willamette

Valley. One day a long, gant boy rode into the ranch: a regular Willamette growth, showed the shade and plenty of rain—grew high and soft. But he was going to be a cowboy. Had put all his savings into a Montgomery Ward vaquero outfit; had a big tall, wide hat with decorations all around it, and a Chicago saddle with tapideros and decorated rings for the breast and cinch—looked more like the rigging for a work team than anything else. My buckaroo boss asked him if he could ride colts.

"Can ride anything that wears hair," was his answer.

He had come to a bad place to make that big statement. The first horse he drew was kind to him. We were turning out cattle, going through the lanes. He went along a couple or three miles before his horse went at him. Then he threw him in the lane into the barbed-wire fence, and the boy was so long and spread out so that when he hit the barbed wire he tore down thirty or forty yards of it.

That Montgomery Ward suit of vaquero clothes was pretty badly damaged. But the boys caught his horse for him, and he led him back home. He had concluded that that horse was a little too bad for him. This incident called my attention to the boy, so I gave orders not to give him a bucking horse again—just give him a colt.

But there seems to be a kind of understanding that passes around among horses, so that one that's never bucked before knows when he's got a victim, and he goes to bucking. This boy got bucked off another time or two in the field, and by that time his clothes were getting in pretty bad shape, between damage done by the barb wire and the wet ground and the horse getting his hat between his forefeet and giving it a good pawing.

The next time we started out from the ranch with a drive, swimming sloughs—and we had to pull him out. That night we camped at the Old Maid's field in the valley, and the next morning when the foreman and I were starting back to the ranch I told the foreman to get this big long boy and we'd take him back to the ranch, which was a sad order for the boy.

The foreman caught an old flea-bitten LY horse—the Hanley brand—that wasn't used any more on drives; he was just an old rake horse, and used as an extra sometimes for the cook wagon. He had a bucking heritage, but age and common use had long ago passed him out of the bucking class. But the old horse seemed to know he had this broken-hearted, amateur rider to take back to the ranch, and probably, too, he was disappointed, having to go back. He wanted to go on the drive. Anyway, when we were crossing a little lake about knee deep, the old horse put on an

exhibition, and once more the boy was bucked off, this time into the water. He sank right to the bottom, with his hat floating on top. The buckaroo boss and I jumped down and got him up, and I held him in my arms and was wiping his face, not knowing whether he was damaged any, only in his feelings, when he opened his eyes and said: "Everything Dad said would happen when I left home has happened."

Just one time when Dad won out.

Time of Coxey's army. . . . The railroads, highways, every place was filled with hobos packing their roll of blankets, all in a big crusade, on to Washington—the army of the unemployed.

Old Turrell was mayor of Huntington then, a long, lanky fellow, but with commanding power. A freight train had been captured by the hobos and was coming in from the West with hundreds on it. They sent word to old Turrell to provide them something to eat.

I was in town with a big drive, so I went on Turrell's staff as first aid. Called for a few quarters of beef to be boiled up, plenty of flour to be worked up into bread, kettles of prunes put on to cook, and beans put on in the pots. Used hotel kitchens, private kitchens, the bakery—everything. Then we collected wash boilers and filled them with coffee.

The men filled the town, but they showed good

will for everybody and respect for the mayor. This was just his way of protecting his city. Fed, they'd move on. And the railroad was willing to haul them to get them out of the more congested centers.

Old Turrell was a queer old character. I shipped a Great Dane out from Portland, and had no way just then to get him on to the ranch, so I left him in Huntington with Turrell. Turrell had a black, gant, shaggy-haired dog that he called Dr. Tanner; then he had a goat. He would start out to the post office, or anywhere, smoking his long pipe, sauntering around the streets—and the minute he would start, the two dogs would get up to go with him, then the goat would raise up in the manger and jump out to follow. There'd be the three, the Great Dane, Dr. Tanner, and the goat—just his menagerie.

I asked him about the goat one day. "Billy," he says, "I always wanted a goat. Wanted a goat when I was a little boy—never got over wanting a goat. And when I got where I could buy a goat, and found the goat I wanted, I got it."

Had lots of joy out of that goat, follering him around with his dogs. All the wanting-a-goat of all his boy years was right there having its fill.

Old Bill Reynolds was another good old Huntington character, in his broad-rimmed hat, with his long

mustache sticking way out on each side. One thing a mustache done, it give a fellow a kind of a bluff in front. Old Bill could always buy more cattle than anybody, though he was always guessing where the money would come from to pay for them. Still, he could buy them. Bill liked his drink and sometimes took too many, which he always did when in trouble over his cattle.

This day he had a long string coming in from some old grower up on Bird River, and they were having trouble. I met him on the open ground near the depot hotel. Just a little strong on drink, and half crying, he says: "I want you to go with me, Billy; I'm going to kill a man."

"All right, Bill, I'll go with you."

"I'm going to kill him—kill him dead."

"All right, Bill, I'll stay with you."

"I'll tell you how I'm going to do it, Billy. I'm going to kill him with kindness. If you ever have to kill anyone, Billy, kill him with kindness, then his soul won't haunt you afterwards."

We were getting the cattle, so it was just a little matter of straightening out old Bill's tangle.

Another day during the hard times when I met old Bill, the hotel proprietor had just put him under arrest for jumping his board bill. Now, there's an old law in Oregon that must have been amended in

the committee and passed in the big conveyance the last day of the session, that says a hotel man can order a guest arrested for not paying his bill, but the only way he can hold him is to take him back to the hotel and keep him. Old Bill was pretty smart. "All right," he says, "you've kept me all winter. Now it's spring, I thought I'd go out into the country and try to earn enough to pay you. But if you'd rather have me with you all summer, I'll go back and stay."

Old Bill always had a good way of putting up a trade.

Trouble with your old drinking friend, when he got drank down, he just wanted to love you. Sometimes had to dodge him. What was in a man got stronger as he drank and aged, whether it was good or bad. Dignity had to be pretty strong in him to start with if it didn't weaken. Once in a while there was one that carried his dignity clear through.

A big Chicago strike was on in those years. There was a regular riot, with all trains on Western roads stopped for two weeks. The first train that got through to Huntington carried Union Pacific officials as a train crew. I had two or three thousand cattle in transit, and when I heard of the strike I held them back in the Blue Mountains, moving them a little every day. It was a trying time for men and horses;

all were badly wore out mentally. We would send a messenger in every day or so to find out if anyone knew when the strike would be over. Most of the cattle were under contract, and later some of the contractors refused to take them, as the time limit had run out. But that was only an excuse, as the truth was, the cattle market had got worse.

The big panic was reaching its climax, and in every little town in Kansas and Nebraska the streets were lined with corn raisers setting on a load of corn. It took them a day to gather it, and another to sell it. The wagon box only held from thirty to forty bushels, and the price was ten cents a bushel. The best steers we were shipping in to the corn stations at that time were only bringing from two and one-half to three cents a pound.

In October when I got back to the Bell A Ranch, from one of these trips East, my brother Ed said to me: "Before you start off again, I want to talk with you."

As I expected to move out with a fresh team that evening, I said, "All right, have it now."

His first statement was: "The way you are trading, if Bryan is elected, we're broke."

Now, I never knew a better buyer than Ed, and I had a couple of thousand cattle in mind that I wanted him to buy; so I made a bet on the election with him.

I bet if Bryan was elected cattle would go up fifty cents a hundred; and if McKinley, a dollar. And I added as a working principle: "When everybody else is sick, Ed, it's time to be well."

The night before the election I left Omaha; and when I got into Ontario there were enough returns to indicate that McKinley was elected. As it turned out, the cattle Ed bought were our big clean-up of the season . . . and this marked the breaking up of the panic years.

What really pulled our country through, with its big corn crop and low prices, was shipping across the water. England wanted cheap meat. Every boat possible had its space chartered, and shippers developed a system of feeding and taking care of cattle till they actually gained weight on the water—they enjoyed the sea voyage.

THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD

Standing on the Bell A porch you could look fifty miles and more in every direction and see only hills against the far blue sky, herds of cattle, horses, sheep, distant lakes shining like blue mirrors, rim rocks worming their way around the valley—their tops cupped and holding water often for the thirsty traveler. Space—vast space, empty of everything human. Sometimes

it seemed to scare the new settlers that came in—it was as if they were suddenly suspended in mid-air, or far out on the ocean, and helpless. They wanted to grab hold of something. But peaceful, peaceful as time.

The talk of railroads started up again, for this was a time of railroad building, with all the outside lines circling our state being finished—North, South, East, and West fencing us in. Then surveyors appeared once more, slipping quietly about, saying nothing, telling no one what they were up to, answering no questions—all just as they had done for years back, since the early eighties. But as had happened so many times before, no workmen's crews followed.

Thousands of dollars spent on surveys—and here we still were, the largest tract of land in the United States without a railroad, and apparently no nearer getting one than we had been in the beginning. The money spent by different companies to keep a right of way would easily have built our road. Every time a right of way seemed in danger of being jeopardized, the company in possession would send in fresh crews to run more lines. The Malheur Canyon was held in this way for years—and the Malheur was important as it was the only pass out of the country on the east, though there were several on the north and west.

This Malheur Canyon had old history. It had been a traveled route since the first movement of white people in the West. The Hudson Bay trappers had worked it out to the source of Snake River. Later a promoter, J. Atchison Hogg, secured a huge land grant for agreeing to put a road across the country. He had a piece under construction through the canyon for several years, but he never finished it. He went to Paris and sold the land grant to a group of Jews, and that was the end of it. Then E. H. Harriman held the canyon for a while under surveys. Thousands of head of cattle were driven out afoot through it—the surveys just following the old cattle trails.

There were several reasons for the long isolation of a great country so abounding in lakes and streams, arable acres, and, on all the mountain slopes, timber. Capital doesn't turn readily to the West. It has to be lured. A railroad company never builds into a country without public sentiment is behind it. It always builds to serve a developed idea in the minds of the people that the tonnage is there.

Now we of central Oregon were only a handful. The big bulk of the state's population lived west of the mountains. And the Cascades—in their minds—made a barrier, the same barrier the first explorers had found—J. Ogden Skeen, General Frémont, Crook, Reno, and Bidwell—and later the covered-

wagon caravans. When the first emigrants came to the point of deciding whether to keep on to Oregon and get a home on government land or to turn down to California, following the gold rush, they had two routes to choose from: They could keep on across the high table, follow down Snake River, cross the Blue Mountains, and take their chances of getting through the Columbia River gorge; or they could turn down into Salt Lake Valley, follow the Humboldt River to its sink, and cross the Sierra Nevadas—this range being a continuation of the Cascades—into California.

Both were plains routes, but neither very definite. This caused many to find a third route, through Gooze Lake Valley, by Pitt River, and then going on into Oregon, they turned west and south through Harney Valley. By this time the worn-out emigrants were reaching a point of exhaustion, with their teams giving out and the weather getting cold. Many left behind wagons, ox yokes, and their dead. We riders, in later years, would often come across graves, would stop and put up little rock monuments. Naturally by this time the emigrant felt that if he could ever find a place where he could live and winter in comfort he'd never leave it. Thus the last end of his trip became a sort of nightmare in his mind that, as the years went on, developed into Oregon's complex.

It was a story handed down, how hard it had been

to get across the mountains, what a difficult country it was over east of the Cascades.

But the main trouble was that these early Oregon emigrants were not plainsmen. They had always lived in settled communities, raised crops, and had homes. They were strangers to the wilderness, and their hardships came mostly from not being trained to plains life. Their minds were filled with tales of savage Indians, bad crossings, doubt as to which wagon tracks to follow, illness, and death . . . all scared, and it's not much pleasure to move through fear.

Naturally all this left a bad impression, which was handed down to their descendents. We who came after, as a sort of backwash from the early miners who pushed on up into Oregon from California, found a beautiful life waiting for us. For nothing is a hardship that you pass through with understanding.

But this early impression of the first settlers had burned in so deep that forever after, to them, the country east of the Cascades was a worthless waste. It was a terrible undertaking to think of going back, even with steel rails. And now, so many years later, the people of western Oregon still had no plan in mind to break down the barrier. They never really visioned transportation east of the mountains. Those old Cascades—they are not really mountains, they're

just the big Western plains lifting their face to the Pacific.

All this was a contributing factor in the long delay. Just no big strength at home, pushing hard for railroads for our country.

Following the panic, from '93 to '96 would seem to have been E. H. Harriman's opportune time to build our road, as he had secured a right of way, but the time passed, with always hints and suggestions—with surveyors in the country and rumors getting about—but still no road. Our people had been petitioning for a long time. The gist of the answer that came back from Harriman, with fresh petitions, was: "You're bottled up and you'll stay bottled till we get good and ready to open you up."

The people were growing bitter, resentful. Children and grandchildren had grown to maturity since they first began hoping for a railroad.

The immediate situation was explained to me by railroad men: The whole trouble was that Harriman had too much other work on his hands. He was rebuilding and reconstructing the Union and Southern Pacific lines with everything on a heavier scale—larger freight trains, bigger rails and engines, more elaborate equipment. Harriman was a man of vision, ahead of his time . . . even considered an optimistic

dreamer by many of his co-workers. He had seen that little cars such as we had been shipping in, small engines, light rails—no, they wouldn't do any more. Everything must be done on a larger scale to meet the rapidly increasing demands of the West. He just wasn't conscious of us . . . was conscious only of his big reconstruction program, which was taking all the money he could lay his hands on.

"Harriman is only building into new territory when forced to do so by competition," one railroad official told me.

With that I had an idea. Let our state become a competitor. Let the state issue bonds and build her own railroad.

I went to see my old friend, C. E. S. Wood, who had been in the early Indian wars with General Howard and was now in Portland, an attorney there. He knew our whole country thoroughly. I put the idea up to him.

It appealed to him immediately. He was a master to handle the situation. But for the state to authorize bonds to build a railroad called for a change in the constitution.

It was the beginning of winter, and the legislature would soon be in session.

We arranged for a joint session of the house and

the senate; and Mr. Wood presented the situation of our state with its rim of transportation and no road through the center; its farm products, minerals, and vast tracts of timber on the east slopes of the Cascades and in the Blue Mountains that could not be moved without a railroad; the loss to the state that the delay had occasioned, and the heart-breaking, year-by-year disappointment of the long-waiting, long-suffering settlers.

This move set Oregon politics going in the way of publicity. All the state newspapers took sides. There were many cross-currents of opinion, the majority being with us. We must have transportation to get the full use of the state—they nearly all could see that.

In the midst of the excitement I met Billy Cotton, a Harriman man, in Portland, one day, and he said to me:

"Why do you want to start an idea that will stir up all the hell this will?"

"You forget," I told him, "that I'm the fellow that's in the bottle."

"Yes, you're in the bottle all right."

"You ain't going to question my right to work at the cork, are you, not when I know where it's at?" I said.

That's all I was doing—just working at the cork.

Then I had a wire from J. J. Hill, in St. Paul, wanting to see me. I went on and got his advice, also the loan of some of his engineers, then I came back to Oregon and went to work, not saying anything. We could do the quiet act, too.

We went back to the country and captured the floor of Malheur Canyon, buying all the strong places, getting complete control, and making definite location by surveys, and filing maps. No one could put a railroad through now without crossing our lines. We had found out that Harriman's option had run out.

We called ours the State Aid Plan, and we gave out that we were getting a right of way for the State Aid road. Every place we crossed Harriman's line on our own land, we crossed it at the same grades as his. He had no right of way across our property.

Just a strategy in a railroad fight.

Mr. Hill had recently completed his North Bank road from Portland, along the Columbia River, to Spokane, and he still had his equipment on the river. He was much interested in all that we were doing, and again he sent for me to come and see him.

I went. In his office was a big table covered with maps, and many on the walls, all his. He surveyed with his finger. He opened up a drawer and showed me a pile of newspaper clippings.

"These are all on your railroad," he said. "You

are right. You can't get the use of your country without transportation. But you don't have to get it that way. I will build your road for you."

In further talk he told me how, years earlier, Harriman had entered Seattle. He said: "He knew it was my town. We had no agreement, and I knew he would get in anyway, so I helped him. But he knew I didn't like it. Now I'm coming to Oregon with you and play him a return game."

That ended it. The bond measure was never voted on.

Hill and Harriman had two big conflicts for supremacy: one in the little short street in New York; the other on the plains of Oregon.

Hill's plan was to go from the Columbia River down the Deschutes Canyon, which is east of the Cascades; thus avoiding the problem of crossing the mountains. The Deschutes is a narrow, deep, rocky cut, finished on both sides with lava rim rock to keep it from ever shrinking, and with a turbulent river at the bottom—the most scenic canyon in the state.

In a short time construction was begun.

The controversy was now on—the battle of the giants, as the newspapers called it. Harriman moved West with headquarters on Pelican Bay, and communications established with New York, and began a parallel line. It was a race to get down the canyon.

From having no railroads coming into our country, we now had two. It became the most famous fight in railroad history, and lasted through the first seventy-five miles, to where the canyon began to soften up a little, and construction was not so costly. Then the two roads reached some sort of an agreement, and built a joint trackage. When it would get hard again, each would take his own trackage. When they came out to the top of the rim rock, both got on the same track once more.

In the spring, after they had been building up the Deschutes all winter, I got a wire from Mr. Hill asking me to meet his party in Portland. When I got there I found him with several cars full of officials. He told me he wanted me to take his son Louis, who was then president of the Great Northern, and some of the officials on a trip through central Oregon. "I want Louis to see it through your eyes," he said. "See all the hills and the valleys and the timber, everything in your country as you see it." He added that it wasn't because Louis was his son, but because Louis could see a country and understand its handling better than any other man he had ever had work for him.

So we started out from The Dalles, four automobile loads, to cover the interior of Oregon. It had never been done by automobile before, and we had only the old wagon roads to go over. The trip made almost as

much of a sensation as if we were starting out to cross the plains. The news spread all over the country, and every rancher, every citizen of every little cattle town, was jubilantly waiting to see us come in. They all knew we had a railroad president with us, and they couldn't do enough to show their appreciation. Our people all overflowed toward Hill, who had forced Harriman's hand.

At our first stop, Prineville, all the settlers of the country for miles around assembled to welcome us, and the town was gay with bunting. They served us a big banquet, with speeches and joy and enthusiasm past words. It was as if a savior had come into the country. Louis Hill entered into everything with the zest of a schoolboy, getting around among the people, talking with them, entering into the spirit of it all. Everybody liked him.

Our next stop was at Bend, with another big outpouring of good spirits and another big banquet, then by Crooked River, Paulina, Buck Mountain, and Silver Creek, following the old cattle trail to Burns. Buck Mountain proved a test, for one car got stalled and we had to go on and leave it there, sending back from Burns for it the next morning. But the campers had plenty of pine logs and made big fires and told stories, and as Colonel Payton said, "No one could complain for we all had outside room."

At each stop every man was under his car—Louis Hill was driving his own—seeing to repairs, for there were no mechanics in the country then, and the cars were all more or less damaged pulling over those old rutty wagon roads.

I took them to the Bell A, which is close to Burns, for dinner and a rest, and Burns sent a delegation of its picked citizens down to give proper welcome to the first railroad president ever to invade our country. The party was made up of Dr. Marsden, a wit and a wonderful doctor as well as a true plainsman, Charlie Leonard, a lawyer, and Julian Bird, editor. All the way down, driving in their old one-cylindered car—all the country had then—they argued about how best to meet a railroad president. Leonard was strong for making a speech. They'd had a hard time getting a railroad president into the country, and they meant to make no mistakes now.

When they got to the Bell A where the dusty, hard-driven cars stood about, Leonard stopped them once more to argue over the ceremonies and do a little rehearsing. He was still trying it out on the others when a dusty man scrambled out from under a car and one of the Burns delegation demanded, "Where's Bill?"

"I don't know," said the man. "Must be around somewhere, as I saw him just before crawling under the car. I'll help you find him; I'm Louis Hill."

They all drew back, and Doc says: "Not the president of the Great Northern?"

Louis grinned. "Yes." Then he says to Charlie: "Your speech is all right; don't you let them kid you."

And Doc says, "Well, you must have made a good speech, Charlie, because the president heard it, and he says it was."

"Gosh, then it's over!" says Leonard, with a great sigh of relief.

Dr. Marsden with his keen sense of humor and Louis Hill with his keen appreciation of the situation soon brought everything into balance, the ice was broke, and they all went into the house together for a talk. That night there was another big banquet in Burns, when Leonard had a chance to make his speech all over again, in smiling confidence this time. Charlie was good on a speech, only he had no time limit when piling on words about his country.

The next day we made the P Ranch and laid over for rest and repairs. Here Colonel Leedy, chief of traffic statistics, slipped out to the kitchen to interview old Bill, the cook, and get some real statistics at first hand. Old Bill had been there forty years, and more, had been Pete French's cook, and had grown into being a part of the ranch. I had kept him on after taking over the management. Leedy asked old

Bill, sort of suspicious, how often the orchard bore fruit. Old Bill stops short, scratches his head a minute, thinking hard, squints up his eyes as if he was racking his brain, then says:

"Never knowed it to have more'n one crop a year."

Leedy got a good laugh out of it, telling us about it later. Born wits, old fellows like Bill.

Going up to Lakeview from the P Ranch, by Rock Creek, we picked up a woman who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. She was a new settler, had come in the day before, and was gathering chips for a fire when she got the little fellow by mistake—a kitten rattlesnake with only one button; but it bit her, and she probably would have died, only they'd known enough to bleed her. She was weak, so we took her along with us to Lakeview to see a doctor.

It was a long trip on account of the roads, much of it so rocky we had to get out of the cars and throw rocks out of our way, making our road as we went. But everybody took this in the spirit they had everything else, as good sport, and they all helped, Louis Hill being a prime rock thrower. Before reaching Lakeview another delegation of citizens met us, with more high enthusiasm, and that night we had another big banquet, with Dr. Bernard Daly, who had all the wit—and dignity—of a true Irish gentleman, as toastmaster. Then we toured Goose Lake, which is

forty miles long, the Chewaucan Valley, Silver Lake, Fort Rock, and Crescent.

In the Klamath country we had dinner at a hunters' lodge, where sportsmen come from all over the world for the hunting and fishing. . . . Keep still about it, because they don't want the public rushing in and spoiling their isolation. . . . A short distance away was Pelican Bay where Harriman had his lodge—where the fishing is said to be the best in the world, and where there are huge springs, clear as crystal and icy cold. Then we visited the old Modoc haunts along Lost River and Tule Lake, and that night we had another banquet in Klamath Falls.

Crossing the Cascades, we stopped on the summit of Green Spring Mountain, where I got stuck with my mower and rake as a boy . . . told them about it. Green Springs was always a happy camp. If you had pulled your outfit up to Green Springs you were over the heavy part of the mountain. Here we met another enthusiastic delegation from Ashland, inviting us there to lunch. Then came Medford, doing things in her own way—Medford is mostly made up of city-raised people who have come in from the East and developed apple and pear orchards in the old Rogue River Valley, and she does things a little differently from the cattle towns, but is just as gracious about it. Here we all stayed at the old Hanley ranch and visited

MR. HANLEY making a speech at the cornerstone laying of the Deschutes Railway, in Bend. Mr. J. J. Hill back of him, Louis Hill to the right. Mr. J. J. Hill: "I am building this road to come to see you, Mr. Hanley."

Jacksonville, the early mining town, and Peter Britt's famous photograph gallery, full of photographs of the first miners and settlers—just taking them back along my boy-days trail.

Entering Roseberg, we were met by Binger Herman, once Secretary of the Interior, and prince of good fellows. Here he was with his big welcome, helping carry a great banner saying:

"Food and Drink for the Weary Travelers."

Binger used to come to the Butte Creek cattle ranch when I was a little boy, and often rode with me. He had land there. He always knew everybody, the children and their parents, a true politician of his day, but forever loyal to his friends.

Then on to Eugene and Portland—the termination of the first all-around-the-state automobile excursion ever made. We had many breakdowns, of course, for this was before the day of splendid highways and perfected cars, such as we have to-day. But there were no hardships you really could call hardships. The travelers had made friends for themselves everywhere by their way of entering into everything with such good feeling. The trip had warmed the hearts of the country people.

When the Deschutes road was finished as far as Bend there was a great celebration. When the golden spike was pulled Mr. J. J. Hill slipped it into my

pocket: "It belongs to you," he said. "I was building a road to come and see you."

During the years of railroad building I had many pleasant visits with Mr. Hill and his associates . . . visited in his home. There was no railroad problem more important to Mr. Hill than his own home. He had accumulated many art treasures to make it beautiful. He took me all over the house, showing me how he had built to take care of all possible needs of his children and grandchildren.

. . . Getting back from the hills one time, I came up through Silvies Valley and stayed all night with Walter Cross on Trout Creek. Walter had always been there, took up creek-bottom land. This was in the late fall, and it was cold, with some snow. He had a box stove in his little old cabin with the bottom held up with baling wire and a big fire going. I said, "Walter, ain't you afraid the wire will break and let the bottom fall down and burn up your house?"

"It never has yet," said Walter, with a sideways glance at it. He had lots of children and a fine wife—Mother Cross was just a friend to everybody. I thought, there's not so much difference between people as people think . . . all struggling for the one end, to take care of their own—only difference is in the way they do it. . . .

Later, when I was in St. Paul, Mr. Hill told me he

had let Judge Lovett have the Malheur Canyon. Harriman had died by this time, and Judge Lovett was in his place. I said: "Haven't you made a mistake?"

He said, "No, I don't think I have. Judge Lovett will build your road through there."

"Maybe he won't."

"Yes, he will. He's a good fellow—always makes his word good. He will build it."

It was only a short time till this branch line over east of us, connecting with the main through line, was under construction.

The Deschutes road stopped at Bend. They had got through the neck of the bottle, the Deschutes Canyon—the most difficult part—when railroad activity quieted down again.

THE OLD P RANCH

Some time back I had taken over the management of the P Ranch. This was really a group of ranches, comprising some one hundred and fifty thousand acres running seventy miles north and south, and it was a little town in itself, with the P the home ranch. Old ranches were mostly named from the branding irons of their owners.

There was a great white house among the willows

that had offered hospitality to everybody in the country, or going through it; and it had a fireplace about which more big cattlemen had gathered than perhaps any other spot in the world. Old brands burned all around it made a sort of decoration. All the equipment of the earliest California cattlemen was there: the old cook house, bunk house, blacksmith shop, a store, and supplies. And the old cook that Pete French had had so long was there, still faithful to the ranch, now that his master was gone. Pete French's men all loved him, and there were a lot of his old retainers that just sort of went with the ranch. There was old Borax, reduced now to his tobacco and care. He looked after the dogs, the hogs, and the garden.

On the P Ranch—or the Blitzen property, as it was often designated, being on the Blitzen River—there were about eighty thousand acres of swamp land that needed only drainage to be made into rich producing farms. And there was lots of water that needed only to be gathered up and put into a canal and spread over the arid areas.

People often spoke of this as waste, but there is no waste country; only waiting country . . . waiting to be drawn on, like the organs of the body that always carry more of their element than is needed ordinarily. Some time people will learn that all country has purpose, the same as all people. Time is the big grinding

machine through which granite is turned to soil, and ignorance to understanding.

A country is as distinctly individual as a human . . . got features and everything. Your job is to understand it, that's all. When you see little lumps, that means generally that there's hardpan underneath and water forcing it up. A little channel in a country that keeps going with no particular reason is cutting between two kinds of soil. You hear about a wonderful country with no frost in it, as if that was an advantage; but frost is a cultivator, lifts it up, gives it strength for resistance. A country without resistance is just to raise trimmings, cantaloupes, peaches. You'll never get the highest grade meat out of it. . . . The high plains make the first course, bread-and-meat country . . . got to have sunlight and altitude. This gives the steer's lungs a bigger job, and puts more red blood into him.

Well, every train coming West was still bringing in home seekers, with a kind of a settler boom on. Experts were working with what they called dry-land farming, which was doomed to failure, and I thought more and more of the ideas of getting some country into condition for the people to take hold of. . . . We all want to be some place we are not—it's just human—and the fundamental hunger for a piece of land was driving thousands West. . . . The homesteaders

already in the country were having it hard, with no chance to earn a living while holding down their claims, and still more were coming in, the light of hope in their eyes, and with that basic faith in the power of the land to take care of them.

I decided to go ahead and dig my canal. It would not only create good producing farm land out of waste, but it would give a certain number work to do, with income for immediate necessities.

Earlier, Mr. Lusk, who had been administrator of the Blitzen property, had sent up a dredger from California, with the idea of digging a canal through the P Ranch to the main channel of the Blitzen. He had sent up engineers who had located the canal and then shipped the dredger in to Winnemucca, from where it was hauled in with mule teams and reassembled, and the dredging had started. But he was a lawyer in Chico, and soon the novelty of developing the property wore out with him, and he stopped. The dredger had drifted down the canal to where it lay when I took charge, resting in the mud at the Grain Camp. . . . We had raised so much grain in this locality that it never had any other name but just the Grain Camp.

After getting my management well organized, I commenced on the old dredger, putting it in running order and starting to work it back to where the canal had been abandoned. It was a real undertaking for it

was difficult to get competent men to handle it who were willing to stay in the country. It needed experts.

But getting wood was a big job, and this gave the homesteaders work. We used four or five cords a day, which took many juniper-wood haulers. We bought the wood of the homesteaders, who took contracts to find, cut, and deliver it at so much a cord. To cut the little scattered juniper was an open contract with any homesteader or settler, or group of them, so a good many were at it. They would go up into the Jackass Mountain country, get the little bushy trees among the rim rock, and with their wagons and teams haul it down to the canal. The juniper grows from ten to twenty feet in height, with the limbs starting at the ground. Requires lots of cutting for a little fuel, with the moisture and fertility in the limbs.

We soon had the canal up into the valley, and put in stop dams beyond the dredger to raise the water high enough to float it. This made another problem. Every time we put in a dam to hold the dredger water behind it we had to transfer the wood by hand to a barge and float it up to the dredger. The old barge had the habit of getting sunk.

I never feel capable of managing a thing I can't do myself, or haven't tried out before putting others to work on it, so I stayed pretty close on the job. It was interesting to be up where the big dipper was working

and see the different layers of soil and the peat on top and the differences in vegetation. When we would get close to the rim of the valley the big bucket would throw up Indian arrow points, which meant we were close to where the Indians used to lay on the rim and shoot at birds in the swamp. At one time we dug alongside an island in the swamp, a high, rocky, volcanic point, of the same formation as rim rock. This stirred up the rattlesnakes, and as we had a road gang following along making a road beside the canal, they had to lay off and do nothing but kill rattlesnakes. The weather was hot, and there was no compromise with them.

When we were out in the center of the great swamp there was not a fly or a mosquito, as never a cow had been out there. But as soon as the canal was dug and the cow went in, the oldest known weeds began to spring up on the canal's banks, and flies and mosquitoes came a-plenty. Use seems to produce what we call enemies, but they may not be. They all have their purpose. We have lots yet to learn. . .

That road along the canal—I couldn't know who would adopt all this country in years to come, but whoever he was would ride forever on this canal bank road. . . . It was mighty important work, going on so far into the future, and I gave it my personal attention.

I had just been up on the canal with a crew of men, building a rim around the edge with boards and bailing out the water, and had just got it floated and operating once more, which had been a most wearing job, with everybody down in the mud and water, none more than myself. And when I came down, I met a United States marshal with a long indictment against me for cutting juniper trees on the government's forest reserve.

Seems there was a law enacted back in 1837, or thereabouts, that said it was unlawful to take, cut, or use cedar from government land, save and except for use in the United States navy. . . . The minds of special agents had mixed juniper wood with cedar. This was during the indictment era in Oregon, with many public men in trouble over timber. Indictments were in the air.

A great big bully of a fellow, a special agent—can't recall his name—had been a guest at the P Ranch for several days, enjoying all its hospitality, and had ridden with me to Burns, where he went out of the country. He was the one that got together his evidence and fostered the sentiment to have me indicted.

It takes a little training to get used to being indicted by your government. Special agents have a long history with the plainsman who pioneered. Re-

member in my earliest boy days being with French's vaqueros when he was there and a big, pompous-looking fellow drove up with his buggy and driver. When I got my plate full of beans from the mess wagon, and was going out to sit down in the sand and eat my dinner, French said to me: "Look at that big fellow, and give me your opinion of him. He wants money. He says he's a special agent from the Secretary of the Interior."

I looked him over, then looked some more. The agent had his driver go get the cushion off his buggy seat for him. The rest of us just set down on the ground. I took my plate and went over and set down in front of him, and studied him. . . . When I put my plate down, French said: "Well, what do you think of him?"

I said: "You make me think. I didn't know fellows could sell the government."

French says: "I'll not give him a cent. I will move out of the country before I will begin buying fellows like that, or doing that kind of business."

That was before we had begun getting title to land. A special agent in those days was generally a man who had been appointed at the request of some senator or other, who he had helped get office. This was his compensation, and this his place to collect it —way out West—from the fellow who had cast his

lot in with the country. With the years, the special-agent idea had kept growing. In land settlement days it was his business to be a conspicuous part in the settlement between homesteader and stockman, at the land office where land allotment was mostly a question of who had the best horse to get there and get his filing in first.

But his reports always seemed to be against the fellow working away at the problems of the country. This was the only way his office could mean anything —had to have a victim.

Going down through the field, I came across a thin, tired, hungry-looking old Indian in an old shabby high hack, with his squaw and four or five children. He had stopped by the river bank and was looking at the ducks—maybe taking some.

"You catch 'em duck?" I asked.

"No, me no catch 'em duck."

I got him to talking. He said, rambling along: "Long time ago my father—his father—his father—they had all the ducks, all the deer, all the grass and trees—all this their country. Now me, I got nothing . . . no duck, no deer, nothing. Me much sick in my heart."

I said: "All your little-boy days when you say, 'Me hungry,' your mother say, 'Go get 'em duck.'

Then I come with other white men, and I make 'em my land, my fence, my ducks, my deer, my grass, my trees . . . bring in cows, take everything away from you. Then, after long time pass, when it's all been mine long time, and I got all black, sunburned, like you, other white men in city make more laws. And they send man out to me and he say, 'Not your duck, my duck . . . not your grass, my grass . . . not your trees, my trees.' He build big jail, say, 'You kill 'em duck, you cut 'em trees, you break 'em laws—and you go to jail.' . . . You and me just Indians together. You first Indian, me second Indian . . . no ducks for either of us."

He rubbed his breast, then swept his hand all over his body. "You make me feel good—good all over," he said. It helps, company in your troubles.

I commenced to feel that I was on the same road he had been on—hadn't much more government that was with me than he had.

For the agent, it was always valuable to his report that he had had to go several hundred miles from a railroad to get his man—showed him to be a real fellow. Of course the pioneer had pushed into the country on his own initiative, building roads that he hauled his supplies in over, while this special agent drove in in a good buggy, with a well-broke team and a driver who knew the country and just where to take

him. But still, his exploit read good—and the pioneer wasn't making any report.

Just another angle on pioneering . . . and nothing for the old dredger to do now but sink back into the mud.

Funny little story comes to mind: When the agent came out, following the indictment, to take charge of the wood the settlers had cut and hauled to the canal bank, the little woman who with her husband had been cooking for the men was still in camp. After putting up the government's notices on the wood, the little agent suddenly knew he was hungry, and came very pompously to the cook wagon and ordered his dinner—all in his little khaki clothes and leggings and broad-brimmed hat. His stomach got empty just the same as everybody else's. After his duty was done he was just human.

But she was a loyal little person, full of sympathy with us, and she said: "I'm sorry, but I ain't got any wood to cook you a dinner with."

"Oh, just go help yourself to what wood you need," he said, quite offhand—when it was *his* stomach that was empty.

"No," she said, "I'm working for Mr. Hanley, and he ain't got any wood."

With all the mandates of the government back of him, the little agent had no power to make her cook

him a dinner. He was one traveler through the country that just had to move on without his dinner—had fifty miles to go before he could get anything to eat, and that was in the buggy-riding days. . . . This was going against all precedent on the old ranches, as no one was ever known to pass their way without there was a place for him at the table, and if a traveler's horse was weary he got a fresh one, and if an emigrant was traveling through with his family he could always come in and get beef . . . just travelers' privileges.

The city papers had a good deal to say about the indictment, most all friendly to me. And Harvey Scott wrote an editorial in the *Oregonian* that showed the general sentiment. He called it: "Conserving Jackass Mountain," and he said:

CONSERVING JACKASS MOUNTAIN

Near Burns, in Harney County, is a juniper-covered, government-owned hill called Jackass Mountain. Below is a swamp. The mountain and the juniper trees and the swamp are counted worthless in their present condition, and indeed are of benefit neither to man nor beast, nor even to special agents. But because Bill Hanley undertook a plan for digging a canal, by means of a machine that used the government's juniper trees for fuel, so as to drain the swamp and redeem the land

from water waste, special agents had him indicted; and now Mr. Hanley must stand trial for an alleged crime whose maximum punishment would be twelve months' imprisonment.

Now, here is "jackass" conservation with a vengeance. Most persons of the vicinity regard the Hanley project as highly beneficial to the region, and Mr. Hanley as an enterprising citizen. The trees never have been classed as a forest, nor as timber, in any commercial sense; not even fit for cordwood, in any other use than Mr. Hanley's. Since it seized 750 cords of the wood, the government finds nobody will buy it. Meanwhile, a worthy project is stopped, and progress of the Burns region is that much arrested.

It may be that Mr. Hanley could have saved all this trouble by obtaining a permit from the government to use the juniper trees. Probably this would have been his proper course. But, the trees not being classed as timber or valued as such, he thought he could cause them to be cut and burned in his dredger without violating the law. It is a case wherein criminal intent is wholly lacking, and wherein trouble comes of definitions merely. Conservation agents call the trees timber, and start prosecution. Yet, that definition had never held in the Burns country till they brought it there.

This business renews a warning, which the ex-

perience of all kingdoms and republics has declared time out of mind, against government by rulings and decrees instead of by laws. Too many edicts of conservation officials have the force of law.

The case of Jackass Mountain is one in which the government should deal kindly with the alleged offender.

It was approaching winter, cattle was sorted, calves weaned, plenty feed in the stacks, and we had good organized ranch people in charge everywhere, of my own raising—so I could leave.

In Portland I met one of my old boy friends who had sat beside me in school back in Jacksonville. He had gone on through college, then Harvard Law School. I talked over the indictment with him. In a brotherly way he advised me to get out of the conflict with the government as easily as I could. "Better just plead guilty," he said. I could feel the big spread there was between his life and mine.

I went to Washington . . . wanted to browse around a little, see which way I was headed. Met the Oregon senators and congressmen, all good friends of mine. . . . Then I met the Secretary of the Interior. We talked over Oregon, and touched on my trouble. He said for me to get an appointment with the commissioner of the general land office. This was managed.

Then we met in a room in the Interior Building, where every survey and title of land in the nation is kept.

After extending pleasant greetings, the commissioner called in his special agents. We all talked for a while, then half-a-dozen other agents dropped in. Seemed to me like it was staged. One of them had been a frequent visitor on the ranches, staying for meals and nights. Then they sort of grouped off with the Oregon senator. . . . Seemed they wanted me out; so I drifted to the other side of the room and watched their conversation get intense. I knew the senator was trying the case 100 per cent for me, but I knew I must get my head working, too. I thought, "Will I settle to get out of what is called trouble, or will I do my part to move the government to a better understanding of Western conditions?"

I had been walking up and down the room with a fellow I've lived with a lot, Myself. Many seemed to have respect for him, even in this conference. Was it right to settle everything? Just take the easiest way?

They indicated it was up to me.

When I walked toward the group, there was perfect silence. They looked at one another. Then the senator said: "This doesn't seem right, but they say they will recommend a settlement of your indictment for $5,000. At first they thought it ought to be worth

$25,000, but they have agreed on $5,000. Think probably you had better accept this settlement, as it would cost you more to fight it."

It run through my mind: Getting mad is only letting the power run out of your fighting tank too fast, with the timer working bad . . . better ask foolish questions. Most of all your country was involved—not just your own personal self.

"And if I don't settle?" I asked. "What then?"

"You will be tried. We have the evidence."

"And if I'm convicted?"

"You'll be fined and given a jail sentence."

It passed through my mind: That sounds like blackmail. . . . "Well, I'd rather be tried," I said.

Nobody said anything. It seemed final. . . . But it kept persisting in my mind that they considered I had committed a crime all right, only they were willing to whitewash me if I'd pay for it.

Since later acquaintance, I do not feel that the Secretary of the Interior or any of those other heads had any part in transactions of this kind. It was just following along the idea of the old-time ward grafter. The special agent may even have thought he was doing his duty. Only way he could make a name for himself was to stop something going on in the country, and not much else was going on, so he had to have me.

But something was basically wrong in the way the

West was being handled. Pretty nearly everything in our state was idle—idle forests, idle men, idle rivers, idle plains, and idle land; people begging for work, resources spoiling for development, and obstruction of one kind or another everywhere.

Government through friendly service to the settler could develop the Western country. The present poor homesteaders, all made poor by the problems that had followed their attempt to accept the government's offer of free land, had as big a problem as had the first covered-wagon pioneers, with less chance to solve it, for they hadn't free use of the country's resources to help them get their start. When the government's special agent comes to the shack of the homesteader he oughtn't to come as a policeman looking for an offender of the law, or as a spy—maybe somebody had shot a duck out of season—but as a friend, as an agricultural adviser who might be able to make some valuable suggestion. He should have a more human attitude toward his job.

The little juniper tree had woke me up.

Government was too far away to handle the internal affairs of Western states intelligently. They were making the same kind of a mistake they made with the Indians, and from the same cause—mismanagement through ignorance of the real situation. The finished end of our country was trying to regulate the

far end where things were just beginning. We were trying desperately hard to do constructive work, and government interference was destroying our efforts. The tension caused by so much regulation chilled enthusiasm. Things just shut down. Settlers got discouraged and gave up.

What the West needed was settlers, but settlers out in the big plains was a mistake, without something for them to work at as a means of support. A man can't take a plow and go out into the desert and make a living. It was all hardship, under the existing plan, with no show to win.

A free home on the land sounds good, but the home fireplace is mighty chilly when you haven't the wherewithal to keep a fire in it.

The Eastern states, in their early history, had all had the use of their native wealth to develop themselves with—their coal, timber, water power, and lands—but the government was asking us in the far West to go ahead and develop and settle our country without the use of our own riches to help do it. They were saying that the natural resources belonged to all the people, not seeming to realize that all the people were in the East and the natural resources in the West. This policy had brought Western growth to a standstill, and left good citizens stranded through no fault of their own.

I returned to the ranches. Nothing had changed. The same need of work, the same need of making the country liveable. That canal must be dug: couldn't let some little short-sighted men spoil a life's work. So I paid for the wood, about fifty cents a cord, and the next spring, with only a year lost, the organization destroyed, and the dredger sunk deeper than ever in the mud, I began all over again. . . . I never knew what became of the indictment. If age hasn't wore it out, I am still due for a trial.

SPRING IN HARNEY VALLEY

Bell A Ranch: Stick to your job—that's the main thing, but look ahead always to where you're going.

Every life has purpose and a problem. The little grass in the meadow and the grain in the field, and the animals in the corrals just the same as humans. When you interest yourself to help solve some of their problems, that's the Golden Rule. It may be the stirring up of the earth at the roots of the grass. It may be a handful of grain for the old mother sow that goes right on eating while her babies are tugging at her, because the job is hers to keep that supply going. It may be the tiny turkey that has got draggled in the wet grass, and if you pick it up and save it it will help the woman who is raising them. It's when you help

solve some other's problem that you get their interest in return, and that is doing as you would be done by. . . . Feelin' fine!

No eulogy of a dog can be too strong. My little friend Pinkie is on the job constant; and when she wants to give me a special entertainment she chases her tail as if she was after something that has to be caught; and when it is finally caught it gets a good biting. You sometimes wonder if she don't feel it was a put-over on her, to be decorated with that tail. Why did she have to have it? seems to run through her mind. But waiting, watching, and protecting never gets to be merely a duty with her. Sometimes she comes near biting people that come on the ranch, who don't look right to her. I believe she knows the difference between people who come to the ranch wanting something and those that come just from a friendly feeling.

People just wanting something . . . If I would criticize Nature for anything, it's ingratitude. She makes people un-nice, sometimes, when they ought to be nice. But nothing goes all the way through. She'll make a wise face and put foolishness back of it. She'll make a huge frame for a man, and give him the fear of a mouse. Peer into a crane's nest, and you'll see two young ones all wet from the shell. One will be a mad, gobbly little feller who'll peck at you. The

other will stretch out his head and eye you mildly, with something wonderful like a smile. . . . If we all follow out our natures we're bound to show the mix—but somehow put together in right proportions for the life we're planned to live. . . . Feelin' fine!

Nothing so pure and restful as space . . . just keep moving through it.

At the OO: The whole country is full of water birds, mostly resting on their way North . . . think the white geese went yesterday. Looking out now at three pairs of honker geese walking around eating a little grass. They seem to know they are going to have something happen—but it will just be more geese.

Went out over the OO fields. The geese, plovers, ducks, and all the other water birds are so happy, bringing out their new families . . . have ordered grain put out for them, by the sackful. They don't fly scared when I go among them. . . . Feelin' fine!

Been thinking about a little goose we had on the ranch with her wing clipped, a wild honker goose raised on the OO . . . how she went to heaven for her mate. In her second year, when the wild geese were flying in the spring, she went to the meadows and flew as high as she could, just squalling, so that we thought something was wrong with her—thought she

had gone crazy or something—but she was calling her mate out of heaven. Finally she got the attention of her gentleman, and started to bring him to the house for food. But he'd get the alarm, getting in too close, and fly off to the meadow again, and she would go back and call to him till she got him once more, then would persist in bringing him in. She intended that he should live her life, not she his. She wasn't going to be a wild goose and go back to the sky again. . . . A common male misunderstanding on his part.

She finally succeeded and he was hers. But she went to the cook house and beat on the door with her wings to get her food just as she always had, while he took his in the field, persisting in staying on the outside lines. When the family was raised in the fall, we didn't clip their wings, and they all flew away to the South together, leaving her alone.

When the wild geese came back the next year, a big flock lit in the OO yard, and four or five left and came to the cook-house door and started beating it with their wings, setting up their old howl and fuss for food, as if they hadn't had any since they left home. They stayed all that season but flew away again the next fall. Now, always in the spring there are bands of wild geese flying low over the OO cook house. We at the ranch know they are descendants of her family. . . . Feelin' fine!

Get a right close look at a little bird. Everything on him is in perfect proportion for the kind of a life that is his. . . . Women like to wear feathers because they are wearing something that Nature has perfected. Humans are still in the making. They have their intense little love affair in the spring when they mate, the whole thing worked out by Nature to bring on reproduction. After working it all out to the pretty little finish, then they lay the eggs and set on them. . . . Nature working out a young bird is just the crudest thing. At first he's all mouth, then the other part grows so fast that when he's feathered out and complete he's bigger than his mother and father, all blubber baby fat. The whole theory of Nature is to stuff it. Then, when the right time comes, the parents set on the limbs of trees and teach the young ones the language. Forming of muscle comes later when they start to fly. The more they fly, the harder the bones and muscles become, and they get down smaller. After that they all go along in the world together, all just birds, the papa and mamma no older than the babies . . . all so sweet.

No other life can compare with a bird's, because it has the best transportation.

There's people that correspond to every kind. The meadow lark has the prettiest mission of all. He's the crier—the announcer of spring. He always lives where

it's spring. The same little meadow lark that was announcing it down in Los Angeles a while back is up in Harney now, with the same little words: "Spring is here! Spring is here!" . . . Just a crier.

The least bird of all, the humming bird, lives from the prettiest places South to the prettiest places North, and finds every bed of flowers. His true mission is to pollenize. Puts the sexes of the flowers together. With all his little spots of color, he just corresponds to the pretty things he lives in. Sticks his bill into a flower, then all a-quiver into another, making sure of reproduction. He's the only bird known that, without any noticeable change, can fly backward or forward, up or down. Maybe sometime mechanical man will be able to do that for a flying machine, make an engine that can go every direction without shifting gears.

A magpie is truly a bird criminal, but awful cute about it. He wouldn't eat anything without he stole it. He's always watching. He's a liar and a thief, and he doesn't deny it. Will light on an old cow's back in the spring, and pick a warble out. She can toss her head this way and that, but all she can do is to annoy him, tossing her tail and making herself disagreeable to his right to appropriate what she would really like to get rid of.

Another interesting bird is a yellow hammer in an attic. He lives a life of always having something after him. Always swelling his jaws and screeching or pecking or something. Has that haunted life. You can't come up on him—he's off! Nothing that we know that he's good for. He's just an old slip-around politician, trying to put something over and haunted by his own schemes. Always thinks somebody is after him—finally dies of it.

Lots of humor among birds. An old fish hawk (or osprey) circling round will dive and catch a fish and fly up with it, then an old eagle will come at him and he'll drop the fish, but dive down and catch it again before it hits the water. Well worked out—technical.

But a buzzard is the most beautiful flyer. Puts in most of his time flying. Ideal for an airship—just speeding along without the flap of a wing. He's a scavenger. Got to fly a lot to get that exercise and work off all he's filled up on. People that overeat could learn a lot from a buzzard.

The cowbird is the coarsest. He flies around and lights on cows' backs and catches bugs. A kind of robber all the way through. The mother will lay her eggs in a little song bird's nest, the kind just full of love and art and affection. Then after a while you will see three cute little birds in the nest and one darned old

cowbird taking up all the room and attention and convenience, and getting all the food. It's just been put over on that little mother, after all her little love affair. And she will love the cowbird just the same as the others. . . . Some birds are just little artists and love-things, full of the glories and beauties of life . . . take everything to be honest . . . don't deal in facts.

But nothing makes love as pretty as sand-hill cranes. They do their little can-can for each other in the spring, only he does the most of it, spreading his skirts, graceful when at his highest tension. Picks the one he wants—all the waders do that—and keeps his courting up for days. She is on the job, pays attention to him, but she perfectly occupies the female position, has to be pursued.

Then there's the big swan, with his bulky body and his beautiful white color, setting on the water. His chosen lands are farther north in the summer and farther south in the winter . . . comes and goes with the accuracy of date, and his place of lighting is nearly as definite as an airplane field. When he scatters for his short flights and his resting season, he always has his companion with him.

The white geese came in such quantities you were sure they were going to stay, sure there wasn't an open space farther north big enough for them. But when the proper time came they all gathered together with the

most intense talking, like a great convention. Then you got up some morning and looked out, and not a white goose was to be seen . . . all gone.

But, after all, nothing is as smart as an old honker goose. He's a true husband, a good provider, and helps raise the family, though he is awful awkward about it. He steps on one once in a while, apologetic, then he'll let the Mamma go off and take a rest while he takes care of the little birds, as well as a man can that's not motherly by nature. Hardly an animal can rob a wild goose's nest . . . perfectly ferocious with his wings. There's no other mating so beautiful, and no parentage so wonderful.

The big thing about a pelican is the way he floats along on the water, like he was a part of it, but putting everything that can be eaten into that great sack of his. He's a friend of the soil—eats the grasshoppers and crickets. The Mormon Church won't allow a pelican to be killed—saved their country for them. The little gulls belong to the same class—scavengers.

But nothing moves through the water as quiet as a mud hen, or coot—that's his right name. Hardly makes a riffle. Just continued restfulness. Perfectly inoffensive, picks up little bugs and things—a nice little bird like a chicken. Could be made useful, domesticated.

Then there's the glossy ibis . . . keeps turning in the

sun to show himself off. He's not pretty setting, just when flying . . . and the little gray hell-diver, the diver of all divers, and the grebe, so darned homely you wouldn't expect anything beautiful from him; but if you get close enough you can see he's got a spot of the most beautiful blue on top of his head.

Then the little wading birds: the plovers, all white with black spots; the killdeers running about in the shallow water picking up gnats; the curlew with his beautiful call and his long hooked bill, like a pheasant —he's the one that gives the first alarm of danger, commences to fly; and the red-winged blackbirds in and out among the tules, making a symphony of color and music . . . all talking their own language, and every one built for the life he's planned to live.

Nothing is without reason. Their reason for being is to spread life. The little song birds came in later, as the grass begun to be eaten out, bringing seed, dropping them, gradually changing the country.

I've never lost any birds—slipped in among them without disturbing them, just laid out with them.

I soon discovered after I moved in that everything that lived a natural life lived by seasons. We did the same, starting our herds in the spring, planning to reach the grazing country at the top of the season, the next thing—provide for winter.

Man learns of Nature. As he progresses in understanding he will live North and South, like the birds. He will, because all life that is master of transportation does. Even a stupid worm has that want-to-go so bad he develops into a beautiful butterfly, so he can.

So many birds make you realize what a great natural country it is, for a reproducing country, by choice, is always a home country.

Nothing sporty about killing a little bird. You've got your brain and your gun and your bullets against no preparation on his part. The sporty thing is to love them and live with them. Nobody that lives with them long will kill them. To one who lives with them, a sportsman is just a fellow that hasn't had his Nature side fed. Too much indoors, and not enough out. When he gets in the midst of natural life he demonstrates too rough. Just a fellow with undeveloped fineness in him. He knows the little thing hasn't much chance with him. Here Nature went to so much trouble to put this little bird on the earth, to help him, help make his character nice, and he doesn't see it. Just as important to life as he is . . . but this is what too much town life does to a fellow—closes his sight.

The greatest development the world will ever have will be when the plains get to raising people, when

youth is taken into space and relaxed, for the scope of vision must come out of space. Even physical eyes can get so narrowed down they have to go to the plains to be widened out into better sight. . . . Feelin' fine!

WAR

Europe at war. . . .

The human is too far from perfection not to have trouble, and no place does human weakness show up as much as in governments. Government seems to get confused between its duty to serve and its power to rule. And then governments just naturally absorb weakness . . . too many people ruling others who are above plain work but haven't the ability to do better things . . . so it just naturally follows that governments get wormy.

The country is kind of murky to-day, as if in sympathy with the war spirit.

At the OO: Went and rode the swamp meadow; full of mosquitoes and horse flies. . . . What nations fight for is small compared with what the warriors fight for, and by the millions. Such a short time to live . . . the mystery is—what for? But certainly it is a part of the general plan. All on the job, out for blood, and well equipped to get it. No ceremony, only going

direct for their object—and I was it while riding the swamps with the foreman. . . .

Something awful nice about water. All the time moving. You can't own it, you can only own the use of it. The title to your horse is to the solid matter in him. But to water, only its use . . . same as life.

Been out on the big plains with the foreman for two days. They certainly will be rest for people when they get to understand them—rest for tired herd-worn city people.

Went up the river above the canyon . . . stood and watched the sky and felt its atmosphere. One side of the canyon is restful and quiet; the other, still in the making, is sliding and rough. Only Time can quiet and perfect things . . . the same with people. . . . Feelin' fine!

See an owl setting on a little mound of dirt, twisting his head off. He's got a swivel in his neck. Turns his head around to the back, then your eye ain't quick enough to see him make the change again.

Picked up a little horned toad, puffing his sides out, awful suspicious and scary. . . . Watched some ants. At every little ant hill the ants will welcome you if you add to their building material, furnish sticks or feed. You can lay all around them and they'll crawl right over you and won't bite you. . . . That's one of the

prettiest thoughts, if a nation and everyone would get it, that everything recognizes the superiority of kindness. Even a bee gets the understanding that you feel kind toward him, and he won't sting you. . . . Feelin' fine!

All my time has gone into the want to raise a big crop. It seems to be needed, with the world at war. . . .

Just saw a coyote in a circle, running a rabbit. Old trick of that fellow's. One coyote takes him and runs him in a circle till he's tired, then he sets down and another takes him. The one that finally catches him runs up the hill with him, and all the balance take after him. He'll drop the rabbit, and another gets him, but the winner never divides up. It's just his rabbit. Old commercial fellow . . . respects nobody's claim if he wins.

The Bell A Ranch: The air is full of grasshoppers flying hard and furious all in one direction, as if there was a big grasshopper meeting some place to decide where we came from and what for. . . . Intense with life, whishing through the air, striking board fences like shots, the sky full of them, all going North.

And only a few weeks ago they was just little humble babies with tender bodies, making little hops when disturbed, getting out of the way, not knowing which way. Now they're hard as a rock, striking like

bullets, eating up the fields, taking life out of every plant.

As the season dries down, and everything gets dry, they will leave the air, and the big business with them will be laying grasshopper eggs in the dirt, rolling them into moist balls, putting them a few inches under the ground to make sure of plenty grasshoppers next year. Just life in motion. Who has the best right to survive? Well, only superiority can. But the grasshopper says, "We will perpetuate our own, so we can turn the beautiful green into grasshoppers again next year" . . . a one-purpose existence.

It's all just another form for life, and all life comes from one source. You are in the form you are in for a purpose, your only need to fulfil that purpose and to show your superiority in your appreciation of life by helping all that are a part of the plan with you . . . not all self and yours, but the other fellow and his. . . . Feelin' fine!

Had Pioneer Day yesterday in Burns. A full-course dinner, with the renewal that goes with a pioneer meeting. I served. Made a speech, then presented the cake to the Queen Mother, with ninety-one candles on it—her years on the earth. Two years ago I pinned the jewel on her as Queen Mother of the ranges.

Then I helped usher up the old, the timid, and for-

gotten to the table. After we finished, the native Indians cleaned up all that was left—a hundred or more: old Piutes that just live in cabins or tepees in the hills round about, all wore down to just remnants of a race whose glory is gone. Every once in a while some dignified old fellow will draw his blanket tight around him and walk down the middle of the street, refusing to turn out for teams or cars—demonstrating his right of way. We generally turn out for him, let him have it. He ain't got much. But every year they come to the pioneer meeting, and sit around conspicuous through the whole affair, then when the signal is given for them to come to the table there's a big rush, young and old men, and squaws with their babies on boards.

Scarface Charley congratulated me on heap good speech—assured me all the Indians call me their Big Father—at the same time locating a thick sandwich and a slice of cake.

After the Indians had feasted, came the old-time dances . . . grand right and left, all join hands and promenade . . . with old Chet Guernsey playing the fiddle, and Cal Clemens calling. All going in high gear, as if all the wanting-to-dance of twenty years past was just there dancing. If people outside knew about it, all the cars would be coming. It is certainly some affair. . . . Feelin' fine!

The grasshoppers are quieting down now, beginning to assemble in the dust and prepare for next year's crop. It certainly teaches that each life is only for a season.

At the Bell A: We had our first banquet of the family at the Bell A—had our people in from all the ranches. Didn't know we had so many. A big banquet table full, and about fifteen or twenty didn't get in. Nearly as many children as grown folks. They are our real crop, the children. Nice little things. Slip their hand in yours and walk along, hardly knowing they are doing it.

I was toastmaster, and old George McLaren, the oldest foreman, was the honored guest. The old fellow couldn't control his feelings, as it was just forty years from the time he first come to work for me. Two thirds of the people at the table were his results. Ollie, his oldest girl, was seated beside Dad. They all wanted to take him home with them. He told me, the next day, the women all made a great harmony about him.

When you consider your payroll an asset instead of a liability, and plan how to get it together so's you can pack it instead of trying to cut it down, it's a real pleasure in your life. . . . Feelin' fine!

At the Bell A: Worked all day yesterday trying to get some old neighbors to sign up on some sort of

coöperation on crops. The meeting was full of minds grown up and aged with no association but their own problems, no outside mixed in. All came in after some pleading. One old arbitrary mind began to filibuster, a bull Englishman. Commenced his stampede, but the others went on signing up. There was an old wrinkled-faced Swede and a German that had been in the country all my time . . . down went their names. A little mishandling of temperament is some dangerous, if it gets loose on the range with a rope on—and scared at the rope.

Life must be lived mostly in what harmonizes with it, with only enough friction to make it efficient. But everything is coming the way I was looking for, if my order had been filled.

It's a great business to stay on the job. . . . Feelin' fine!

Life seems to be another morning . . . day and night . . . each one a thing in itself as if it was a new birth. But there seems to be a carry-over of some accumulated wisdom indicating that you are part of one General Plan. But just what you may mean to the Big Future, none seems to understand. One thing, you know there is no such thing as death . . . just change. You know that if you watch Nature. . . . Feelin' fine!

The country is so full of things. To-day there was a water spout out on the high desert, and a lot of little toads came down, all little cheerful fellows, with nothing running crossways in their lives except that pretty soon the water would dry up and leave them dead in the desert.

Have seen the toads come out of the sky since a pilgrim boy. One of my first boy miracles was when a big black storm came up with rain and hail pouring down in torrents. Had to take the saddle off my horse and put it over my head. When the storm broke, everywhere around me were smart little toads. I ran around catching them. Had to get them into my hands, look at them. So many colors . . . seemed to be more to them than to the frogs you'd known around the lakes on Butte Creek. Seems normal for them to be happy when facing their life's big problem. They just handle themselves, not the problem. . . . When camping on the desert lakes we used to wade out into them and dig a hole in the water—it was so shallow. A few inches below it would be dry ground. We would strain out the tadpoles through a burlap sack . . . got a sackful of tadpoles before we got one bucket of water.

Only life of another kind being handled by the Big Plan. Our lives are not so much bigger than the little toads', if we could only see everything at once. . . . Feelin' fine!

I went out to the field this morning meaning to ride all over, but I saw a blue hawk and an old raven setting close together. That was a combination. You knew the hawk was going to lose, whatever it was. Had to get the inside of the story. Soon did. The hawk had a beautiful garter snake in his claws, very choice meat with all that class of birds. But the old raven wasn't giving him any chance to eat it. If he started, that was the raven's time to get the snake. As the raven was in no hurry, you knew he would win, but you wanted to see him do it.

When at last the hawk went to eat it, he loosened his claws a little, and the raven took it.

He just sets and waits—is no fighter, but persists, never gives up. . . . He'll watch an old mother rabbit before she's a mother, watch for the babies to come, then he'll go to the nest and take them. He's not afraid of a rabbit's fight; just gets his rabbit and goes into the air with it. Watches an old turkey hen when she's going to lay an egg, then gets the egg. If she takes too much time, he'll go right up to the nest, and when she runs off he'll take the egg. Gathers around pelicans and gulls for eggs. But he don't get far with a goose—she flaps him off with her wings.

Lots of people make you think of a raven.

Will go to the OO and see the birds and cattle and

little bummer calves . . . everything in harmony. The car is waiting.

OO Ranch: Riding meadows under water every day. The spreading of water over the big fields is a work of art. Everything looks fine. Looking for places where more levees will have to be built in the fall. Lots of little water birds in the fields, some wading, some swimming, all accepting the right of the other to live his own way. This is the whole art of living. . . . Feelin' fine!

The crops look so good and the weather is so fine —makes me think it's because I am with them in their struggle. Nothing seems to do so well for anyone who don't have a feeling of sympathy for it. The soil is just a big kid.

From one hay camp to another, doing much work, going through a routine of inspection. We have more than forty mowers going, with rakers and bunchers. Will get the hay all cut and in bunches this month and in the stacks by the end of August. . . . Feelin' fine!

On the way to the Juntura Ranch: Just going over the outfits; have five. Putting around four hundred tons a day in the stacks. It's a great part to visit and help the spirit of efficiency.

Juntura Ranch: Just been going from ranch to ranch. It's Sunday. Every Sunday seems to be beautiful. They seem to mark incidents more than other days. Spent the day with old George McLaren. He runs the nicest ranch of anybody. Everything moving to time. The first crop of alfalfa is stacked and the second on the way. The quality of everything old George raises is good. Old George and I set and talked of boy days. Watched his chickens and turkeys. . . . Lots of sentiment about an egg. A hen makes as much fuss each time as if it was a new birth . . . only demonstrating the joy of furnishing something to life. . . . A turkey hasn't much protection—can't run much, can't fly—but everything is so wonderful to him. Takes on everything. He's black—that's the night. Has white spots—that's the day. And all the pretty colors added—that's the sun. His strutting is just overflow of vanity—has to work the surplus off. But he's all good will, not a thing he's an enemy to. . . . Feelin' fine!

The president and regents of State College will be here to-morrow on a little visit. Got a letter from Professor Horner—he wants to make a trip out among the mysteries, too. Will be glad to see him. People come to the ranches and are wild about all they've

spent their lives getting away from—the natural things. It's the other extreme—rests them.

Lakeview: Such a beautiful ride across the Buzzard Canyon road yesterday. Stopped at Mule Springs. Went down to the old hole in the gravel where we used to stay with the big drives from noon to sundown, dipping water for the horses. There was a hollow rock we used for a trough—it was still there, but filled up. Mule Springs was discovered by a government mule that rambled out of the train and found himself a drink, just his sense told him it was there—man couldn't have found it.

In those days we would leave Mule Springs at sundown and get to the OO the next evening, with everything starved for water and food. The cattle would always lay down a few hours before midnight, but we would all stay on guard, to start the minute the herd got to their feet to move. Then it was a continuous wearing out of space till we reached the big springs at the OO. Sometimes a new boy would lay down in the dust thinking he could go no further, but we would get him up again and set him on his horse, give him a drink and turn him into the herd; take his bridle off—just a loose horse with a boy on him. But they were happy days in the youth of life. . . . Feelin' fine!

Just met a rattlesnake charming a bird. He had fastened his eyes on the bird, and the bird was fluttering back and forth in a half circle, the half circle all the time getting smaller, till the bird was up close. Squatted back, ears back, eyes stuck out like two balls of fire, just fastened there. The snake meant to crawl right over him, take him in, life and all, absorb him. I scared them and broke the spell. Old snake scuttled off, the bird flew away. . . . People are like that sometimes: just being crawled over by conditions, things sucking them up. Don't know what it is, but they've got a rattlesnake in their life. . . . Feelin' fine!

Such a beautiful fall full of sunshine and warm days. . . .

Bell A Ranch: Every day it's go. The country has had its big fall rain and is now having its own sunsets and days that are a dream of wonderland. Can hear the coyotes howling to-night in the still cool air—they follow the herd. Remember once when I'd bought so many cattle, and wasn't selling any, and had some more coming, with no credit or money to take care of the load. Had so many all around the ranches I felt like I was laying out on the range. Right in the midst of my worry, a fellow came along with a good-natured little yearling coyote he'd raised a pet. I bought it—

paid ten dollars for it. After that, when I felt overworried, I'd set down with himand scratch hima little under the chin and commence to howl to express my feelings, and he'd just set up and howl too. You could howl with a coyote when you couldn't howl out loud by yourself.

He'd never get tired of it, just the gamest little fellow to express your feelings with you. When I'd feel the worst, I'd get that little coyote and we'd tell the heavens how cruel the earth was to us. Talk about offering God a prayer—why, him and his ancestors have spent more generations than the Bible is old howling for help when in trouble. It was just his job—and I had him with me.

Nothing ever lived more misjudged than a coyote. His whole life is sunny and cunning. The ones that first slandered him were the sheep and chicken men. But he's not a criminal by plan. He only swipes things because he knows that to get them he's got to be cute about it. This little fellow would run along with me, snapping at flies and bugs, friendly as a dog. But of course they are like all the rest of us—have different dispositions. Some are cantankerous. . . . Feelin' fine!

Saw some sportsmen going out to shoot birds. Caught some shooting them at the OO. Had them ar-

ested and fined. It won't do any good—like wars: got to get the desire to kill out of their souls.

They always say wild birds. . . . I say wild men.

The country is so beautiful after our fall rains. It is Indian summer. Indian summer is just the first little warning frost that takes off the leaves and serves notice on everything to get ready for winter . . . summer just putting itself away to rest for another season. Why can't people understand that need of relaxation? They're taught it every year.

Everybody on the ranches out on a hog round-up, getting them out of the swamps and tules, where they've been all summer, and into the corrals for the winter. Women and men all just going on their horses, wading and swimming sloughs and running, making a big joy time of it. Ollie leads the women, and her husband the men. They divide and circle the swamps, and the game is to see which side gets the most hogs. I'd bet on the women. . . .

A hog is a nice fellow, misunderstood. He isn't a hog at all, he's an aristocrat. Trouble is, he's been taken away from his wild nature and then not cared for right. The habit of feeding him just enough for his existence makes him grab for it. When he's properly cared for, he won't eat any but the best food, and in the best way. . . . If I was going to make a man out of a boy, I'd put him to driving hogs. The boy would

find that he resists force but yields to kindness; that he could get him out of a field and into a corral only by getting his confidence. A hog's got sense. In the road he never takes an extra step—always puts his feet down in the right place and travels where it's easiest traveling. He's a true philosopher, a hog is. . . .

The women won.

The wind is blowing. Makes me feel like the Creator is having a bad day, as wind is only temper. Nothing enjoys it, or is helped when it goes on into talk and is thrown at you.

For the longest time have been separating cattle, putting them in corrals on feed, fixing levees, getting the ranches straightened up for the fall. Crops and everything look fine. The weather is perfect and the country beautiful.

At the OO: Never come to the OO without it rests me. Had pumpkin pie for dinner. All there is to pumpkin pie is to keep out the pumpkin. Everybody hasn't learned that yet.

Weaning time. Calves bawling everywhere. Overmothering is a misunderstanding of duty with calves —and humans. Got the best bunch of cattle at the

OO I ever had. Their sense of understanding is so wonderful. A baby calf not more than a week old broke back from a bunch of strays, and a boy I have on the ranch took after him—a new town boy, just boy, all force and wanting to demonstrate it. The little calf finally ran through a barb-wire fence to get away from the boy. I went and called him off, and had him catch the little calf and put him back through the wire fence the way he had come, more than a mile from where we took him from his mamma. Then we went on and turned back the cow with the big udder, and she just went hard for her baby, and soon they were both going along together.

From the smallest to the most grown-up, they know the fields and the haystacks, the water hole, the branding chute, and the corrals . . . even sense their final sacrifice. There would be no instinctive sense left, maybe, if the things that have it so strong were not fed to the ones that call themselves higher-ups. . . . Nothing can be better than what feeds it.

Just filled up with cattle and trades . . . but feelin' fine!

My little brown horse takes it as a joy to have me start out on him. Sensitive to my wish, feels when I make the least move on him, and interprets it—just as it was when I was living with my string of horses.

COURTESY OF WILLIAM L. AND IRENE FINLEY

BLACK BEAR. "Wish everybody could just hibernate through his worries."

COURTESY OF WILLIAM L. FINLEY AND H. T. BOHLMAN

"THE wildest duck that flies."

RATTLESNAKE taking his dinner. "Saw a little squirrel acting like it had gone crazy . . . slipped off my saddle and found a rattlesnake working on him with his eyes, all intense concentration . . . when the big half of him was in, I hit the snake and the squirrel was free. He just ran off as if he hadn't been in any tragedy at all."

He has the true sense of the saddle horse, and that is hard to find. All old-time riders were always looking for it. He becomes your mind with horse legs and body, moves into your whole self, works out your mental conclusions. The fellow that never has a good saddle horse is the one that tries to rule him too much. The good rider lets him have the joy of using his head.

A murky day, some wind—enough to make it lonesome. Wind seems to be the stirring up of endless time. Just message out of space without bothering to tell you what the message is. Makes you tired, sometimes, moving through it. People that live in it get the look of being wind-worn.

Still weaning calves. It's a real operation between the mother and her product. Cows a-bawling—just grief for the lost ones. It all means the commencement of the individual, her baby getting loose from her. She seems to know it and resents the force of man rule, though she would wean the calf herself if left to her own providing on the open range. In a few days the calves will be eating hay . . . no more bawling . . . depending on themselves.

Feelin' fine!

The country never looked better. Sagebrush, such an old lazy plant, seems to defy time so that it's

restful. Birds still here by many thousands. Seem going to stay at the OO all winter. It may be the feed we are putting out, and it may be a light winter is ahead, which doesn't justify the effort to move. All life is a loafer if fear is taken away and protection supplied by some power that seems safe. . . . Feelin' fine!

Just passed the old rock house where I got in with the antelopes back in the Eighties. Stayed with them all night . . . just snowing antelopes. Fine to be on the plains. Feelin' fine!

Saw an old badger. He's the king of all that lives on the plains. Can't run very fast, but he can dig in and fight if he has to. This old fellow hobbled off like he had sore feet, turned himself into the ground, and dug in before I got up to him. All I could see was a spewing up of dirt that he was kicking up with his hind feet, as if the earth were going to blow up. When he's surrounded by dogs before he has a chance to dig in, he flattens out on the ground, always backing up and begging not to be made to fight; but if the dogs insist on it, they are all licked, and licked bad. Remember little ground animals coming in to winter under the house where it was warm, and sometimes there wouldn't be any left if they got on the badger's

nerves, except the smell of a skunk. But that's where he made a mistake. He's a real fellow.

Every once in a while I name a place a badger hole: a place with all sorts of things in it. A skunk, a snake, and a ground owl will all live in a badger hole together. . . . Know an old trapper—old wood rat of a fellow. He's got a cabin with old door knobs in it, a child's sled, a step ladder, a coal-oil can—just things useless to him, picked up . . . just an old badger hole.

On Stinking Water Mountain to-night. This is the whole history of the country in the winter—four feet of snow in the mountains. Had to be pulled across the snowdrifts with a four-horse team. Made me feel all the cold past days when we would start cattle for the railroad. Could look across every little rolling ridge and break of its rough summit and remember some real incident that happened in the different years. . . . But will not reminisce. Trying to get into the past only counts when it means something to the future. . . . Feelin' fine.

Bell A: Nearing Christmas . . . cold nights . . . sending turkeys out to friends. These flying field turkeys are different from domestic ones. Raised themselves in the fields. Some hens raised as many as three lots. This would make a wild-turkey country in a few years

if turned over to it. The raven is their enemy. He gets their eggs. Just a robber and proud of it. But they're fine turkeys, full of meat.

Snow started this morning from the east. Looks like feet of snow. Let it come. Means there won't be any water shortage next year.

This high old country covered with snow seems to be full of life. . . . Feelin' fine!

Winter gives you time to remember things. Been thinking about those left-over fellows around the ranches: all mythical fellows in their minds. There was old Tebo on the P Ranch, left there with Borax and some others . . . great old story teller. He'd have the boys listening to him half believing, like children with fairy tales—looking out of the corner of their eyes to see if maybe it wasn't so. You couldn't question old Tebo, just had to accept what he told you.

"One time," he was saying one night to the boys in the bunk house, "Pete French sent me down to Catlo Valley. It was in the spring. Way up on Stein's Mountain a big stream of water was running out like a great spout. It come so swift it didn't fall till it got way out in the middle of the valley."

"Didn't it ever do it no more, Tebo?"

"No, not no more; just that one time."

"Can you see the place in the Catlo Valley now, Tebo?"

"Oh, that was long time ago." And he'd just shut up. Little glimmers of things like that . . . made him mysterious.

Old Tebo would go into town with a year's pay, stay four or five days, and come home cleaned. The boys would josh him about losing all his money. But he had his side.

"Them fellers in town, they think they're sports, but I kept them up till midnight before they got it all," he'd say, satisfied. Old devils that never went to bed—their real business was just to sleep in the daytime and stay up nights to clean fellows like Tebo.

Once he went as far as San Francisco with two or three years' pay. Came back with the greatest tales. One was about a wonderful man he'd met who wouldn't pay his betting debts. He could do anything, according to Tebo—he could burn water. As Tebo told it, he would have these fellows he owed about him, and he'd pour water into a saucer, and he'd light that. Then he'd take a larger panful, then a puddle on the ground.

"Look out," he'd warn them, "another word about them debts and I'll burn up the whole Pacific Ocean!

"And he would, too," old Tebo would add. "They was scared of him."

Just an old Mexican, a pensioner. I got him with the P Ranch. Worth his keep for his stories.

Then there was Chappo, a little short California Mexican of the black kind; came into the country with Ike Foster and always lived on the edge of the OO. A faithful little vaquero—just lived himself into the ranch. Anything he wanted he just come and got. He had got past being a regular hand, but was always ready to come and work on the ranch in an emergency. Had a cabin and a few horses and cows. Got him a wife.

Old Chappo had a little trouble being made into a domestic man. When he would come to the OO ranch house of a morning and would say, "My wo'om, he say——" that meant everything was pleasant at home, a good report. But when he would come and say, "My beetchie, he say——" that meant things were working in reverse gear.

Think maybe she gave Chappo a little beating once in a while—she was bigger and stronger—but he had to be made into a domestic man.

Old Chappo was one of those old mythical fellows, too. One cold windy day he came to the OO, and after getting his dinner he said to the foreman: "My hay only feed two more day. What you goin' do 'bout it, Harry?"

Now, an old trapper who had come in in the fall with his house wagon and a pair of little horses had later been mysteriously killed and given ranch burial, at which Chappo helped. Before he was killed, the old trapper had been getting hay at the OO for his horses, the same as Chappo. So now Harry said: "Go over to the stack that you and the old trapper were feeding off of."

Chappo went out, but soon he came driving back to the ranch, all excited, with a part of a jag of hay on his wagon, and he says: "Harry, give me some other place to get hay!"

"Why don't you take the hay where I told you?" says Harry.

"I go there," says old Chappo, his teeth chattering, "and I pitch on some hay, then I hear somebody say —way off—slow—like a moanin', 'Leave-some-for-me, leave-some-for-me, leave-some-for-me.' I quit pitchin' and I say, 'Yes, I leave some for you,' then I begin to pitch hay again. Then like mad he say, 'Leave some for me! Leave some for me! Leave some for me!' I says, 'Yes, I leave all for you.' . . . You tell me, Harry, some other place to get hay."

Just his old psychic nature working too strong—there in the wind howling about the haystacks.

Old Chappo had a brother living at Wildhorse, south of Stein's Mountain, nearly a hundred miles

away. This brother got sick and Chappo went to see him. In a week or so the brother died, and on his way back Chappo stopped at the P Ranch where Tom Allen was foreman. He and Tom had been boys together, but now Tom was boss, and Chappo was mighty proud of him.

He tied up his horse and went into the house and found Tom. Then he asked him if he wouldn't go out and put his horse in the barn and unsaddle him. He explained: "When I leave my brother's place, go into the barn to put my saddle on my horse, I see my brother's spurs hanging there. I take 'em and tie 'em on behind my saddle. And all day, ridin' along, they talked to me 'bout my brother and me when we was li'l' boys in Mexico. Make me mighty sick in my heart. You take 'em off, Tom. Keep 'em. Mebbe some day I want 'em, but not now."

Sentiment just running too strong for the old fellow. Always kind of heart and true in spirit—just joyalty in another form.

Old Whicker Bill was another of the old-timers. Was in a thousand fights and never won one. An old blacksmith left over from when the soldiers were in the country. His nose was warped, and some home doctor on the ranches had poured carbolic acid into his ear to cure tooth ache, and that side of his face was all

wrinkled and scarred down. But he'd say, "See that fist?" doubling it up. "You come and borry that when you need help." . . . Awful generous with what he had to offer.

He got a wife one time, from the Heart and Hand. They had represented to each other that they were rich. He built a big house for her, and she broke him in to bathtubs, the tin kind that you could move around—looked like a coffin. Then old Whicker Bill started to break in the whole country—just got even by putting them over on someone else. Became a traveling agent for them bathtubs, Aladdin lamps, and blueing.

She left him one day, was gone when he got back from a trip. But old Whicker Bill was philosophical about it. "Anyway, I ain't out much on her," he says to me when I rode by and found him cooking his own supper.

Temperament, you find it everywhere. . . . Remember a sheepman that had been in here always. Finally sold out his little interests for a few hundred dollars, got married and went on a grand tour, visiting relatives and riding around, till he had just seventeen dollars left. They talked it over and agreed to put it all into perfumery. Always had wanted perfumery . . . never had had enough.

"Gee, but didn't Jenny and me have some sweet smell that winter!" he said, years later, reminiscing over the nice things that had been in his life. It was a nice memory ever after. . . . Not such a bad idea.

Talking of temperament, lots of temperament in old Sourdough Tom, an old Chinaman, cook for the drives.

A Chinaman on a drive will always take along a lot of knives, everything he can lay his hands on in the knife line. I had given Tom an alarm clock so we'd be sure to get an early start.

That first morning I heard the old clock go off, then pretty soon I heard the confusion of its entrails going off, and old Sourdough swearing. After he went out to get the breakfast started I went to his bed, and there was the clock with a dirk made of half a sheep shear jammed into it. I picked it up and went to Tom with it.

"Who did this, Tom?" I asked.

"I did."

"But why?"

"I hear him. I tell him I hear him, but he no sthop. I get up, still he no sthop. . . . Goddam, I stick him in the back!"

Lots of temperament, but loyal.

Around the ranch he tended the chickens. When he would go out to feed his brood he would set and talk

to the old laying hen, the old setting hen, and all the pullets, throwing out little handfuls of wheat, and of course they'd all make a great cackling grab for it. He would have an old Chinese butcher knife with him. "Li'l' hen," he would say to one, "you heap good. You lay heap egg." . . . And to another, "But you, I no likee you. In two t'ree four day I cook you." . . . Then there'd be an old fighting, scrappy hen that never did much good, didn't lay eggs, or set, or anything—just et—and he would come down on her with his big knife as if he was going to butcher her. "Now me mean, likee you. Cut your head off!"

It was always some show to watch old Tom feeding his chickens.

I had another funny little wrinkled-up Chinaman, old Lum—wrinkled up like a raisin. He had the Hanley inheritance, had cooked for my mother. One of those old-fashioned Chinamen that just belonged to you, but owned you, too. Old Lum always assumed the responsibility of assistant to the management. In the days when the big country was full of hobos straggling through—the tramp days of '93—they would come to the mess wagon for a handout.

"You go um field," Old Lum would say. "Plitty click I come with big lunch."

The tramp would go, then old Lum would come to

me very confidentially. "You slee um, Willy? You slee um? He no good. Give him money—let him go. He talkee to alla fella round here. You listen me, Willy. I cook for your mudder—you listen me. Let him go."

He had his own way of reading men. Another time it was: "You slee um stlange man, Willy? No likee."

"Why don't you like him, Lum?"

"Him eatem clake. Say 'Heap good clake, John.' Allee time talk China shlopp. Him no good. Your mudder teachee me to cook, Willy. You listen me."

He couldn't stand being talked to like a cheap China-shop Chinaman.

Once when I took him on a cattle drive to Huntington, he kept running down the hills with the cook wagon. I told him not to, but he paid no attention—kept right on. The next time it happened, he run into a little ditch and was thrown out. I jerked him to his feet.

"What for you all the time run down hills, Lum? I told you lots of times not to run down hills."

"Suppose you no lun down hill, you lose all down hill to go up hill with." Old Lum couldn't go against that natural Chinese understanding of economy.

Superstitious, too. Once he ran out in the middle of the night and shot into the air. I rushed out and asked him what it was all about.

"I hear old debbil! I hear him! He try glet in!"

I had quite a time getting him back to bed.

When he sounded the gong for dinner, and the hounds would begin to howl, it always put old Lum into a fury. He'd throw sticks at them and scream: "What a malla you? You heap likee somebody die, huh?"

An old superstition handed down from untold times.

The war . . . they're wanting us in it.

A nation on one continent has nothing to fear from a nation on another, if the people are sound. Anyway, you can never kill a condition by killing a man. No man can carry his brains in his hip pocket and in his head at the same time. When he puts his defense in his hip pocket he weakens his head. You can't hold position with two powers; one or the other must dominate—brains or force. Rely on brains, and brains grow; rely on force, and force grows. . . . Power can't be in a soul when a gun dominates.

If people would think about evolution they'd see how silly this war business is. We went through it all here in the country before we came out to arbitration of difficulties—and peace.

The wrongness for individuals to settle their troubles with guns and knives is only being repeated on a

larger scale when nations use this method. Gains made this way can't stand any longer than the efficiency of the youth raised up to defend them. The great motive power back of building up an appetite for war is the excitement in tragedy . . . the reason is commercialism. It's just bunched herds on stampede.

A concentrated indoor life creates that tension that finds its relief throwing a stone through a window, shooting birds, and going to war. Every shut-up thing gets its exit unnaturally.

WE'RE IN THE WAR

Bell A: Well, we're in the war.

Spring, with all the strength of a new season and a new hope, pushes the big sun on to the stage, runs the black clouds out of the sky, and throws heat on to the baby life.

At night winter will come back with its frost, after the sun has gone to rest, and make the struggle hard for the baby life. Much of it will have to yield and not be. But old earth is with the sun, pulling down into its breast the roots to make the plant stronger. It is finally two against one that wins . . . the contest forever has been. Out of struggle comes the produce that distributes itself into all life. The struggle makes strength.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter—full big night and day. Spring is morning, teaches us that all will live again . . . autumn, that it will pass out at the end of its season.

The herds with their long hair just slipping in spots, the little bright scattering calves with sleek coats, the mothers of every kind with their family cares, the trees, the shrubs, the new green leaves—it's all just another season.

Everything in the country looks good except lots of work and no one to do it. This war is taking my boys.

Had a hard struggle yesterday, getting out of the slough with my fresh little dry-land horse. Found myself just repeating history.

They've taken another of my boys for their war. . . . A little hard to make myself write these days.

It's burning in my mind to go East and look at this war a little closer. Haven't unhitched and pulled the harness off for some time. Will after haying.

Haying. A big crop. The war has taken so many of my boys. I've been a regular vaquero boss, my outfit mostly girls. They're good haymakers, neat, thrifty, wasting none, bunching the windrows. They love it.

Setting on a rake in the open air all day. Not a woman worker in the country but just jumps at the chance. They carry to the fields the instinctive thoroughness of a woman indoors with her broom. Broke them of chewing gum and chattering all the time with a boy when we had one. They will be improved for any other occupation.

Women all helping—breaking new saddle horses, churning butter, keeping the cattle out of the fields, making wild-currant jelly, giving all-round service. Cooking is only an incident to a ranch-raised woman. Most of all, they're happy, and with the management to get things done. Our people are all fine and loyal, all doing good work. Nothing counts like loyalty . . . makes the homeliest person good looking.

Some cattle stealing going on. They always work cattle stealing when everybody is busy . . . like measles when you're raising children—just one of the diseases of the cattle business.

A little blue heron in the field had his leg cut by a mower. I went over to help him by taking the balance of it off. He opened his mouth to hiss at me, and a little garter snake crawled out. . . . You felt awful sorry for the little heron having his leg cut, till the snake crawled out—a perfectly good little snake, hadn't been hurt none. If the heron hadn't hissed, his snake would not have got away.

The foremen have contractors and everything well lined-up, and we will get through haying in good shape. A good crop seems needed, with the world at war. Next will come development work for the fall.

Think I'll take a run outside pretty soon. Have stuck so close and got everything moving in satisfactory order. Want to get on a train and roll East and look into this war.

Funny—man is the only animal that has to think to know. The duck on the lake just knows. He don't have to think. Let someone but lift a hand and the duck is gone like a shot. . . . Man must first think what to do—and he don't always know after he thinks. Birds have it best.

One more day, then loose in the world to rattle clear across. I'm going to have a winter all by myself. . . . Feelin' fine!

On the train: Over there's a little kneeling church at prayer . . . and there's another. That's the one that don't speak to this one.

A WINTER IN THE EAST

New York: Waldorf-Astoria dining room: This hotel feels like a tent on the plains . . . taking a day's

rest where water and grass is plenty . . . setting to my mess with the flaps turned back.

Nothing so happy to the lone management as seeing the future on the new range the herd is headed for. Always it was to-morrow we move on . . . this camp forgotten, only an incident, for we're going on into new country. The whole habit of life had been a mountain range and deep glades, much brush, steep and rough. From now on it will be open plains, big meadows, foothills, plenty of water and grass for summer range with winters provided for. . . . Just dreams of old gone days. . . .

You set here and see the people pass—faces, going by the window. You see them one at a time. The face that is passing now has nothing to do with the one coming: a little important fellow who wears a pair of glasses, his eyes prominent, exposed behind the glasses, seems to be for just looking through—sees nothing special, thinks nothing special, just going some place on two little short legs that seem to move automatic. Maybe he cuts out things that he lays a pattern down on—a cutter. . . . Here comes one of those little perky fellows that's just as apt to go barking up the wrong tree that hasn't got any coon in it. . . . An old man just snailing along, as dead as he looks, like a worm all the time going farther into the dark, depending on something outside of himself to

take care of him—not to blame, never had it, but has to live, and something depends on him. Will he get through to light sometime? Or fall? It's a wrong idea that people die all at once. They are dying all the time, and some never got alive enough to be worth cutting loose from their mothers. . . . Here comes a fine old figure of a man, but lacks for power. . . . And here's a quick-footed old young man, just going somewhere important to him. . . . A little pinky puff ball —a lively little girl. Looks like a product of the streets, but fresh, not worn . . . very marketable at present. Will she get evolution as fast as the market changes for the use she serves? . . . A haggard old woman carrying a bundle—not much to carry; things that have been used. Maybe taking them some place—maybe got them some place. The same either way; they only help solve the problem to-day. . . . A pompous fellow, rounded stomach, well dressed, tailor made, smoking a good cigar, face flushed—plenty to eat and drink—important to others. They have to keep him if they exist, so he feels that the bet is safe. . . . An old commercial fellow with one of those noses that the prominent thing is the holes bored in it, always making his out of somebody else. . . . An old gabby fellow walking the streets with nothing to put in but his mouth. . . . A lady in a car—Pierce Arrow. Her driver knows his orders, watches the crossings,

moves when Go looks him in the face. She has fine clothes, robes, skins of many little animals that lived in the big snowy mountains. She looks satisfied, enjoys her advantage, is loyal to the country—her husband bought bonds and they use brown bread. . . . A boy on crutches, crippled, always been on them. No care, no worry, self-conscious of being a cripple, responsibility undeveloped. There'll be lots more by and by. . . . A little dressed-up man in his Sunday clothes, a little over-aged. Take off his legs and put them on his side and set him up and he'd be in as good shape as before. . . . Just town people, waiting for something more to happen. . . . Some boys in khaki packing bags. One waved at me, setting here by the window—looked like he belonged to one of our camps, knew I was his boss. They have been examined and accepted and are on their way to report at cantonment, pleased to serve their country. They will get uniforms. Their life is surging for tragedy, in a hurry to get on the way and hear the bugle blow, "Can't get up in the mornin'." . . . The great dream: When will we get over there?

In the going by some are old, some young, and about half glance toward the window. Some look away then look back, some have a quiet smile.

Time, time on all things dreadful. . . . Life's prob-

lems solve themselves through tragedy as a conveyance.

In New York there's so much gearing that things move easy. But nothing here interests me much. Been to the stores shopping for the people on the ranches. Just gave the clerks a list and told them to duplicate everything for each one . . . easiest way to shop. Will move on to Washington.

In Washington: Had a fine trip . . . telephoned every hotel before I got a room . . . nice and comfortable. Washington is all snow. Everything seems to be moving as if there wouldn't be anything to do if there wasn't any snow. You do well to get a landing place in Washington.

Want to crawl a little closer to an understanding of the problems. Looking for the different angles on the reason for war is a matter of hunting personal reasons in the conclusions of a politician. You have to crawl up on him when relaxed, to get the truth. If alarmed, a politician goes under restraint, and this is apt to throw him off the scent.

Every living, breathing thing wants something. If you can find out what it is you can always make a deal—with a man or a nation.

Saw so many departments to-day—got the feeling we are a great people on estimates, figures, reports, tabulations—the city commercial mind.

Have seen Congress. When you get close to it, it grows on you how much of it is endless treadmill to get no place. Made up of phonograph records. Each fellow has to play his little tune. Whether you elect a Democrat or a Republican, all the difference is between a Victor and a Columbia record. But Mount Vernon will stand for another visit. It carries the atmosphere of personal character.

Food will win the war . . . they all serve what the government allows—table d'hôte. Brings up a far-reaching thought as to the economy of underfeeding. The efficiency of any machine is the strength of the fuel you put into it. A man may be pretty efficient for the kind of fuel he is using, but for his highest efficiency he must have the highest type of fuel.

Vegetarians—fellows trying to take the job away from the cattle. Meat is the high gear of plant life. So many pounds of grain make so many pounds of meat. . . . You'll never have the highest efficiency out of people till science works out the proportions and kinds of food.

They say we have to eat cornmeal, because the

French don't like it. Like the Indians. Can't learn quick to eat a new food. But we don't expect it of the French. That's mostly what the Modoc war was about.

Got a nice little waiter that looks after me. He ought to have been more, but a gear was out somewhere, so he's too good for a waiter, and not good enough for anything else.

But what starves more than lack of food is lack of food for life. You've got to feed *life*. The more power in a human, the more food for life he needs.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Heard the President deliver his wonderful message to Congress. It was tragic . . . dramatic. On one side were the Democrats perfectly filled up with themselves and approval. On the other the Republicans like a bunch of sulking Indians with their minds made up in advance and locked against him. Made Congress seem mighty small.

Wilson has the thought-out knowledge. I am for him as a juror unprejudiced. But I wonder if he has lived through enough life to be President, when he don't know enough to lose his relatives. He's going to see plenty trouble and will need us all. The world will make much history in the next few years.

The President's burdens are heavy and he needs

sympathy. Those that heckle him are against his energy and the future well being of the world.

Some of these fellows would like to move the Kaiser plan to America, and then be boss. The human with superior privileges by birth must get an understanding of his responsibility to life, and balance his privileges with personal superiority. Otherwise, he'll go down and pull others down with him.

Went to the naval training school yesterday. Certainly a fine lot of boys working hard.

Went to Keith's Theater last night. The President and Mrs. President were there. Mrs. President set and knit all evening. Not showing that she had a mad on, but it seems to be settled that knitting is important. The President looked well, and enjoyed the show, laughed and clapped over little things done without brains, the same as everyone else. He didn't seem hard to read—just human and lonesome, the same as most humans that think, and some that don't. There for relaxation. They all love to drink that which is light-colored and light-flavored. It is necessary to feed the two extremes, but it was a rotten show. Marks the present stage of evolution. Don't take much to entertain . . . shows with nothing in them, no wit, no brains, no originality—just humans taught by other humans to go through some motions.

Going out to the convalescent hospital for soldiers. A politician is going to make a speech.

Nothing lays at the bottom of most of the trouble in the world, like the different forms of selfishness. The big problem is how much it should be softened, as it's a strong driving force . . . but political bunk is clean out of order.

The old threadbare political standards must go. The people's Congress must raise in quality, and show a vision for the future.

Well, you never want to do anything in the way of reforming people that someone else will attend to . . . and it will all be attended to by the big turning wheel of Time.

When jealousy and hate come to the top in those who are out, and self in those who are in, they all forget the purpose of their existence, which is to deliver a plan for the future.

The big herd seem to be trailers. Willing to do but depend mostly on following someone else. The weaker must always be slaves to the degree of their weakness. The only way to build them up in strength is to furnish richer opportunities.

Met a little fellow with the world on his back. Too busy to give me any time at first, and then no time for anything else. Little tongue-and-grooved com-

mercial fellow. Don't matter where you find him, he's made off the same pattern. Tumble over and spit out his cigar and begin to figure on how he can trim you. The real worms of society are the product of the over-commercialized people. It's a burden for finer development to carry.

You can always judge a man by the way he smokes. Once in a while a little narrow-groove commercial fellow wants to treat you. He'll reach in a box and take out a cigar and hand it to you. A good old sport will say: "There they are, help yourself." Rough, maybe, but got the right stuff in him.

Heard a politician this morning enthusing over his plan for the soldiers—those that may come back. Once or twice he called it an idea. Seems he plans to give them twenty to forty acres of swamp or logged-off lands. A little stingy farm . . . no hope for anything better . . . forty years to live it out . . . existence, not a living . . . a bread line of a plan. Makes me shiver to think what a life these soldiers will have to live out some visionary's theory for them. The politician carefully explained that no one was to have two allotments. Vision, hope, and future success all in that poor little farm, several children, maybe, a drudgery wife . . . all this after four or five trips into No-Man's Land. Feelin' fine, for I didn't make the talk.

The mind with all its education doesn't get a vision bigger than it travels over. It can work out theory, but it can't get at the truth of things without living in it.

Hard to cut in on effervescence, even when it's wrong, sometimes. Remember one night when they were opening up a new saloon, I went up to one of the boys, and I says: "Jim, you're too happy. You're getting mighty close to where they'll put you out. Better come."

"Billy," he says, "any other time I'd mind you, but I'm feelin' so good—just let me make my own mistake." You got to, sometimes.

The worst failure is letting the world get into such a mess. High-priced living is the price we'll pay for it. But war will make a leveling, and civilization may gain in the end . . . work out a lot of barbarisms that's been covered up.

Another thing we'll pay for—lawlessness, coming from that relax after tension. You've got to have the relax or something will snap. The ones whose brains couldn't prevent a war will have to figure out some way to take care of the lawlessness that will follow. It's just the balance . . . can't blame the boys.

The Indians got more individual genius into their war. From a human standpoint, war is losing.

Took forty years to build up the sentiment for this war. Why not start sentiment going the other way and see what another forty years will do?

Government is just the same as the management of a ranch. Everything raises and fails in proportion to the wisdom of the management. The early idea we had in the stock business was all force—catch 'em, brand 'em, drive 'em hard. But driving got awful pretty when it developed to where we gave up the whips and went to going along with the herd, feeding and caring for them, putting up a winter supply of hay, getting them into corrals for bad weather—every one with so much stored for him, his future looked after. Where we used to have one man to every fifty, later there was one to three or four hundred. Sometimes made long drives with only six or seven men to two or three thousand head. Those little drives with whips and spurs and many drivers—all over-governed —made everything cantankerous. A big drive with no apparent force, just good management . . . all we had to do was to keep our heads turned to where we were going. They gained, lived a natural life.

There never was anything to stampeding cattle but

bad management . . . nothing can stampede with cattle. They all get it, all in their feet at once. But how nice and contented to ride along and look in their eyes and see their affection and good will. At night we all laid down together. We was all just cattle. The other way, they were all looking at you, feeling the police force you had over them.

If everything in government was handled like that —just opening up opportunity for people as fast as they need it—you'd reduce stampede, the nervousness of the scramble for a living.

The foundation thought of all government must be service. The greatest preparedness any people can have is an over-supply of opportunity . . . its granaries and store-houses full. The people must have a chance to live out their existence to a full ripening, going on with the Big Plan, reproducing, developing.

Went to the horse races. Feelin' fine!

A capital is only a capital . . . will try Baltimore.

Baltimore: Well, will have to admit Baltimore was here first. The best that can be done is to compromise with its ways. Didn't get down into the main dirt to-day, but saw enough to show that neither Hoover nor McAdoo has shown power enough to make

cleaning up a patriotic necessity to win the war. Going to bed early. See nothing to interfere with such a good plan.

In old Jigg's fix—lonesome. Will try Boston. People do better to feed themselves with contacts in different surroundings . . . it fertilizes the mind and puts thoughts to work. This wandering is just a boy's life in a modern way. Won't tell anybody where I'm going. When you're billed, you're owned. You can't get the use of the world unless you reserve the right to hide out.

Boston: This is the most homelike place, with a big park in the center of the town. It's rest. Went to Trinity Church this morning. Believe this is the best city to stop in I've found, with its old crooked streets and easy-going people, but it may be better not to have any cities . . . just one street. Feelin' fine!

Historic Boston. How proud they are of their old graveyards. It must be an effort for descendants to live at all, when they realize how wonderful their ancestors were. Feelin' fine!

A mistake with city people is wearing gloves. They lose their sense of feeling, the biggest sense a human's got.

I have a new vision on this soil problem. The ones to go back to the soil are not the wore-out boys that are returning from the war, but the rich and over-fed and over-cared-for. They have lived out a life of leisure, advantage, and luxury—all taking, no giving. What they need for their own soul's good is to get back to Nature—let Nature take charge of them. The boys have had their baptism of fire—don't need it.

Something haunts city men—Fear. It's the leading ghost of life. Get out of doors: that's the cure. Get out and fill up with something besides routine. Walls, desks, files—never a new thing blows through their lives. The city man goes in at the same old street, same old house, same old office. If he makes a trip it's on the same old train, same kind of people. He never once breaks through into space.

Vision isn't fed by anything bigger than it sees, and caliber depends on vision. Balance comes out of space, You've got to go where it's at to get it—where those old camel-riding fellows in the Bible went, to the plains.

The town herd lives on one another, grappling at one another to get . . . on all the faces you see it—predatory.

A business is just a fool idea—kept up.

A man living in town gets so he depends too much on books for his knowledge. Goes to a book for everything, reads up on it—reads something someone else has already found out. When you read too much you lose your power to receive fresh ideas out of space. Depend on being fed, can't get it yourself. When you let loose of instinctive knowledge, you maybe lose more than you gain.

Brains are an awful responsibility. Man's been wobbling round with them ever since it happened.

What everybody wants is life, and life more abundant, and you can only get it one way, by opening yourself up and spending yourself for something worth while.

Poor little commercial men go out and try to buy more life after a while—a pitiful effort. It's not for sale.

We are a people from the city out . . . should be from the country in. The waste is in the misused energy of bunched population. This must be modified.

A balanced life is best . . . carry no accounts over.

Feel too full of everything you have to walk through and into when moving. Want to shake it all off . . . get back to the ranches.

BACK TO THE RANCHES

Full of telegrams—"Come home, we need you." Spring is at hand—the crops must be in. Over wheels rolling west. The two great forces working—Time and Duty. Must stop at Chicago, Omaha, Portland, then the ranches. Glad to go.

Big houses which many people envy—let the other fellow live the slave's existence to own them. Life is dedicated to the free person. Feelin' fine!

Chicago: Spent a long day in Chicago, with its blockades, drays, cars, people . . . everything crowded in its old, heavy way.

Omaha: Went to the stockyards in Omaha. Everybody busy unloading stock . . . cattle bawling, pigs squealing, sheep bleating, yard men hollering and playing their part in the first scene of the day's play. Visited the old commission officers, with their nice courtesies and reception for shippers and owners—the same courtesy for all, working like a machine—then went to the yards and followed the trading as it

has always been, traders riding in, cracking whips, stirring up the stock, making offers, riding out. Heard buyers say, "If you can't do better, call me up." The real game at work. Owners walking around on top of the fence, with burnt brown faces, waiting to find out whether they are going to take a loss or break nearly even. None seemed to expect surprise in the way of good results, but all pleasant, not finding fault.

It made me feel after being a loafer all winter, with loafers, that there was much to be said for the ones that stay on the job.

Then I went to the big restaurant where everyone lunches . . . all talking about what had happened up to date . . . then spent the afternoon in the lobby where the owners were comparing notes on what really did happen. They all seemed to have got less than they expected, but were good-natured about it. I filled up more than ever with the feeling that they were not getting a square deal, including the packer. The grower puts it into existence for the other fellow to live, and be the other end of society: be government, state, city, spectator, manufacturer, common laborer, loafer. They all do their work with the accepted understanding that the soil man will take care of their food, and all they have to do is to kick about what it costs.

It's a big subject. Feelin' fine!

Rolling over wheels in the West—Pocatello, Ontario, Juntura. Getting out of the snow in the Blue Mountains. Nothing is far when there is no effort or energy needed to get there—only get over wheels and stay till time slips away. Feelin' fine!

Portland: Back in old Portland among the things as they always have been. The fellow that really found out the world was round just kept going till he came back to where he started. In the early days two of us on the plains, looking for the rodeo in the drizzling rain and snow, rode up to an old bull with his back all drawed up. We left him and galloped through the wet for a couple of hours, then stopped—both realizing we should have landed—looked through the falling snow, saw an object, rode over to it, and it was the same old bull. So, I am back in Portland, same old Portland, a little drizzling rain. But it's home, after all. Everything seems to welcome you back. Well, watching government in Washington, loafing in New York, buying bulls in Omaha, gossiping in old Portland. . . . Feelin' fine!

A friend and his wife had me out in their car. The wife, driving, tore a fender off another car. Little woman awful nervous. All got out. I said, "Ain't it wonderful that this little incident is all that's happened bad to-day? So little damage done, and it could

have been so much. We should all feel so thankful." People all acted nice—people are nice when you touch their nice side.

Back to Bell A: Clear around and back again. It's like climbing out of a hole to climb out of the cities and back into the big light country. Wonder if city people will ever get so they can see the beauty of the sage with the scattering of juniper, the resting hills, everything in its place, just waiting for man. It always feeds your soul, like it was Life's storehouse. Feelin' fine!

It's like laying a machine up to stop and play. It must all be repaired before starting again. My horse fell in the water with me yesterday, and I got a good sousing. Feeling fine!

At the OO: Stayed all night at the OO, and watched the sun come up out of the ground . . . brought its many colors into my room to give me welcome. What with the big ride yesterday across the high desert, and a chicken dinner last night, I had a real church without the annoyance of a preacher giving me his idea of it. Feeling fine!

Drinking buttermilk and eating sauerkraut . . . riding a bucking horse as of old. The foreman is well into his farming with his caterpillar and mules.

Still at the OO: Just like dreamland with its birds and sunlit space, easy running water, no controversy in the atmosphere . . . back with Life that knows how to live. Nothing to make a noise, no Stop and Go signals. Everything growing for the love of it, returning from where it departed last season. Feelin' fine!

Was at Iron Mountain, Mule Springs, Rawhide, Happy Camp, Dry Valley. Been pretty near afoot for glasses. Should have broke them in New York.

It's good to fill up with what belongs to you . . . not worth while to be out of your own things too long. Little baby grass is up nice, the old rustler sage hens are loafing around in the little bare places, the little women are getting out their new families, and the little snow flowers are in bloom.

So busy with ranches and plans. The big thing that makes all this work worth while is that you are making a country fit for human use, laying a foundation for all time. Feelin' fine!

Have been in the fields driving cattle all day. They are so happy, it is a pleasure.

Everything seems to be working in perfect harmony for a good season.

To get the birds is more than anything. They are really creation expressing joy. When it don't express in you, just keep still and let the birds express it. Feelin' fine!

Another haying. So many little birds chirping around, bands of them catching little grasshoppers and all the other little bugs and insects, following after the mower in the new-mown hay. Smells so boy-like, makes me feel like rolling in it. There never was such a nice crop. Have another day moving cattle, then will touch the button and start haying in earnest everywhere. It will not take long, as we have it well organized.

In Burns: Met old Tom Stevens on the street to-day, looking pretty down. Old Tom is a long, gant fellow that's always lived in his extremes, either all gloom or all joy. To-day it was all gloom.

"Come on, Tom," I says, "let's go into the old bar and put our feet on the rail and have a drink. There's the old bar, Tom—come on, for old times' sake."

Old Tom looked at me pretty disgusted—he hasn't got much use for this prohibition business; took away his club. But he came, not smiling any, and we went in. I ordered a glass of buttermilk. "What will you have, Tom? Come on, speak up."

"Aw, the same."

I raised my glass and old Tom raised his. "Fill 'em up again, Jim," I says. "We're having a good time. Fill 'em up again!"

But Tom drew back, shaking his heavy old head.

"You watch out, Billy," he says, all gloom. "No tellin' what reformer is listenin' round. If they find out you like it, they'll make a law you can't have it."

Awful good-hearted, old Tom . . . do anything for a friend. Old horse racer. Had a side partner—little Scottie. They were the original of Mutt and Jeff. Little Scottie was a little short sawed-off, with a twinkle in his eye. Just lived in the center—was the call-down and lift-up man for old Tom. Always an Indian following Scottie, expecting to get his pants—just his character to put them on that way.

The two had followed every racing stable on the coast, always there, betting, giving tips, losing. Always old Tom had a horse hid out somewhere that he was grooming to win. He'd slip up to you easy on the street, his hand up cautious to his mouth, so no one else would hear. Wouldn't tell anyone else, only you . . . it was a secret. Just you wait—he'd wipe up every other horse ever put up against him. Always scheming to win a big pot . . . never did.

Awful devoted to one another, old Tom and little Scottie. After horse racing died down they kind of

changed their profession, went to handling furs, specially beaver skins.

Had an old house in Burns with a bathtub in it; bathtub always full of skins being salted down. Just old-timers that can't fit in so well to new times. Scottie's gone now—leaves old Tom alone.

Bell A: When I take up my pen to write I lose time looking out at the old ranches and the country. It is all beautiful with its long lines, its quietness and poise. It is all waiting . . . seems to say man can have his wars, his bank failures, and other confusions, but he will come back to the soil. Feelin' fine!

Brightness comes out of hibernating. Everything that hibernates comes out happy, like a rebirth. Won't man ever learn that this is the way to keep his balance? Just learn from the many animals that go into retirement regularly? Miss the bad season and fill up with new life for the good? Get their relax natural? Man seems slow—when the way is plain all about him. Feelin' fine!

At the OO: A wedding on the ranch, and the neighbors all came in to shivaree the bridal couple. A big coffee and cake party, full of joy, with all the hay camps arriving prompt. The worst tin-can beating

and ringing of bells. Even started the old triangle that hangs on the corner of the cook house for calling men to dinner—didn't know it could make such a noise. Then with one big holler they all piled into the house and stayed till two or three in the morning—and the new family was accepted.

I laid in bed and wondered if society was improving. Under modern rules the bride would have to wait till the neighbors came all dressed up to call, to say, "We accept you." These natives did it all at once with no questions as to their sincerity, and did it well. Feelin' fine!

Haying all finished and getting ready for fall.

Carrying out construction for future is real life. To do it, you must go with the people who are going your way. Feelin' fine!

Feed the life of those that are gracious and responsive, and let the others go by.

The only mystery with the world is that it works as well as it does.

The bad end of society could never beat the better end, if the better end would get together and go to

work. When it comes to the final dividing line, the big majority want to be with the best people.

A great art of life is the art of giving. A good giver is a master of life.

There is always one wisdom—silence. Chattering is leakage. The senses can take a thing in, but the leaky mouth loses it. You must have silence for bigness.

There isn't anything worth saying unless the reward of it is bigger than the ill will invoked. The only safety between thought and words is time. If you give the idea a little time to be thought over, you'll find out whether it's safe or dangerous.

Look at every person and analyze him. What kind of blocks was he made of? Get around those blocks that don't fit you. Every man carries a plain look of what he is, in his face, if you just know how to read it.

Some people in the country get the gossip habit. Don't realize they only expose themselves when they talk about another. A gossip is always a failure at everything else. Never holds on to anything long enough to let it produce an idea—got to run and tell

it; lose any little grain of value there might be in it for them.

Every living thing except man has got its purpose marked out so plain he can't miss it. But when God made man he left him to discover his purpose. This put a big responsibility on him—too big for many.

An old saddle horse walked all over me . . . haven't been able to ride for a week. Necessary to have a walking-over once in a while. Feelin' fine!

Everybody busy again, getting the ranches in the best order for winter.

A country is just a family growing up, so full of little cantankerous things. They certainly need a lot of spanking. Whoever got the idea was right. Feelin' fine!

THE WAR ENDS

Well, the perfectly good war has fallen down. Problems now, bigger ones. Will take a run out to Washington to see what the heads are going to do about it. They've been speeding up production all along—"Food will win the war." A slump will come, now, with markets hard hit, everything demoralized,

and the farmer holding the sack. Going or coming, the farmer gets it. When the wise ones get together on plans, he won't be there.

Over turning wheels, going East.

Washington: Washington feels it all over. Officers, marines, privates, flyers, all trying to get loose. Saw a bunch of 150 air boys that had just got loose—the happiest bunch, talked to several of them. They had a new line of talk. Flying isn't anything, it's how many machines you've broke up. Seems to be a mark of respect. Asked them if they thought airplanes would come into common use. They said, "No—cost too much." The atmosphere in Washington is, "The pay goes on."

Routine, calling on people. They all seem to have lost their effervescence, and are just trying to hold on to as much as they can of the big things they have in their hands. The people will have to stand mighty close together to keep the military caste from dominating the future. The unrestricted right to spend money and disperse power has a mighty hold.

But returning boys all seem done with militarism.

Politicians seem to have undigested ideas about what to do with them. All look to the soil as a place

to get rid of them. Once out on the big acres, out of the way. Will try to mix them with some of my ideas.

The country seems on more of a strain now than when the war was on. No labor . . . no one looking for people to work, apparently. But unless the fine art of visualization is brought into immediate use, there are going to be some mighty hungry, or mighty beggary, or mighty lawless people in the world.

Well, there can never be the birth of a new idea without labor pains . . . it's Nature's law . . . they'll have 'em.

Been listening to some politicians . . . wild suggestions of inexperts. Farmers' sons all over the country have been pulled out of their chores and plowing and put into khaki and sent out to kill. They won't turn back to chores and plowing easy . . . may not at all. Always when you stir a thing up that's going pretty good you ought to have a plan ready for putting it back again. I don't find any.

Nothing means as much to a people as a vision of the future. They seem to need someone to furnish it to them. Can't see it alone.

Went in to dinner at my hotel last evening, and was asked to join a little banquet party of writers . . .

mostly unkissable ladies, a few gentlemen, very pretty table. Made a little talk . . . tried to make them happy as the feeders of the world's thought. Told them, though, we were living in an age of romance, and no one wanted safe facts. Would rather turn on the gas and take a ride in a car—on the installment plan. Most of them looked like facts.

Been to another women's dinner. Begin to think there's just one kind that organizes.

New York City: Met Edwin Markham. Blessed be those that are so fine, and still can understand. They do not seem to be made in very big quantities.Edwin Markham has the real sense of things. But starved for the plains that fed his life in boy days.

Went to the Poetry Society. They asked me to talk after they had read all their little poems and pulled them to pieces for one another. Seemed to me they knew how, but didn't have anything to say. Material seemed like the little starved trees of Washington Square, wore out from being looked at so much. I told them that—told it to them nice, how they all needed to get out on to the big plains and get fed with Life and Space . . . how maybe they'd gone too far with just learning out of books, had maybe deadened the

battery that connects with the Whole Works, making just a common carrier of their brains, telling over again what others had already said. Told them how all those dreamy old fellows in the Bible got it out of the plains, and people were reading it yet. . . . You must go where it's at to get it; and get it through feeling—you can't know with your head alone. When you don't originate, you are just dealing in cold turkey—the second serving.

They all came around after, like a lot of little boys and girls, and wanted to go home with me. Nice . . . not mad or nothing. . . . Feelin' fine!

Wandering around New York. Stepped into a court where a woman is the judge. Won't do to criticize the big stiff old courts . . . judges are very sensitive. But it's a step forward, getting women judges. Law is built up on the old idea of a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye, and a life for a life. No one seems to have made evolution enough to dare make a step beyond that old code, till we got women judges.

A woman judge will be more apt to work from instinctive mother sense, knowing that life is for the crop, and that in the crop's growth up to ripening there's bound to be conflict. The live, energetic, nervous ones develop more life than balance to carry it through, so are apt to break laws and get into what

we call trouble. The instinctive mother is all sacrifice, all forgiveness to protect her crop. This is strong in all normal females. Take a mother bird: When one in the nest develops more life than balance, she just knows it's going to try to fly too soon, so she watches it, but in spite of all her care, it flounders out of the nest and falls to the ground before it has learned to fly. She don't punish it for that—she just watches over it where it is on the ground till she gets it past the fool stage. Feeds it, gets it up in any kind of a little bush for protection until it gets development enough to fly. Gives it more attention than all the rest put together, knowing that it's out in the world, and in danger from every cat and prowling thing on the ground. Her worry is pathetic. But she understands that a little time and care will save it. After it's flying, she pays no more attention to it. It's on an equality then with her.

The mother duck on the scent of danger goes crippling off, leaving her babies to hide under some grass with only their little noses sticking out of the water, acting as if her back was broke, saying to the hunter, "Take me, I'm easy to get . . . take me,"—diverting his attention from her brood. The cat depends on her slipping, crouching, string of force, every piece of her body and mind just crawling for personal advantage when she's after prey, but let anything endanger her

young and she takes them in her mouth one at a time to a place of safety. All the hoofed animals hide their babies. Watch a mother antelope with her kids—she'll move over a perfectly smooth country, and you can't watch her close enough to see where she drops from sight, or hides them. The same with a cow and other domestic animals. The female is always for the life she bore, trying to get it past the danger point, the danger of its own inexperience . . . trying to pass it safely up into Future, to perpetuate Life.

Same thing with women. The cornerstone of human justice may be moved ahead a little through having women judges. Their instinctive mother sense may tell them that what has been put into existence through so much sacrifice and care—just woman's crop—is for a purpose, and that purpose must be protected.

Must get back to the ranches.

BACK TO THE WEST

On the train: Blizzards all the way.

Burns: Below zero . . . no wind . . . the air clear and light, bright sun shining on the hills. No spot could be more beautiful. Nothing has such perfect beauty as

light. It is hope . . . the promise of a perfect world some day. When asked what you most desire, it is always light, more light. Feelin' fine!

Just routine, feeding, caring for things.

The winter has gone, and it's another season.

The papers tell us the President has returned from Europe. He has brought back as much world understanding as is possible to get at this time. The work he has undertaken is too big for any one man—writing a peace plan for the world to move ahead on. It's plain from all reports that he has come back without any feeling against anyone . . . tolerance to the breaking point.

The old round of ranch life—and it's midsummer again. The President is sick. Trying to do too much alone. Oughta got some good strong horses hitched into his team before he commenced to pull.

Always hitch the big human machinery into your side of the struggle and then do a little directing, and your plan will go over all right. Confusion and argument are the only trenches the politicians seem to shoot from, with the sick President, in his wheel chair, the only positive one.

People are so much animals of habit. Anything new has to struggle to get a living birth. The League of Nations is bound to have a hard time.

The country is full of changes for life adjustment. The ordinary mind seems helpless trying to keep up with them. The time has come for better reasoning . . . we must go faster.

At the Bell A: All alone in the office. Sunday. The She-talk-away people were down to the ranch yesterday. Hitched a wild mule to the breaking cart and gave them a real ranch ride, then gave them lunch and sent them back to town. The little girl who takes care of the box office said she would give up her job if she could only stay on a ranch. Everybody always so full of effervescence over the ranches . . . don't think they'd care for little farms. All just hungering to get back to where civilization's spent itself getting away from.

They have a She-talk-away one day, and a He-talk-away the next . . . feed both ways. To-night is the last. I'm glad. We can't do much in the hayfields till they go; but to-morrow we start real haying, and everything will be hayfields for the next few weeks.

Cutting a little haggelly, raking careless, not close enough to the mowers. The buckaroos are care-

less, don't like it; it's lowering their standard to cut hay.

Am just a buckaroo on my own horse every day, handling cattle—only two with me. The cattle round themselves up. Nothing so wonderful as a cow. Good old cow; she just gives you calves . . . so full of harmony. . . . Wants to give you calves. Nobody's cows give them so many calves as yours—that's what people say.

There was a little bull boy getting cantankerous. I started riding after him, kept him walking through the herd, but I had to keep him moving. Finally he got back to being a baby again—haunted. Went to his mother and wanted some milk. She was a nice mother . . . took him in, then I walked them both out.

Enough about cows. . . . Feelin' fine!

Putting in levees, fences, stop gates, getting everything in order. Old George McLaren says, "You hire engineers, Billy, then go horseback and show them where to put the levees."

Good work is all that counts, producing to your overflow capacity. Am having a good time working out the problems of the big old country. Plenty to worry about . . . but the main thing is to hold to your standard of efficiency through everything. The

pioneer has had to work out the evolution of the country with grasshoppers, rabbits, squirrels, mice, crickets—all the things that rush in on his energy from the big waste that surrounds him. And we are just repeating history with the war's problems added. The poor old cattle business is hard hit, but feelin' fine.

Little trading . . . things slow.

Things begin to wear me too much. I must get away. I want the tossing and freshness of water—the other extreme from the plains. Must not work too much against energy . . . taking it out of reserve just means being laid up for repairs. I will take no more chances with my health than I have to, for the privilege of life's use.

OFF FOR A RELAX

San Francisco: Wonderful to be in this old city—so different from all other cities. Just bubbling over with life, something going on all the time. So full of balance between joy and commercial supremacy that it seems just right. Built and coded with the discovery of gold . . . but it wasn't just the gold, it was the inspiration of the seeker through space. The accom-

plishment, the finding of all the gold-bearing gravel beds from South to North. People came in a hurry in those days, rushed to get what they came for, didn't intend to stay long. All lived to-day, for to-morrow they had to go. They do it yet, you feel their fresh life.

The new people that come in are so quickly absorbed as to make no confusion. Feelin' fine as a native.

Didn't get up till noon . . . just resting, getting rid of strain. Would be happy to have the Palace Hotel for my private home. It is big enough so guests wouldn't feel they were inconveniencing the routine of your regular life—what worries most when the good friend comes.

It certainly is comfort. Am going to try to take it all light, some day. Feelin' fine!

Been running and meeting people, making some trades. Hotel full of delegates to the sheep convention. All have big smiles on their faces. Most of them have plenty debts behind that curtain, but they forget them when they think by working a little harder and staying right with it they can pay out. All the country fellow wants is the hope, and he's happy. Feelin' fine!

Busy with things that eat up human energy.

Was in a bond department yesterday. The head of it said they couldn't get enough bonds to supply the demand. This means the buyers want a sure thing to take care of their necessities, with no trouble or worry about it . . . want their own time for leisure.

The leisure class seems to be increasing rapidly. All want to live in apartment houses; homes are too much bother. The people are just on a big spree of bond selling, credits, discounts, interest, installment plan, cars and more cars. There will have to come a halt. Too big an end of the herd is in on the same feed ground.

The cities with their paved streets, traffic officers, big burdens, typewriters, adding machines—all working fast, carrying on business. The typewriter and adding machine will tell the rancher what he has done. Will there be any margin for the fellow that's done the feeding all winter? The commercial end is too strong.

The whole country seems drunk on riding in cars—just turning wheels to put their past behind them. For all the centuries this has been the human problem: they are riding to-day to satisfy the craving. But too much luxury has its debt to pay sooner or later. Life isn't a landing station—it's an airplane with tail spins and nose dives a-plenty.

Beautiful trip to-day through the San Joaquin Valley. All California is smiling . . . so wonderful in crop production, such live, moving people. Nothing in sight anywhere but thrift and contentedness.

Los Angeles: Los Angeles is on her way to her second million. This city looks like the landing place where Easterners get seasoned for the West before scattering. But she is just truly disorderly. Can't help it, maybe, too big a family all at once . . . and everyone says so many more people are coming this year. Any time you might get here, that's what they would be saying. Well, Los Angeles is vision—harnessed, sold, and in motion.

The wind blows more from the desert here, is soft, not harsh as in San Francisco, where it blows from the sea. There's more kick in the air up north. But Los Angeles is entitled to the belt as the place to come to, to finish up at. Feelin' fine!

All my mail and wires calling me back to the ranches. Must go. Well, I've had a good rest. Will go back by boat.

On the ocean: The trembling, living water . . . and not doing anything. The old question—why don't more water get back to the dry land? It would not be

so uneasy rolling and plunging if it didn't want to go some place . . . and the big plains always thirsty. Feelin' fine!

The ocean is just the cradle of Life. Feel so rested, swinging in its dream.

North and South is the right way to live . . . just follow the birds.

In Portland: They've caught the building move. Am wondering if they can walk the tight rope without dropping the balancing pole. Haven't been trained much for it. Maybe some Los Angeles bird has slipped in on them and laid a cowbird egg in their nest.

Old Oregon—proud of her history, like some good old Southern families, conservative, not much on publicity—never advertises herself, but expects strangers to sense her quality and respect her past. Newcomers shoot through as on skids, just seeing how fast they can go, missing most of its beauty. Saw a post-card fellow on a mountain road to-day that had never heard of the Barlow Trail, where the first pioneers came through in covered wagons, and it run right around his door. All he knew was to broil half chickens and serve them on toast to speeding motorists. All that old history and romance crowding right

up around him—and there he was just filling bellies and selling picture post cards made in Europe.

Still in Portland: Been roomed up a couple of days. A little doctor gave me some pills. If they're good, I have lots of them.

Spring is beautiful in Portland, all green hills and valleys, and white dogwood blossoms. Soon it'll be roses.

Rosebuds is just one of the Future's prettiest smiles.

All the schools are having their commencements. One of them wanted me to come and talk a little to the students. Looked into their young faces as the classes marched in . . . several hundred. Was impressed with the lack of that pretty overflowing joy of life that's just youth adventuring, wanting to give, happy in accomplishnent. They looked too sensible, like they understood everything—and what of it?

Been wondering if the treatment couldn't be changed to leave more native charm in. The things that have monopolized their time from six to twenty years seem to have destroyed a lot of natural winsomeness, and—well, just youth. Something seems wrong with modern school training. Maybe they know too much, not enough mystery left in life—not enough time to dream. The beauty of life that is put into youth's mind is what grows and spreads and makes

his later life lovely. Wonder if they are neglecting this. Any life will go stale without beauty. Feelin' fine!

RANCHING AGAIN

Bell A Ranch: Back to the ranches and on a little horse with the cattle that has stayed home all winter. Feelin' fine!

At the OO: The country must be a good choice with all its problems, since every singing, talking, chattering, stealing bird is here. Just saw a little bee martin making things unpleasant for an old raven.

The time swings round, and it's old pioneer meeting day again. Had B. F. Irvine, the blind editor of the *Journal*, out. A dreamer that never quits dreaming . . . sees everything with his imagination . . . so full of native understanding. We had a big dinner, as always. Many missing, but had a big handshaking. Danced afterward. Irvine in the midst of everything, enjoying it all. Every hand he took hold of seemed to furnish him something. Just shows we don't have to have eyes to see, or to be happy. Understanding does it.

Haying, rounding up cattle, going from ranch to ranch. Lots of discouragement in the country, so many downhearted. The slogan "Food will win the

war" made every rancher speed up production. Now, the markets have broken down, everybody's in debt . . . so many boys didn't come back. The burden is just too heavy, too much heartache. Many funerals among the old-timers.

I worry. I can get things cured that give me trouble, perhaps, but I can't cure the whole country's struggle.

Many quitting the country, going to cities, hunting jobs. It may do for some to quit, but those with a plan must finish what they start. Feelin' fine!

Going to Salt Lake to do some trading. It is matching wits. May come out all right. Feelin' fine!

Salt Lake City: Always a rest to get to Salt Lake. This city carries the atmosphere of being a master's plan. Old Brigham Young set many safeties for the masses. It's a wonderful mind that can see the future and fix it safe for those that come after. Had a fine big mountain and the plains to start with, then built a city that is in a class by itself. Feelin' fine!

All the burglars seem between you and your crop . . . it is called business. The farmer could have said for hundreds of years back, "Pay me first then you be fed." But he was more like the hen that lays her egg, then cackles, notifying the world what has happened.

DIAMOND LAKE AND MT. THIELSON. "Old Fellow didn't hold out much on you when he wrote that book . . . it's all there, if you can read it."

Then the commercial takers come along, and say, "My hen, my egg." The hen was paid in sentiment. She had made her contribution and was satisfied that it had passed on up into life to make energy where something better might be done with it.

Well, must finish up my trades. Won't do so bad. Feelin' fine!

Bell A: Had a fine ride across the country to Burns. My car was waiting. Saw an antelope flicker past. We used to have a little flock of antelope on the OO that we would round up with the cattle, then we would stand aside till they ran out. They always knew they had ranch protection. When the big rush for land settlement came, they were most all destroyed as the settlers brought guns and destroyed much of the life they found here. First instinct of man seems to be to kill, without first asking what he's killing, and why.

Saw a little juniper cabin on the way in, at the foot of the hill—it was the first water in fifty miles. Stopped, and there came to the door one of the little girls that used to be so chipper and lively—grew up about the ranches. Riding, impudent, sassy little thing, but cute. Pale now, drawn face, much aged, neglected clothes—the end of failure. Just married to a poor farmer that can't make it.

Have known so many happy, laughing little ranch girls in my time. Some held it, others went sour as life settled. After they are married, along comes a baby. Then they've got a partnership interest worth more than anything else. They've got to raise that baby. That effervescence for your own—it goes deeper than anything . . . strongest thing in Nature. The question now is the ripening, if they ripen together. The two look about equal in their raw youth, but on their ripening together depends the success of the enterprise.

Winter is here. Wish everybody could hibernate through his worries. Old bear's got the right idea.

Saw old Jo coming in from Salt Lake. Can't, somehow, get him off my mind. Jo used to be the prize vaquero of the whole range country, one of those big, smiling, easy-going, handsome fellows—just a big kid, always happy. There wasn't a thing in the old days Jo wouldn't attempt, and not much he couldn't do. No beating Jo—so everybody tried it, and told it on himself forever after, how he couldn't beat Jo. There with the rope, or the bucking broncos, didn't matter.

I don't know how it happened, but Jo got married. Well, Jo's wife would make plainness blush. Just one of those lanky female women that holds up the stand-

dard of being a woman, and that's about all. Of course, I never saw her out, fixed up, I only saw her at home where women look like they do. I saw right away that she was due to die of old age before ever Jo reached his maturity. Jo just naturally lived on the light side, and she lived in the fog. You can't help anyone that's got clouds in their soul.

She began right away trying to take that brightness out of Jo—resenting things in him that wasn't in her, blaming him for things. The harder he tried to please her, the higher up conspicuous climbed her charge that he hadn't done enough. Most even-tempered woman I ever saw—mad all the time.

Jo was a fighter as well as a cheerful soul, but he'd met up with something he couldn't fight—and couldn't be cheerful about. Seemed puzzled, couldn't get at what was wrong; wasn't much of an analyzer, old Jo. Of course, he lived out of doors mostly, riding the range and buckarooing and messing with the men. And she lived in a little shut-in house—she'd been a town girl—that she was all the time trying to keep clean, with the dusty wind blowing sometimes and spoiling all her work. A little house gets to be an incubator of misery, anyhow. Walls in all you don't like, and keeps out all that could make you like it.

However he came to choose her. . . . Why, all the ranch girls in the country would have had Jo.

Well, as time went by, she just plain turned to vinegar. Was a gear in her that didn't do a thing but manufacture that look, and it was on the job constant. Ranch cares and worries, and not liking it anyhow, seemed to drive out every morsel of joy. Lots of tight-grooved little domestic women squeeze it pretty well out of themselves, but Jo's wife could give them all clubs and spades. Kept everything in herself tied up tight—never any effervesce.

After they get set that way, they seldom change . . . the petrify is just run into them. Well, nobody can stand a breeze blowing from one direction, steady, all the time. Right or wrong, you'll yield to it. Jo held out pretty well for a while . . . loyal . . . stood by her. That was one of the big chunks put in him when he was made—loyalty. And conditions was hard, often, for he hadn't got so well ahead before he married that he could stand the knocks that have come to every rancher . . . but a pessimist is just an extra weight on your life. Poor old Jo. He gradually shriveled down to her measure . . . moved near a little town . . . made a garden . . . dull . . . doing little things now. Got a little front yard that he spends his time keeping all manicured up to please her.

Jo was looking pretty blue when I drove by . . . worried, of course, like everybody else in the country. So I give him something to take his mind off it. The

whole place was just the ideal of perfection in its little cramped town way—like she keeps her house—but I says, "Why, Jo, what's the matter? Never see your place look so bad."

He sort of come to and looked around, out of his dazed trouble, and he says, surprised: "Does it, Billy? I guess you're right. I guess it does." And as I drove on, he went to get a shovel.

Just a man wasted.

When Nature gives you something you don't use, you close a window tight in your soul, and Nature seals it fast. You may see your mistake later on, but it's hard to pry the window open again. Joy is like that . . . shut it out and it goes . . . and life can't stand shutting joy out. Something dries up that you need bad to get through with—specially marriage. Just driving through life with little short reins for joy. No, it won't work. The biggest thing in your life is the atmosphere you live in. It's one of your living duties to pile on the flame the fuel that makes it brighter.

But talking about women, you can't change one of them. Take out the thing you object to most, and you'll take out the engine that makes her go.

But men and women will never be happy without one another. It's the law. The happy ones have found that out and learned the rule of high companionship. Just getting along together, give and take, the things

in Nature respected and given proper place . . . that's all.

THE LITTLE GONE-WRONG GIRLS

How many little gone-wrong girls' lives I've helped fix up . . . little girls that had had things happen to them. . . flesh having to have its way . . . the final conclusion a mess, generally, from bad handling. That little stream of instinct that runs under everything else rushes in, and society has no plan to take care of the result. No reason at all why a girl's experience should be charged up against her when it happens under the fever of a little love affair. The biggest criminals the world has ever had, were those that exploited her as a Lost Child.

Things that take care of themselves by their own rule eliminate the sex problem, except in its season, for reproduction. Every plant that blooms pollenizes . . . the wind assists the bees . . . the tiny humming bird will go through endless space to touch his bill to the heart of the flowers. It doesn't know what part it plays in its affection for the beauty of the delicate plant, but it places there that which will make the seed reproduce.

It's harder for humans.

Youth, in its glow, not knowing what it is, with the body so full of life and the head so full of sparkle . . .

pushed by the change from youth to maturity . . . old Nature pushing your strongest instinct to make you reproduce your kind . . . dominating the vigor of the boy when he has no brain or sense to tell him to use his overflow of life in some other way. He don't know what it is working in him, but he is always looking for what makes him complete—woman, always woman. Where is she? There is none only where he is at, so he takes what offers.

Remember a little tragedy that happened to a pair of youngsters. This little girl had got in what they call trouble. The boy's father was to slip his son out of the country—play the sneaking game. The little girl came to me about it, a little horseback-riding girl. "I just couldn't help it," was her tearful defense . . . little Nature child, obeying Nature.

I went to the boy's father about it. "It's none of your business," he snapped.

That raised the real issue. I had to tell him he was drawing a pretty fine line between his ownership of his boy and my interest in the little girl. I said to him, "Now, see here, John, I'm in this, that's all. Let's get hold of the boy and see what he has to say."

We got hold of him—just a fool boy that had got a panicky idea he had to run away, with his father agreeing.

"Well, look at the law side a little, Son," I says.

"Suppose you do run away. There's just one thing happens to a fellow that runs away. He's got his own ghost after him and the harder he runs the worse scared he gets. That ain't the way to do it, anyhow. It's happened to you two, and the question is, with all your acquaintance with this little girl, do you have a good feeling for her? Do you want to hurt her or to protect her? Just be square, so you'll feel better yourself—not that you have to marry her, but do something to replace what you've taken from her."

He said he never would find anyone he liked as well as her. Well, we took the boy down to her home that afternoon and married them. Yes, he loved her, and was delighted with that baby when it came . . . just as proud.

Stopped where he was working one day when it was a few months old, saw the little girl with her little catch baby, both so sweet and pretty. The baby held its little hands out to come to me, with its baby smile. When it came across it pulled its little legs up like a bird.

And there that father was going to make a criminal out of his son.

Anyway, you can never run away from a feeling. I'm not saying what a man or woman, wrong-mated, won't do. He may pull out, or she may, but the feeling, the sentiment of the man for the mother of his

child, is a thing he never pulls out from. He can go away, but he carries it away with him. It's there for keeps, in back and down deep. She's the mother of his little kid—and he just naturally can't get away from that fact. You can't fool with Nature.

Winter is long—on the ranches.

SPRING AGAIN

Well, March has come and gone, so come on, April.

May. Getting a dry year. It'll make more hardship, following the readjustment of stock ranches after the war.

Have to attend to some plan every day or two for irrigation. The country is drying up. Crops will be short. It means a big loss. Well, it's just Life supplying handicaps like a game. Feelin' fine!

Grain begins to contract . . . old Nature reduces the number in the head. You can't stop at the loss there—like long-starved people, nothing in them is first quality. Nature tries her hardest to get something out of it. Her real purpose is not to be defeated. She plans for reproduction in every form of life—the whole

success of her plan depends on it. But you have a hard time deciding which side Nature is on, sometimes; for when things are going good otherwise, she puts pests after them. Of course this gives them resistance . . . the best alfalfa seed is grown on the dry hillside where the alfalfa must work hard to get moisture.

Man's whole weakness in dealing with Nature is not comprehending the strength of resistance. A dam must always be stronger than you'd think. Flying machines failed a long time, because the resistance of the air was not properly measured. Man always sees the success of his plan too easy. Life provides more resistance than he expects, and many go down under it.

One thing can always take care of drought, though: the strength of method—knowledge of what the soil can be made to do. Nothing is more scientific than getting a product from the soil, if you only know what elements must be in the soil, and add those that are lacking: lime, nitrogen, humus, kelp for potash, capillary attraction for water; but scarcely a farmer of the old school knows these things. If a cake was mixed as unscientifically as many do their farming, the result would be a depressing sadness. The recipe is easily learned. It only needs learning and following.

Growth of grain is awful pretty, same's a human. A little birth, a little sprig as tender as a new-born

baby . . . then it pushes up, gets to be a little more of an individual, then comes laughing, robust youth, full of joy, waving, tossing. Next it takes on real dignity, its youth going on up into manhood. The youth below begins now to go out—it becomes just a single stem. Then the grain begins to form, and as it ripens the sap goes out of the stalk, and it's nothing but ripe grain in the head.

Everything is in understanding. Even with a flea. When you know he always hops up and never down, this helps you to get rid of him. . . . Feelin' fine!

Just closed a big stock convention in Bend. People do love to be lectured—just kept the place jammed. The world seems so full of people who can Say, but so few that have the real fiber in them to Do. Professional speakers always have a sure cure. Those that talk most usually know the least about it—in fact. Was surrounded by a string of old-time stockmen that just carried a map of Time and Space on their faces. It's the past in plain view of the future . . . automobiles, good roads, and all modern conveniences and inventions move away any reason for their kind keeping on. Nothing in life any more to produce them and nothing for them to do if they were produced. Like the antelope—their day is done. But all perfectly willing to go out on the ranges and live another

year in the hope of better conditions and a better market next year. An awful hope to live in—the vision of the old fellow out on the range. Like a miner—he's always going to make it next year, always living in his dream along with the life that he understands. Well, no matter how low cattle go, you can't desert.

Was out with two carloads of old-time ranchers yesterday, mostly down and out, sour and silent . . . the problem too hard . . . debts too big ever to get out. Centered my main power on the sourest: bet him the cigars that rains would come this fall, with heavy snow in the mountains, and the market improve next year. That put him to talking to win the cigars. Most of them wanted to agree with me, wanted to be on the bright side, so the idea of a continued drought got mighty weak before the trip was over.

All pretty sick at heart, though. May have something left by friendly management . . . may not. Their ranches and cattle aren't in such bad shape, but it's the market being down and the debts added . . . most all mortgaged for all they're worth. You hear the same refrain everywhere: "I had horses, and horses went down. I had cattle, and cattle went down." Poor old worn-out citizens . . . hard to get converted to the idea of failure. Been in here always; most of them never went out—just attended to duty. People

that are sick from burdens can only be cured by removing the burdens.

Success is always uphill . . . it's the rule of life. So when things get bad all around, that's the time to push harder.

But no one can get far with the Big Plan after he is subdued by troubles.

A lot of fellows are old from hardened arteries of life running in fixed channels . . . overworked physically, underworked mentally . . . all take out and no put in. It can't be done. You must learn to relax. Concentrating all your strength on interest, taxes, crops, duties won't do.

What makes drudgery is not work, but doing the same thing over and over from habit, doing nothing from inspiration. Too much of one thing pulls everything out of you. . . . The bees starve sometimes in winter because they made so much honey for others in the summer.

Stay in one place too long and you get more of the world on your back than is coming to you. Too long in one place is too long, no matter how nice it is.

It's an old camp code to move camp for a clean-up.

More funerals. They stood it through the war with their boys gone . . . stood it for the boys not to come back to the ranches . . . stood the demoralization

of markets—but for Nature to go back on them, give them a drought, they can't stand that. Every day, it seems, a funeral. Old stockmen, then their wives, all wore out waiting. Just a machine trying to pull too heavy a load.

A dry year has caused suffering among the birds. When the grain wagon goes down to the lake at the OO to feed them, the old honkers light on it to get feed.

The old sagebrush country looks fine in spite of the drought. Nature tries to apologize.

I want rest from the things that eat in a dry year. It would be a big rest to get where water is at home. Will have to go.

When you can't get away from what engrosses you, the thing is running you, instead of you it.

It's so much easier to see things plain when not loaded up with responsibility. Travel light and go watch the other fellow handle his problem. When you see someone else who's the same in his country as you are in yours, you see yourself.

TRAVELING LIGHT

San Francisco: Have been visiting some old California cattle ranches. Complaint everywhere is tragic. All stopping me to talk. "How is it with you up north, Bill? Plenty grass? Water?" Everything not so good

with them. Readjustment following the war has wore every place thin. Cattle ranches here suffering. . . . Nothing cures ills like easing up on tension. We are all too full of it. What for? What is must pass. Why be tense? Feelin' fine!

These people should learn to go north for their relax. They haven't learned that yet.

Beautiful trip to-day. Stopped at some Miller and Lux ranches . . . miles of land, big canals, stop gates in the rivers, water turned into ditches. But as a background to all this modern development, big old substantial houses, barns, blacksmith shops . . . every ranch equipped to go on forever, as if the plan were guaranteed. But everything indicates the time of all that is past. The horses are gone from the old barns, the insides of the buildings are partly torn out, big cow barns are empty, chicken yards deserted, rusty old buildings all needing paint, falling down, their day gone. Tractors and automobiles now, new little houses going up, little towns growing. It's bringing in a new form of life. The old cattleman saw it all another way, but all his ways must change. Life will go on to a new day. He was the ruler—but now many little rulers.

The soil problem must be opened up so broad that all humanity that's crowded out of everywhere else

can go to the soil and get a living. There must not be this fright on the earth, this fear of hunger, and no place to go. It isn't in the Big Plan that way.

Everything in cities trying to organize, merge . . . this is just putting many of a kind together, to get one that's bigger. It would be mighty dangerous if there wasn't so many other things went along with that one idea to finally break it up, scatter the forces again. Every mistake has its own remedy. Feelin' fine.

Time protects society: when a thing is radically wrong, it spoils under age.

Continued faith in the future.

Portland: Warm and Portland-like . . . raining . . . everybody moving up and down the streets with their umbrellas. Soft and healing—rain. This old western Oregon is beautiful. . . . Feelin' fine!

Been laid up with a boil on my nose. Every place a boil is, they say, is the worst, but when the vote is taken in the contest for first place, I am going to vote for the nose, and know it should win.

Setting up and feelin' fine. Have the promise of going out to-morrow. When the new consulting doctor came he said, "I know you won't mind for me to pull

that hair out of your nose," and with a good strong pair of plyers he took hold. After ten days' training to obey orders, I was a good horse to do the pulling. I hope there will never be another hair grow in my nose, for it couldn't render enough service in a lifetime to justify one pulling.

Nose is better and gave me a fine night's sleep. . . . Ordered a beefsteak smothered in onions.

My nose well enough to take down into the lobby. Face feels like the break-up of spring after a hard winter.

It has turned to a chinook this evening, both within myself and over the country.

Just waiting for somebody to come that wants something, don't know just what. Some mother, maybe, that wants her boy to go home with me. How they all turn to the land for a cure.

The Chicago Opera Company is in town. The old safe city is very happy when sung to . . . it's saying their prayers out loud.

Out and moving; in the sunshine things turn to health.

Portland still leaking . . . walks just moving um-

brellas. Looks good. Will have to stay a few more days. Anxious to get back to the ranches and space, the cattle and birds. Hope they get some rain, too.

Old Nature distributes differently—whatever anybody is endowed with, that seems to favor him. To balance it, he must take on responsibility that will help give others success.

The politicians all want to be the hero that takes care of the man on the soil. Let them work at it. It's the route to adjustment.

Portland hasn't got over its electric merger being voted down, when all the papers and what a city calls its best minds were for it. These are the surprises a city gets.

Getting a cute little dog to take back to the ranches. His affection for his master is against all the world—his fond eyes, ears, feet, and soul always admiring. We are weak souls—it's flattery. . . . Feelin' fine!

A strike is on in Seattle, with symptoms of moving down the coast. After such a big house cleaning as the world war, it may be as well to clean up the kitchen and the sink, and move off sterilized all through on a new plan for the future.

In fine shape again.

Going back to the big light country to-morrow.

Will take a congressman and a senator with me. Watched a husky little boy playing with his wagon, trying to haul wood . . . a real little man, not a little boy at all—just craving work and responsibility. He's only developed man returning for another season, the same as a leaf on a tree. Wish I could put myself into him. He could run the ranches all right. Well, I'll just cut myself to fit the job.

Hope the balance comes soon, and it gets over to wet in our country, too. All extremes are wrong.

Worry about the future is only burning yourself up. It's not wise to do too much of that pulling back of curtains. Things will attend to themselves, and when you are needed in them, the curtain will be pulled back for you.

Feel the Big Hand is going to take hold of the country problem. Feelin' fine!

END OF THE DROUGHT

Bell A: God takes a hand . . . raining . . . keeps on raining. Lots of water coming down, falling out of the sky, running down the hills, running down the mountains, taking them with it. Seems to be in such a hurry to get down, get through, and get off the job. But the same water will be back again next year. Returns to where it came from so quietly we don't

know anything about it. Just makes the big fuss coming to us . . . a perpetual process, over and over. Wears down the high lands, not seeming to worry about how long it will take to get them all leveled. In the Big Plan there's no such thing as time.

Still raining. Everything looks good for a fine spring season. But so many gone . . . rain's come too late for them.

People in the country are slow to recover. Seems as if most people live in the past, cling to memories—but I suppose that's natural. Feelin' fine!

At the OO: The little birds and big ones, all in pairs, not saying a word. Everything's settled with them now. Not even a frog frogging. The troubles seem to be all over. Such beautiful days. The change has not come yet, in compensation. The farmer must have a broader distribution of his burdens.

Went in and turned on the radio to listen in on the big cities and hear what was interesting them. A book reviewer in San Francisco talked about a book on Hawaii—said they had volcanoes, pineapples, and bathing. The fellow in Calgary talked about drinks—how they had them and we didn't. Then bands, and songs, and speeches from New York. Then dancing and jazz. I closed off and went to bed, wondering if Civilization would ever catch up with Nature.

It takes fast work to get everything going . . . shaping things up for a big season. The fellow in the country's day has come. The big light of Go has flared up. Feelin' fine!

All life is in layers, and in each some one layer develops the strongest. Your mission is to make the highest use of that layer, not just for yourself alone, but for the whole of the present and future. Do something real with your finest gift to help man live.

Juntura Ranch: Started to Juntura in the mud. Got a few miles and the car went wrong, which probably kept me from getting a night out. A trip is not a real trip without something happens to break the monotony, something that sticks, or leaks, or smashes.

But the whole country is beautiful. The atmosphere feels like the spring when we used to be on the road always driving cattle . . . looked around for Jack Snider or Ben Doten to trade tired horses for rested ones, then lay off a couple of days to ride the bucking outlaws in the new ones we got. Feelin' fine!

The traveling is perfect now, the country full of grass and moving life—horses, cattle, some cars. It certainly is a beautiful country.

Going back to the OO to-night. Want to see the

morning from my front door. People miss much who don't get the birth of a new day.

Putting all the ranches in order for the new future. The country looks so good it makes you feel it would take another lifetime to fix it up, but we have a fine start with so much ground ready to farm, and such a big water supply.

Cities still much troubled. The people must turn to the country for relief. A nation is no larger than its cultivated acres. In the past we have built from the cities out. Now we must build from the soil in. This will call for a better understanding of credit. As the country is the big slow bull wheel that thrift must come from, its credit must be based on its rate of movement. Its crop takes a whole year to build up. Different from other factories . . . got to recognize that.

Well, Pioneer Day is over. The dear old-timers, all that's left, seem to be coming together in harmony, feeling that their long dream is at last about to come true. "When the railroad gets through,"—that's been the refrain for fifty years and over. And now it's coming . . . activity starting up again, the roads that just pushed their noses into the edges of the country are pushing on the rest of the way. Had a big dinner

all over the courtyard. Looked like enough food left for the people to live on the balance of the season. The old-timer certainly has no understanding of the short-order idea. The Indians came as usual. Everybody happy.

Went over the railroad they're finishing through Poison Creek Canyon. This old canyon was one of my first adopted homes in my boy days. Lived at its mouth two winters . . . big wintering place for deer. The sides would be covered with little bunches of them feeding. . . . Feelin' fine!

Just going into haying.

Rode the fields to-day among the cattle and hay. Every mother with a big supply of milk and only one interest—that little new life. All strange to the little baby except taking the milk. . . . The busy mosquito taking his toll. . . . Watched the birds after a hawk. There were so many, they had him going high in the air, then dropping in a circle. Finally he just started south, well ahead. They followed a short distance, then let him go. They all knew the row wasn't wanted. Feelin' fine!

Banquet last night, at Bend. Hit on a good talk . . . sometimes don't.

The reason men grow silent is annoyance with chatter. No possibility of meditation. Chatter cuts them off from this stimulating experience. You've got just so much energy and every hole you let it blow out of lessens your supply. Come to really need it, it's not there.

However easy a thing may look, there's always problems in it. This makes it interesting.

Nothing so great as an Idea harnessed to a Plan. Those that plan will always have the best of those that drift.

Always pull out the coupling pin and unhook when you feel the harness commencing to wear. Will take a little run outside.

On a trip with the governor through Montana. In Glacier Park many Indians from pure white to the old weathered squaw. No inspiration in their lives, just existing. Don't have to hunt, dry meat, store food, make clothes from skins. No one trying to take their country any more—got it all. No evolution ahead—the passing of a race. Everything passes—ways of doing things, plans. Must go on with the new or things pass by and leave you. Feelin' fine!

Well, man's only job is to deliver what's in him, to

the age he lives in. Maybe the Indian did, somehow. Be happy as long as you're being used. When you're not used, you're not needed any more.

Bell A: Been thinking about people that fail. It's generally from lack of understanding. Understanding is all around you . . . function in it, that's all. But people who do succeed, but who avoid the responsibility that goes with success, are never happy. That's their lack of understanding.

Read through the clouds. They are easily moved if the right action strikes them. Sometimes, though, they have to rain.

Spring again. All the little sleeping things waking up . . . birds coming back.

Conditions are changing, even among the birds and the native life. The sharp-billed birds are coming in, and the flat-billed ones going out. The ravens and magpies are increasing and spreading everywhere, with their sharp, fighting beaks eating the eggs of the nesting waterfowl that can't protect themselves. Their bills are all right for eating, but not for fighting. People are killing off the coyotes for the bounties, and the skunks for their fur. Rabbits are not so common, and there are more little bustling garter snakes. Wherever you see garter snakes you know the rattle-

snakes are going. New kinds of weeds and flowers increasing along the river and canal banks, brought in by the sharp-billed birds. Berry bushes coming down into the valleys, flowers in the fields, every little singing bird coming in, badger, weasel going, people catching everything that wears fur . . . making a different country of it. Well, evolution is the law.

Everybody busy. The country is full of life. Hope is being fulfilled—the long, long hope. Everything cloudy is moving away. The railroads are building in. Lawyers, engineers, traffic experts, congressmen, highway commissioners, mill men—all here. Well, the cure of the city's disease is to use more country.

Of course the automobile and tractor don't make manure for fertilizer. Got to think of these things, too.

Had our big railroad celebration of the line finished in to Burns. A trainload came from outside, to help us rejoice. All were happy, big speeches and everything. Had three more days of rejoicing after the train left. Everybody so glad to have it get down to just home folks where we could talk it all over as by one fireside.

A fellow builds a railroad across the plains and we say, "What a wonderful thing!" But what is he to the Fellow that made the plains?

Went out to Section Five in Thirty-one, on the Bell A where the rails are laid. Had to get off my horse and go stand on the rails all alone. Seemed like a mighty lonesome meeting—all my feeling was of the past. Had worked so much at different times to bring in the steel rails. And here they were. They had followed the old trail we drove cattle over so many times through so many years . . . just backtracked the cattle. Maybe they wanted to see where all the cattle came from. Wondered whether I really wanted it after all, for it made me feel my job was done.

Anybody can raise cattle and load them into cars. . . . I thought of the big outfits, the saddle horses, the herds—how they'd had to move hundreds of miles, living off the country as they went, the many camps, and the many years necessary to learn skill in handling and moving them. No human would ever be raised again who would know how to do it. No reason ever again why he should. The rails had taken out the romance and fascination of the life of a cattleman. My time was done.

The end of the tangle comes closer. Feelin' fine!

They'll be changing our old names that tell people the whole history of the country: Squaw Flats, Yainax, Bake Oven, Rawhide, Stinking Water, Crooked River, Iron Mountain, Desolation Creek,

Wagontire, Poison Creek, Wild Horse, Summer Lake, Goose Lake, Chewaucan, Silver Lake, Happy Valley, Diamond, Mule . . . so many others, given by the boys, often for things that happened there. All mean something. Every one a story.

A reporter wanted to know how old I was. Funny question. Who knows how old he is? Birth is just continuous, like death. When I'm on a nice little horse out in the fields looking over some well-provided-for cattle, all so happy, eating grass, and good water in abundance, I don't feel any age at all. I'm just contemporary. Sometimes I feel like I'm not fully born yet.

Only one thing makes age, a lost vision of something in the future that can't get along without you. Feelin' fine!

Had to go to Klamath Falls and help them celebrate the completion of the Hill Road, through from the Deschutes. When asked to say something to the people of Oregon about Jim Hill, and stand on the rear platform of his old car, it put me past talking. The West had maybe its greatest citizen in Jim Hill. When the sky rockets exploded that evening, they all had pretty colors for the perfection of his dream. Had to write to Louis about it.

Pacific Limited, before others are up: A beautiful day, all light, with the mountains white on each side, and the still-sleeping plains between. Going up the Humboldt River, looked out at Winnemucca, watched the old road where we used to drive cattle to market. Was just back there among the problems of coming in with a drive to ship out . . . worn, hungry, thirsty, losing flesh. Would stay a few days shipping, then back to the ranches with the boys and saddle horses. Seems like it is to-day—time to get up a dinner: hot toasted ham, bran muffins, prunes, coffee. Just feeding cattle again . . . waiting for spring floods . . . muddy water commencing to run . . . another month all will be flooded. Now the cattle must be taken to the hills . . . another crop of hay must be put up for the winter. Things not so much changed to-day, maybe—only someone else is the boy. Feelin' fine!

Bell A: Found a letter of friendship from Louis Hill when I got home. He loves the plains, the sagebrush, and the big space—feels its charm. Some can't get it. Eternity is time and space, and the ones that love it are my kind, and in a way, kin. Maybe all the kin there is.

The achievement is over—it's a new day and a new people. Hope the fellow that follows has as good a time as I did. Feelin' fine!

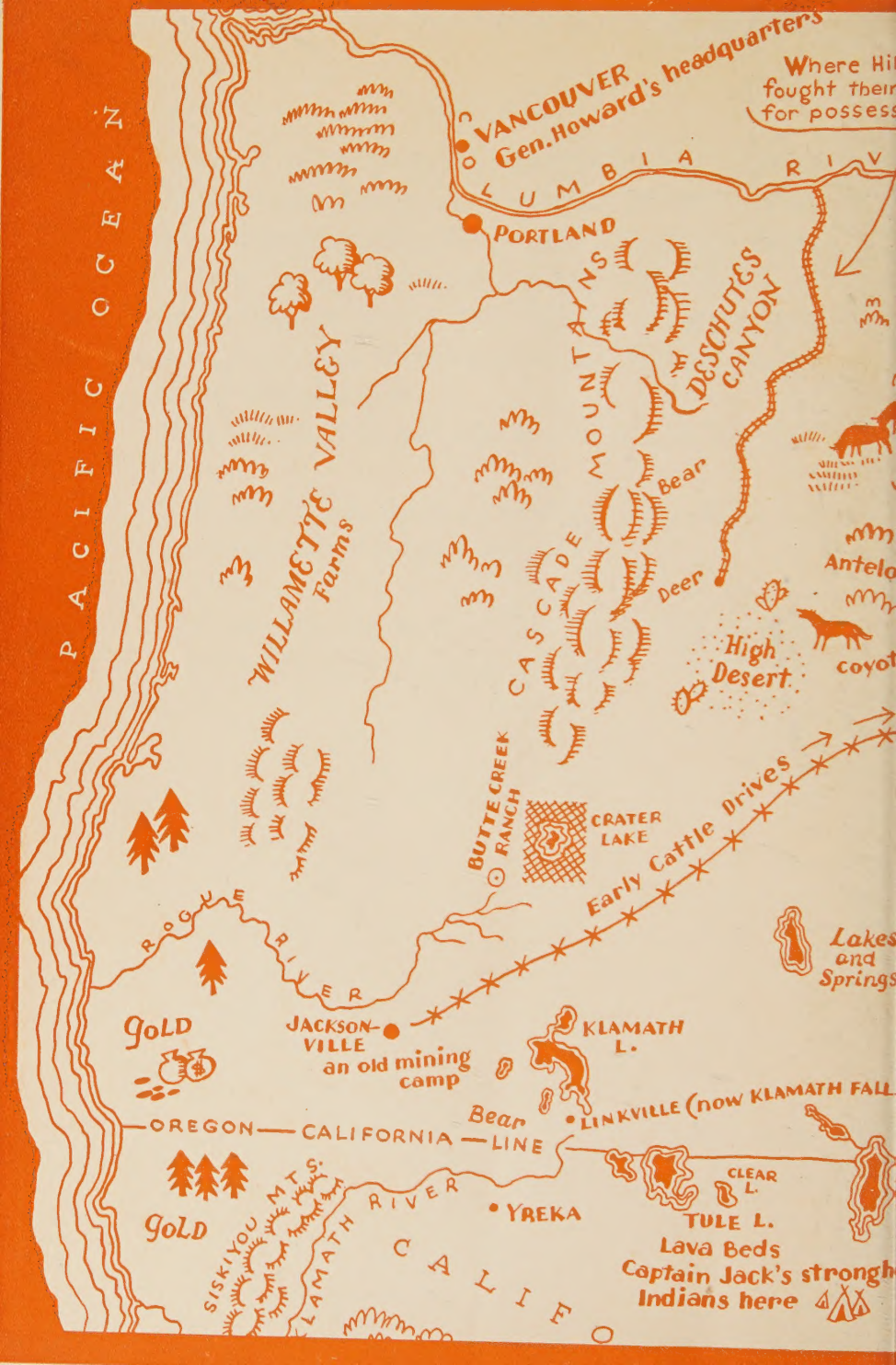
An awful lot of people fall just before the daylight of their dreams. Many fall the evening before. Trouble with undertaking a big thing—got to check out about the time you get everything going. Only way is to keep no open accounts. Well, each life is only a little spot in time. And there is no death. Nothing can be lost—it only changes.

Will I return? people ask. It's what's in you that returns.

Seems like I hear someone calling: "Billy, Billy, the cattle's leavin' the beddin' ground!" . . .

It's just another season. The winter has passed, the water has run, the grass is coming. . . . Feelin' fine!

THE END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fought their
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PORTLAND
WILLAMETTE VALLEY
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CASCADE MOUNTAINS
DESCHUTES CANYON
Bear
Deer
Antelo
coyot
High Desert
BUTTE CREEK RANCH
CRATER LAKE
Early Cattle Drives
Lakes and Springs
ROGUE RIVER
GOLD
JACKSONVILLE
an old mining camp
KLAMATH L.
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OREGON — CALIFORNIA — LINE
Bear
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Lava Beds
Captain Jack's stronghold
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SISKIYOU MTS.
KLAMATH RIVER
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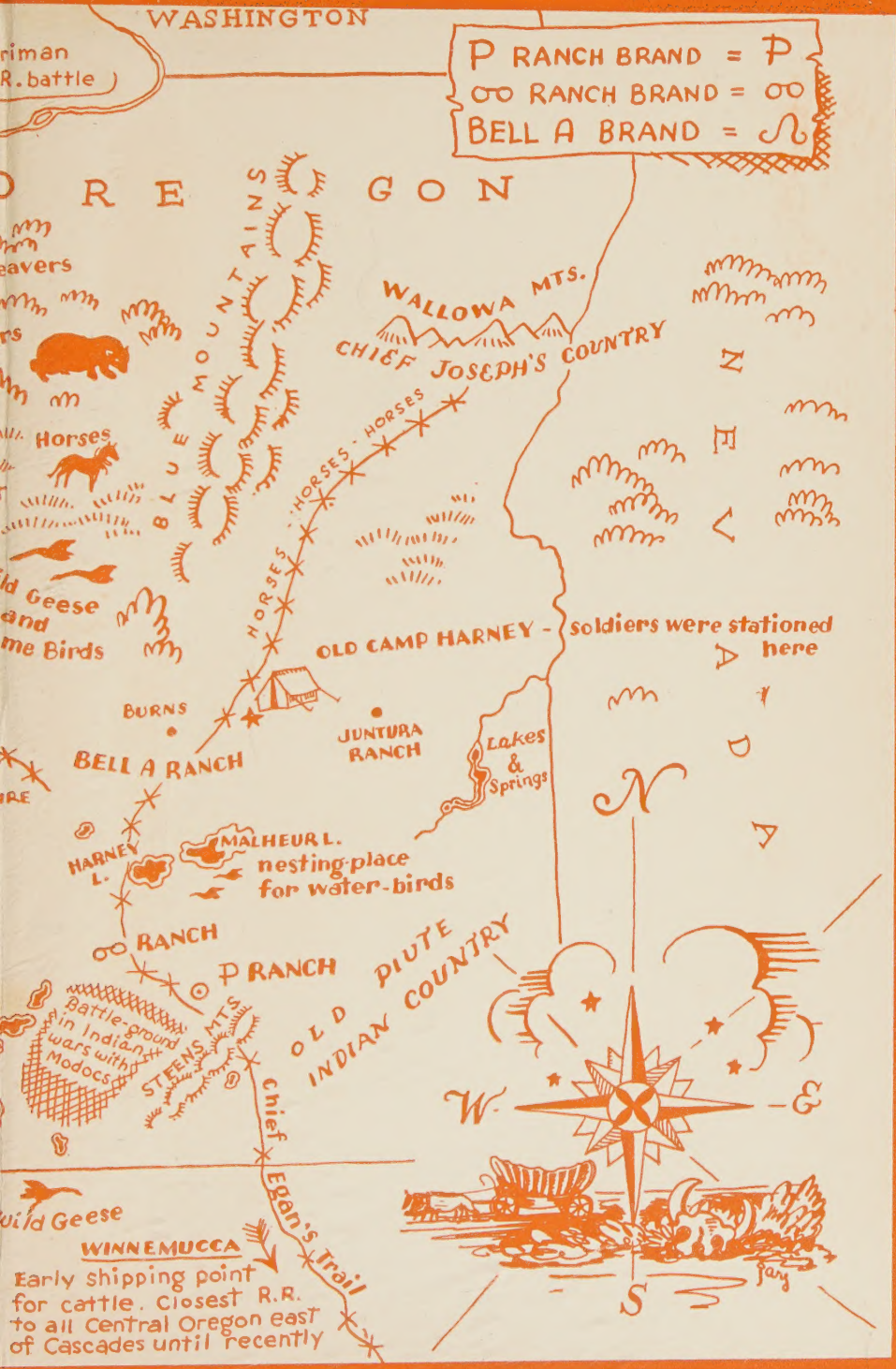
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N E V A D A
OLD CAMP HARNEY - soldiers were stationed here
BURNS
JUNTURA RANCH
BELL A RANCH
Lakes & Springs
HARNEY L.
MALHEUR L.
nesting-place for water-birds
oo RANCH
P RANCH
OLD PIUTE INDIAN COUNTRY
Battle-ground in Indian wars with Modocs
STEENS MTS.
Chief Egan's Trail
ild Geese
WINNEMUCCA
Early shipping point for cattle. Closest R.R. to all Central Oregon east of Cascades until recently
W
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S